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THE V.C. Its Heroes and Their Valour · From Personal Accounts, Official Records and Regimental Tradition . . .

BY

D. H. PARRY

Author of "The Death or Glory Boys—The Story of the 17th Lancers," etc.

WITH EIGHT ILLUSTRATIONS BY STANLEY L. WOOD

NEW AND ENLARGED EDITION

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PREFACE

SINCE the first publication of this book, in 1895, four editions have been called for.

The original volume recorded 412 Crosses, and the present will be found to contain 522, all that have so far been gazetted.

Never, from the days of old Caxton, has a book been printed which can claim to contain no error, but all that was humanly possible has been done in this volume to ensure accuracy, and I desire to express my hearty thanks to the War Office authorities, and to the numerous officers, non-commissioned officers and men who have given me their assistance to that end.

It has become somewhat common nowadays for men to claim the V.C. when asking aid from the magistrate, and the Press, with its usual generosity, spreads the plaint far and wide.

In each instance I have found the claim to be a false one, and if a copy of this volume were added to the library of every newspaper office and police court throughout the country the fraud could be instantly detected.

It is a practice that should be put down with a heavy hand, as it brings disrepute upon one of the most honourable decorations in the world.

D. H. PARRY.

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VICTORIA CROSS CAMPAIGNS AND ACTIONS

AND THE NUMBER OF CROSSES WON IN EACH.

Campaigns	*Date*	*Crosses*
CRIMEA AND BALTIC	1854–6	111
PERSIA	1856–7	3
INDIAN MUTINY	1857–9	182
CHINA	1860–2	8
NEW ZEALAND	1860–6	15
INDIA (Umbeyla, N.W. Frontier)	1863–4	2
JAPAN	1864	3
INDIA (Bhootan, N.E.)	1864–5	2
CANADA (not in action)	1866	1
AFRICA (Gambia River)	1866	1
ANDAMAN ISLES (Bay of Bengal)	1867	5
ABYSSINIA	1867–8	2
INDIA (Looshai)	1872	1
ASHANTI	1873–4	4
PERAK (Malay Peninsula)	1875–6	1
QUETTA (Beloochistan)	1877	1
AFRICA—SOUTH (Kaffir)	1877–8	1
AFGHANISTAN	1878–80	16
AFRICA—SOUTH (Zululand, etc.)	1879–81	29
INDIA (Naga Hills)	1879–80	1
AFRICA (Boer—Transvaal)	1880–1	6
EGYPT	1882	3
SOUDAN	1884	4
NILE EXPEDITION	1885	1
BURMA	1889	2
MANIPUR	1891	1
INDIA (Hunza-Nagar)	1891	3
AFRICA (West Coast)	1892	1
BURMA	1893	1
CHITRAL	1895	1
RHODESIA	1896	3
INDIA (N.W. Frontier)	1897	11
SOUDAN	1898	5
CRETE (see MAILLARD)	1898	1
BOER WAR	1899–1902	78
ASHANTI	1900	2
CHINA (Relief of the Legations)	1900	2
SOMALILAND	1902–3	6
NIGERIA (Kano-Sokoto Expedition)	1903	1
THIBET	1903–4	1
	Total	522

The V.C.

Its Heroes and their Valour

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BY WAY OF INTRODUCTION

A LITTLE Maltese cross of bronze, intrinsically worth fourpence halfpenny, cast from cannon taken at Sebastopol; upon it a crown surmounted by a lion, and underneath the words "For Valour;" the whole dangling by a Roman V from a piece of ribbon, crimson if the recipient is in the army, blue if he be a naval man—that is the proudest decoration a British subject can wear, the coveted prize of the soldier and sailor, the legion of honour of our service, the famed VICTORIA CROSS.

It is not handsome—few of our medals are—and at the time of its foundation a wag wrote of it, with much truth—

"Here's Valour's Cross, my man, 'twill serve,
Though rather ugly—take it.
John Bull a medal can deserve,
But can't contrive to make it;"

but up to the present time 522 of these unassuming trinkets have been awarded, and each has been won under circumstances of the deadliest peril to its owner, a stirring and terrible romance hanging round them all!

Some have been gained in the fury of the charge,

to the music of thundering hoofs and the hissing of the grapeshot, when man and horse were mad with wild excitement and the trumpet call to return was heard unheeded; others, in the silence of night, when there was no human eye to see the heroism, when the trampled snow lay in the trenches, or the Black Sea's waves lapped the sandy shore; some when the rustle of the jungle grass beneath an Indian moon told where the rebel patrols were marching. Under every conceivable condition, in every month of the year, surrounded by comrades, or alone with the darkness and the danger, officer and private, doctor and divine, white man and black have done the deed of fame and earned the rank of HERO!

One Cross figured on the breast of a clergyman, *three* have been given to civilians, *three* to men of colour, *twenty-six* to officers of the medical profession, and *forty-one* to the Royal Navy.

The first to gain it was a naval officer, the last a Gurkha lieutenant. The 9th Lancers head the cavalry roll, with *thirteen;* the 24th, now the South Wales Borderers, that of the infantry, with *sixteen.* Eight Irish regiments have counted V.C. men among their ranks, nine Scottish, and each of our three Welsh corps; while the Artillery, Horse and Field, come out strong, as do also the Royal Engineers, those busy bees who, when asked on one occasion how it was that so few of them died in spite of the risks they ran, replied that "they hadn't time!"

The Marines have not allowed themselves to be forgotten, and the Colonial forces are represented; but no Crosses have as yet been given to the gallant Sepoys and Sowars of our Indian army, although Jemadar Runjeet Sing and trooper Lall Khan were recommended after the Persian War; and the 9th

Lancers, during the Mutiny, when asked to select one of the regiment for the honour, unanimously recommended their native water-carrier!

It was not until December, 1911, that the Victoria Cross was thrown open to the Native Indian troops (*see* Warrant).

Still, though many may have been unavoidably passed over, it is certain that, without exception, every recipient gazetted has deserved it, for the distinction is most jealously guarded, and is perhaps the only British institution where no undue favouritism can be displayed.

The Cross confers on all below commissioned rank an annuity of £10, with an additional £5 for each extra clasp or bar, *but no such clasp has as yet been granted,* in spite of the statement to that effect which appears in most books hitherto published on the subject. I have the highest authority for this assertion, including the personal denial of a gallant officer (Major Berryman) who was credited by many writers with the possession of a V.C. bar.

With stern old soldiers of the Colin Campbell type the Victoria Cross found little encouragement. Those warriors of the Wellington day had marched and fought and bled without much recognition of individual bravery in *their* time, and they viewed with alarm the growing tendency to plaster the soldier's tunic with medals and stars. In that opinion many of us share; but the V.C. stands alone as a brilliant exception—no one begrudges it, and all unite to do it honour.

Strange, too, that it should have had its prototype in one of the three now forgotten badges given by Colonel Belson to the 28th, after Badajoz: a crown, worn on the sleeve above the chevrons, for gallantry

in the field; a star, for steady good conduct in quarters; and the letters V.S., which denoted "valiant stormer."

The Duke of Newcastle, Secretary of State for War, 1854-5, is credited with having originated the idea of the Cross after the Alma, being anxious to institute an English Order which all ranks might win and be proud to wear, like the French Legion of Honour.

A question was asked in the House by Mr. Pirie on the 13th June, 1898, as to the advisability of increasing the V.C. pension. To which Mr. Brodrick, Under-Secretary for War, replied: "In reference to soldiers earning the V.C., who, from old age or infirmity not due to their own fault, may be in poor circumstances and unable to earn a living, it has been decided that at the Secretary of State's discretion the sum of £50 a year may be granted by way of pension in lieu of the £10 which has accompanied the Victoria Cross since its institution."

An officially authenticated list of *every* recipient, and the Royal Warrants relating to the Order, will be found in this volume, with a short account of each act of bravery, the date, and place where that act was performed; and, without exalting one particular action above another, a number of incidents have been described at length, the details in many cases having been obtained from the men themselves or their surviving relatives.

In conclusion, one cannot but be struck with the large proportion of Crosses that were won in attempting to succour the wounded under circumstances of terrible danger; and the words come forcibly back to our memory, "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."

CHAPTER I

The Crimean War

THE reader of these pages wants no grim array of mystifying figures, neither will he care to wade through a course of cold-blooded tactics and dry professional jargon; but to attempt a rational understanding of the startling incidents which follow without a *slight* outline of the different campaigns in which they took place would be to proceed after the fashion of a habit, very common, very reprehensible, and unutterably lazy, namely, that of *reading history without a map!*

The British army had rested on its Peninsular and Waterloo laurels since 1815, and during that time great changes in its composition and equipment had gradually taken place.

In India, it is true, we had had some hard fighting, and also at the Cape, but no European war called us to arms, and there are many writers who have not hesitated to say that in the forty years of peace which had elapsed before we sailed for the Crimea, we had forgotten nearly everything so dearly learned by former generations, and had to master it over again—all but our British pluck—*that* goes without the telling!

The whole Crimean affair had its origin in certain unseemly squabbles between the monks of the Greek

and Roman Catholic Churches as to who had the prior right to the guardianship of numerous shrines, and so-called "Holy Places" in Palestine.

The Sultan of Turkey tried to settle matters by issuing a firman, or decree, and the Catholics having obtained the key of the Church of Bethlehem, Nicholas of Russia marched his troops to the frontier of Moldavia, to protect the interests of his fellow religionists, the Greek monks.

English politicians at once scented the possibility of Russia increasing her territory, and took fright. The French Emperor, who, according to some, had obtained his throne by force and fraud, saw a glorious opportunity of gratifying his military people by a brilliant campaign, and so the two nations combined to help the Turks.

Fleets sailed to the Baltic and to the Sea of Marmora, and after many delays and a good deal of incomprehensible dillydallying, the allied armies reached Varna on the Black Sea, and went into camp at the end of May, 1854.

In July and August a scourge of cholera decimated many of the regiments, and cost us some valuable lives among officers and men; but on the 14th of September the armies finally reached the strange and lovely land they had come to conquer, and disembarked near Eupatoria, the first Englishman ashore being Mr. E. Ball, R.N., who landed with a hawser from the *Circassian* tug.

The Crimean peninsula possesses scenery of the most romantic and most varied character. It ranges from high hills, whose rocky cliffs plunge down, thousands of feet, to the blue waves at their base, jutting out in endless succession of perspective as you view them from the sea, to low, marshy,

unhealthy swamps, the abode of ague, malaria, and countless water-fowl.

Dense forests cover portions of it; in other places green swelling grounds are under cultivation; flowers of every kind gem the sunny valleys and pleasant glades, and the rivers teem with fish; while overhead soar hawks and the Alpine vulture.

Towns and villages nestle in the land-locked bays, their red roofs and the green-painted domes and cupolas of the handsome Greek churches glistening under a fierce sky for a good part of the year, and telling dark and sombre when long winter flings a grey and snow-flecked mantle over everything.

It is a country that has had many rulers: the Greeks and the Milesians, the Romans, Goths, and Huns have all been there and left traces of their occupation; in 1237 Genghis Khan and his Mongols overran it, to be succeeded by Venetians, Genoese, and Turks; afterwards it fell into the hands of numerous native chiefs, until the Russians finally took possession in 1783, and retained it as part of their empire by the treaty of 1792.

Ten years later it was divided into eight governments, and on the approach of the Allied Forces in 1854 Russia poured thousands of troops and immense stores into it, determined to resist the invaders to the last gasp.

The British army was badly equipped: stiff stocks, tight uniforms, heavy accoutrements, and inferior boots were considered good enough for our men in those days, and we owe many of the necessary reforms since adopted to that war.

One name will ever stand out in its histories: that of a fearless Briton, who dared to expose the jobbery and shameful mismanagement of certain

departments and individuals, and who, from his position as correspondent of the *Times*, could reveal to those at home the exact state of affairs at the front. That name is William Howard Russell, whose pages read like a romance were it not for the terrible reality underlying them.

Once landed, our troops started slowly along the coast and soon fell in with the foe.

A sharp prelude took place at Bulganak between our light cavalry and the Russians, and as an instance of the spirit of the men, I mention one little incident recorded of a sergeant of the 11th Hussars, who came riding back to the doctors "just to have his leg seen to!" The bone had been completely shattered, and his foot was dangling by a strip of flesh and skin.

On the 20th of September took place the passage of the Alma. The heights beyond the river were stormed, and the total loss of the allies was about 3,400.

Six days afterwards we occupied Balaclava, and three days after that Marshal St. Arnaud, who had come out a dying man, expired, General Canrobert eventually succeeding to the command of the French.

We commenced the siege of Sebastopol on the 17th of October, and it lasted until we finally took it on the 8th of September of the following year; but great events were to happen in the meantime.

On the 25th of October occurred the dashing Charge of Balaclava, when the Light Cavalry was almost annihilated through a never-to-be-explained mistake; the "Thin Red Line" and "Scarlett's Three Hundred" being added to our annals on the same day.

Many an exciting incident was wired to England

by the electric cable—a novelty first experienced by us in that campaign—between then and the 5th of November, and on that immortal date Inkerman was fought—the "Soldiers' Battle," perhaps the most heroic hand-to-hand fight of any age!

A terrible storm devastated the camp in November, and wrecked many vessels in the Black Sea. Turkish troops came to swell our numbers and excite our derision; Sardinia sent a brave contingent to the seat of war; the Russian Emperor, Nicholas, died on the 2nd of March, 1855, and Canrobert was succeeded by General Pelissier, or "Palliser," as our soldiers called him.

Desperate things were done in the trenches and rifle pits, sorties were made and repulsed; and the fleets carried the war still farther into the enemy's territory, by entering the Sea of Azov to bombard and to burn.

One feature of the war was the shocking brutality of the Russians towards the wounded, who were often mercilessly slaughtered in full view of their comrades, this being due largely to the fact that to the ignorant soldiery the campaign was a species of Crusade—a strong religious element having been introduced by their priests, who blessed the armies in gorgeous robes, as they went into action, and then took themselves off to the rear at the first British shell.

Courtesy was not wanting, though, in the higher ranks, as a story will show.

It was their custom to forward letters to the English prisoners after first examining them, and one sent to an officer was from a young lady at home, in which she requested him to take Sebastopol quickly, and Prince Mentschikoff with it, and to be

sure to let her have a button from his coat as a memento!

Meanwhile the officer had been made prisoner, and with the opened letter he received a polite little note from the Prince himself, saying how much he regretted that he could not comply with the lady's two first requests, but that he had great pleasure in sending the enclosed button, in order that the third one might be gratified.

The siege progressed slowly; matters were complicated by our brave French allies, and Lord Raglan found many difficulties to be overcome.

The Whiteworks and Mamelon Vert were taken on the 7th of June, but an attack on the Mamelon Tower and the Redan failed, after great loss, on the 18th, ten days after which the army was plunged into deep grief by the death of their gentle leader from cholera, assisted by anxiety, the attacks of the Opposition in England, and the miseries of his men, which he was powerless to prevent.

Born in 1788, Raglan had fought at Busaco, stormed Badajoz, lost an arm at Waterloo, and been deservedly beloved by those under his command.

Having alluded to the miseries of the troops, it is proper to observe here that when they left for the East, singing "Cheer, boys, cheer!" full of wild enthusiasm, they constituted perhaps the worst equipped army that ever sailed from our shores.

Stores were not distributed when men were starving, because there were "no orders"; drugs were absolutely necessary for the surgeons ashore, but they were in too many cases not forthcoming; stoves were wanted to warm the icy wards of the wounded on a certain ship, and stoves there were in plenty on

another vessel, but they could not be obtained, because there were "no orders."

When the great coats *were* issued, very late, fresh discomforts ensued, and we hear of a stout major vainly trying to worm himself into the small coat served out to him, which he had very much needed!

The "green coffee"—the noble exertions of Florence Nightingale—the unfortunate squabbles between Cardigan and other officers—these and many other well-known circumstances need not be dwelt upon.

The winter, the mismanagement, the prevalent sickness, and the bullets of the enemy, thinned down the army to a frightful extent.

One January day there were only thirty men fit for duty in the 46th, and seven in the 63rd, while the cavalry were in similar case, the 13th Light Dragoons having only three horses reported fit on one occasion —and Dr. (afterwards Sir W. H.) Russell says that he saw men of the Guards walking about in the snow with no soles to their boots.

On the 8th of September the French took the Malakoff, and we failed again at the Redan after enormous slaughter and glorious heroism; but the Russians retired to the North Forts, and the Allied Armies entered Sebastopol.

The war was practically over before that city fell, although several other important events had yet to take place, such as the capture of Kinburn, the capitulation of Kars after a gallant defence, and various smart affairs with the defeated enemy.

Sir William Codrington assumed command in place of General Simpson in November, 1855: thus, our leadership had changed hands three times, as that of the French army likewise.

Peace was finally settled and signed at Paris on the 30th of March, 1856, and on the 9th of July we evacuated the Crimea, after one of the fiercest wars it has ever been our bad fortune to engage in.

We lost in killed and wounded something like 3,500; of cholera, 4,244; and from various other diseases, about 16,000; while the National Debt was increased by more than *forty-one millions!*

The French losses were rather more than 63,000, and those of the Russians about half a million officers and men!

A distinguished military writer, whose father had wielded his Highland claymore in Spain and at Waterloo, once said to me with a sigh, "Ah! the Peninsular War—it is almost like speaking of the Crusades now." Over fifty years have passed since the Crimea; few of the veterans of Inkerman and Balaclava are with us, and even of these few every now and again one drops from our sight and another link is broken. Search them out, reader, while they are here, and learn from their own lips the tale of Britain's glory.

CHAPTER II

The Alma Crosses of the Welsh Fusiliers

CAPTAIN EDWARD WILLIAM DERRINGTON BELL AND SERGEANT LUKE O'CONNOR.*

THE 23rd Royal Welsh Fusiliers are well known for two things—their gallantry and their goat, which latter, I have heard it stated, was under fire in the same battle that won the regiment its first Crosses.

It is no part of my programme to give you a detailed account of the storming of the heights of the Alma. It was a very sanguinary affair, and cost many precious lives. It was a fight under a sunny sky across ground golden with crocuses, through tangled vineyards where the grapes were hanging, and up rocky slopes, so steep that one officer was shot through the entire length of his backbone as he scrambled towards the batteries above; and when the ascent was made there were redoubts to storm, and strong entrenchments, full of cannon and howitzers, which had to be taken at point of bayonet.

The French attacked on the Allied right, and the 23rd formed one of the regiments of the left wing, the conflict being one continuous climb under a murderous fire, and a death struggle at the top!

While the zouaves were commencing the battle, our infantry lay down in their order, and at half-past

* The names at the head of each chapter are given in the order of their gazetting.

one Captain Nolan dashed along in his 15th Hussar uniform with word to advance.

"Forward!" was the cry; and we made for the ford with colours waving, splashed through somehow and mounted the steep bank on the other side, Lieutenant Anstruther, a lad of eighteen, carrying the Queen's colour of the Royal Welsh, Butler the Regimental one. Lord Wolseley has said that "the general who would condemn anyone to carry a large silk colour under close musketry fire ought to be tried for murder." Certain is it that poor Butler was soon bowled over and the pole smashed by a ball, and that it was given to Sergeant Honey Smith by General Codrington, as no officer could be spared, and borne by him through the rest of the day.

Not long afterwards, when within forty yards of the Russian earthwork, Lieutenant Anstruther, who was waving the crimson folds in one hand and his sword in the other, rather in advance of his men, fell, shot through the heart, his blood welling out over the silken banner, and staining a small Testament in the pocket of his scarlet coat.

A Welsh private named William Evans took the staff from his fingers and held it up to show that the 23rd were first to mount the height, and then passed it to Corporal Luby, who in his turn gave it to Sergeant Luke O'Connor, just tottering wounded to his feet, having fallen about the same moment as Anstruther, shot in the breast.

Lieutenant Granville, seeing him badly hit, urged him to go to the rear, but he refused, and wherever the Royal Welsh went that day, Luke O'Connor was to be found brandishing the Queen's colour, which had *twenty-six* holes through it at the close of the action!

Arrived at the redoubt after a fearful carnage, the Russians were seen to be removing their guns, one brass twenty-four-pound howitzer alone remaining in position, for first possession of which our fellows fought with one another, Donovan, of the 33rd, being supposed to have scratched his name on it before anyone else; and while that was going on, Captain Bell, of the Royal Welsh, saw a Russian artillery driver whipping up his team in rear of the redoubt and trying to save a sixteen-pounder.

Leaving his company, the captain ran, revolver in hand, and came alongside the Russian, who slipped off his saddle and bolted, Bell seizing one of the horses and checking the gun.

The first cannon taken in the war was undoubtedly a prize, and assisted by Private Pyle, of the Royal Fusiliers, the lucky officer turned the team round and led them towards the rear. When passing the shoulder of the parapet, he chanced on his commander, Sir George Brown—whose fiery temper had not been improved by being rolled in the dust with his grey horse a moment before, and who was then in the act of shouting, "Hurrah for the Royal Welsh! I shall remember you!"

The veteran, who had entered the Rifle Brigade as far back as 1806, and served through the Peninsular War, waxed furious.

"What the dickens are you doing there? Where's your company, sir?" he roared. "Why in the name of thunder have you left your company?" and, amid a storm of language as sulphurous as the fire that raged round them, poor Bell relinquished his conquest and returned through the smoke to head his men in charge after charge, and finally to bring the regiment out of action, all the superior officers having fallen.

The Royal Welsh lost during the three hours eight officers killed and five wounded, one mortally; three sergeants and forty men slain outright; and nine sergeants and 143 rank and file hit; but when the shattered fragment marched into camp with colours flying after it was all over, Captain Bell had the satisfaction to learn that the gun was still in our hands, the horses serving for long afterwards in our famous "Black Battery," and the gun itself being taken to Woolwich.

It is recorded that the French very coolly sent a team over to our side after the battle and tried to walk off with it, but were luckily prevented by an officer.

Luke O'Connor received his ensigncy, and distinguished himself at the Redan, where he was shot through both thighs; but that calamity did not interfere with his subsequent promotion. He gained the V.C. upon its institution and the Sardinian war medal, which latter was also bestowed on Corporal Luby, and the fortunate sergeant is still living, a major-general K.C.B., having survived, by several years, his old companion in arms, Captain Bell, who died a major-general also, covered with orders and decorations, and who, after great gallantry at Inkerman and Sebastopol, received *his* V.C. when the war was over, living to wear it at Lucknow.

In 1888, Major Walker, of the 3rd Middlesex Rifle Volunteers, received a handsome illuminated address from the officers of the 23rd, then at Lucknow. When on a visit to the Crimea, the Major came across the original memorial stone to the Alma dead of the regiment about to be used for road repairing, and, rescuing it from its ignoble fate, he presented it to the Royal Welsh, by whom in the future it will be reverently preserved.

CHAPTER III

The V.C. Heroes of the Balaclava Charges, 25th October, 1854

GRIEVE, PARKES, DUNN, BERRYMAN, MALONE, FARRELL, RAMAGE, MOUAT, WOODEN.

AFTER that of Waterloo, there is perhaps no name so thrilling to an Englishman as Balaclava.

The Death Ride of the Six Hundred was so gallant and so disastrous that it has eclipsed very largely an equally brilliant exploit that occurred a little before on the same day, when three hundred British dragoons cut their way through close upon three thousand Russian horsemen in what is known in history as the Charge of the Heavy Brigade.

The entire affair was due to the prompt action of its leader, Brigadier-General Yorke Scarlett, of the 5th Dragoon Guards, who was in action there for the first time, although he had entered the 18th Hussars in 1818.

Bearing an order from Lord Raglan to advance to the support of the "Thin Red Line," he was passing down the South Valley with two squadrons of the Greys, two of the Inniskillings, and two of his own regiment, having the 1st Royals and 4th Dragoon Guards behind him, when his aide-de-camp, Lieutenant Elliot, suddenly pulled in and pointed to the Causeway heights on their left.

An immense crowd of Russian cavalry appeared

on the undulating range of hills which separated the South from the North Valley, where the Light Brigade was waiting, and with one swoop every soul in the South Valley seemed on the point of annihilation. How it happened that the enemy had been allowed to gain that position is another matter; there they were, and that was all he knew about it.

"Left wheel into line!" cried the General, and as the order was obeyed, he followed it with another, to "take ground to the right," to clear a vineyard, and allow the rest of the brigade to form up alongside, facing the enemy; but by some slight misapprehension they moved more as supports; thus the two squadrons of the Scots Greys, with one of the 6th Inniskillings, remained alone, somewhat in advance, 300 sabres in all, to bear the brunt of what was to follow.

On the ridge the crowd of Russian horse grew larger and more menacing. Tall fellows, with overcoats of a drab mud colour and flat-topped caps, for the most part, the bright sun flashing on a forest of lances and sword blades.

All at once the mass extended right and left, far overlapping the little group of red coats, brass helmets, and black bearskins, and seeming about to pour down and overwhelm them.

Scarlett—who, in the meantime, had exchanged a few words with Lord Lucan—Lieutenant Elliot, a trumpeter, and orderly Shegog, were some way ahead, the General on a very tall bay horse.

"Sound the charge!" he called, and instantly moved off straight for the heights at a trot which broke into a gallop, the squadrons following a short distance behind.

Scarlett was the first man in; Elliot and the two

others soon joined him. For a moment the quartette were alone, fighting for their lives; then came Dalrymple White, of the Inniskillings, outstripping his squadron, and after him Major Clarke, of the Scots Greys, without his headpiece, the three hundred dashing in on their heels, the Irishmen cheering madly, the Greys, as at Waterloo, with a "low, eager, fierce moan of rapture."

Oh, the pluck of it! Three hundred troopers in the midst of a perfect sea of foemen—no mere figure of speech, but actually surrounded, swallowed up, lost to view—and their presence only known to the anxious spectators by the surging heave of the drab-grey Russians, until our lads had opened them out a little; and then the brass helmets glanced in the press, and here and there a grey horse might be detected as it plunged madly forwards uphill!

It was but for a moment; such things cannot last long, and fresh cheering arose as the Royals, the first Inniskilling squadron, and Scarlett's own men went in to their comrades' aid.

Inside the combat was terrible; from without the onlookers saw nothing but that surge and sway, and then, to their astonishment, the horde of Russians galloping, retreating and broken, back up the heights. It was later that they learned of Elliot with his fifteen wounds; of Williams, weak and ill from fever, who led the second squadron of the Greys, and who cut his way clear without a scratch from groups of six, three, two, and four foemen in succession, only to die at Pera a month afterwards; or of Private Hope, of the 11th Hussars, who, confined in the guard tent to get sober, was awakened by the noise, and followed the Greys on a spare horse, his sleeves rolled up and minus a jacket, dismounting to

take a bearskin and sword from a wounded soldier, and spurring into the thick of it!

On that band of heroes only a couple of Crosses were bestowed; and though the details are official, and consequently meagre, we know their gallantry was far above the common.

Both of them belonged to the Scots Greys. Sergeant-Major Grieve rescuing an officer surrounded by the enemy, who were slashing at him in the duly approved cowardly fashion of the Muscovite troops, the sergeant-major killing one by slicing off his head at a blow, and driving off the others; while his comrade-in-arms and valour, Sergeant Ramage, saved the life of a trooper (Private Gardiner), dispersed seven Russians who were on the point of slaughtering another (Private McPherson), and, not satisfied with these two acts of especial bravery, dismounted and took a prisoner rather later in the valley!

Grieve was one of the first batch of recipients, but both he and Ramage are now dead.

Well might Colin Campbell, stern, practical soldier, who had rebuked his own men for their eagerness to engage, ride up to that regiment whose motto is "Second to None," and, cap in hand, exclaim, with eyes afire: "Gallant Greys! I am sixty-one years old; and if I were young again I should be proud to be in your ranks!" Another story is recorded of him, when a Russian, to whom the Highland kilt was a strange and mystifying garment, asked him who those troops in the petticoats were. "The wives of the men on the grey horses!" he replied grimly.

But we must pass to the northern slope of those gory heights, and tell with more minuteness how

seven other Crosses were nobly won, when "*Into the Valley of Death rode the Six Hundred!*"

The famous Light Cavalry Brigade consisted of five regiments, under the Earl of Cardigan, who, like General Scarlett, saw service for the first and last time in the Crimea; but so decimated were they by hardship and sickness that the whole five put together only mustered some 670 sabres.

The 17th Lancers paraded 140 strong, according to Captain Morgan, since Lord Tredegar, who numbered it off *thirty-four* after the action, and wore then, as now, a dark blue uniform with white collar and cuffs and oilskin cap covers. The 4th and 13th Light Dragoons had a similar costume, with scarlet and buff facings respectively, and wore oilskin cases over their square shakoes.

Of the 8th and 11th Hussars, both in blue, heavily braided with yellow, the 11th had their loose pelisses buttoned on as an extra jacket, a fact persistently ignored by many a military painter, and were very conspicuous from the crimson trousers that formed part of their handsome equipment; the pelisses of the 8th were at the bottom of the sea.

Captain Morris, who commanded the 17th, rode the charge in "staff undress"—*i.e.* frock coat and forage cap; Cardigan in full hussar uniform of the 11th; Captain Nolan in that of the 15th; while Lord George Paget had a pair of Wellington boots outside his overalls—which details, trivial as they may seem to some, will help others to realise better the scenes which follow.

Drawn up at the mouth of the North Valley, at the other end of which the discomfited Russian cavalry had re-formed behind a battery of brass cannon, an order was received for the Brigade to

advance and carry the guns—that disputed order whose real meaning will never be known, although it is now generally believed to have had reference to a battery on the Brigade's *right* of the valley, and not the thirty pieces immediately before it.

There was an undignified squabble afterwards among the brave men who led over the exact tenor of the message; but we have nothing to do with that. The advance was ordered, the squadrons got under way, and "cannon to right of them, cannon to left of them, cannon in front of them," they charged up the grassy hollow for a mile and a half in the teeth of a fiendish fire.

Pages might be written of the gallantry displayed during the advance and at the guns; but it is more particularly my mission to describe how the Crosses were won.

Nolan, who brought the order, was killed by the first shell; and so firm was his grip in the saddle that he remained upright, though dead, with arm lifted, until his horse turned and carried him back some distance towards our lines, when the shattered body fell and was dragged in the stirrup, to be buried afterwards by an officer, the late General Sir John Adye.

A Shakesperean reciter named James Melrose, in the ranks of the 17th Lancers, called out as they neared the guns, "What man here would ask another man from England?" the next discharge from the double-shotted guns slaying him and a score of comrades. An officer of the 4th Light Dragoons is also said to have raised his hand to his mouth and sent a loud "Tally ho!" ringing on the wind.

There was a feeling among our cavalry after the Alma, at which they were mere spectators, that their

services had been slighted; and they were bent on making the most of the present opportunity.

Captain Winter, of the 17th, the first man of the Brigade ashore on Turkish ground, was last seen laying about him furiously among the guns. Cornet Cleveland's horse was hit twice before he reached them; and when he did so a dismounted gunner lamed the animal so severely that it could hardly trot, in which condition he was attacked by three Russians, the first of whom he wounded, the second piercing his cartouch box, and the third bruising him in the ribs.

He was only twenty-two, possessed of a princely fortune, and fell at Inkerman by the bursting of a shell.

Cornet Montgomery, of the 13th Lights, killed four men, defeated two others, and rushed back to help some of his own fellows before he was slain; Major Low, of the 4th, killing *thirteen* gunners, and living to command the regiment in after years.

Only one other instance, actually apart from the subject of the Victoria Cross heroes themselves, must I stop to notice—that of Charles Wykes, an ex-policeman, who, riding with the 4th, was hit severely when cutting his way through a knot of nearly twenty Russians, once in the head, once in the breast by a lance thrust, again in the leg, and a fourth time by a ball in the body; notwithstanding which, he survived to see Lord Cardigan's historic leap over a gun, and to assist in rescuing a sergeant from the enemy.

He had a narrow shave then, for, plunging his sword through a Russian, he could not withdraw it, and but for the help of Lord Bingham he would have been killed.

He was nursed by Miss Nightingale at Scutari, and though he eventually recovered, his wounds unfitted him for further service—somehow I have always wondered why the V.C. never dangled on his brave breast.

Major Berryman, then Troop Sergeant-Major 17th Lancers, is the first decorated hero whose particular exploits I shall recount. Reaching the battery, deafened by the sudden discharge close to him, he felt his mare, a bright bay with black points, stop short, her off hind leg being broken, and himself slightly wounded; he had dismounted, and was considering whether to shoot the poor beast, when Captain Webb rode up, asking him if he were hit.

He replied, and inquired if the officer had escaped, to learn that he also had been struck in the leg, and what had he better do?

"Keep to your horse, sir, and get back as far as you can," said Berryman, the captain taking his advice and going to the rear, while the sergeant-major caught a loose charger and got on him.

He was down again almost at once, his fresh mount having the brass of his breast-plate driven into his chest, and seeing no hope of rejoining the regiment, he moved aside to escape the rush of the 11th Hussars, who closed in a little to let him pass through the two squadrons, and noticing that Captain Webb had halted not far off, he ran up to find that he could ride no farther, his wound being acutely painful.

Lieutenant George Smith coming along, unhorsed, stood at the charger's head, while the sergeant-major lifted his captain out of the saddle and laid him carefully on the trampled grass, which

was already sullied by the blood of many a brave man and gallant steed.

While the lieutenant rode away to get a stretcher on Webb's horse, Berryman remained beside him under fire, the guns opening again, and his position becoming one of extreme peril.

He sang out to half a dozen Lancers who had gathered in a group not far off, but the warning came too late; a shell dropped into the middle of them, and he believes that they were all killed.

"What do you think the Russians will do, sergeant-major?" said the wounded captain.

"They are sure to pursue, sir, unless the Heavy Brigade comes down," was the alarming reply.

The officer entreated him to seek his own safety, urging that possibly they would only take him (the captain) prisoner; but Berryman had his own opinion on the subject, and knew what a splendid mark the prostrate man would make for a Cossack lance or a dragoon's sabre.

"All right, sir; if they do we'll go together," said the sergeant-major, and seeing Sergeant Farrell going by, he called out to him.

"Who is it?" shouted Farrell, and on hearing he came over.

You must remember that all this time, in their immediate vicinity, the guns were pounding, and the fight raged with great fury.

The 11th Hussars had passed beyond the battery, and were hand to hand with, among others, the 11th Russian Hussars, higher up the valley.

Clouds of cavalry poured down on the struggling remnant of the Light Brigade, and matters were very serious, as we were in full retreat; it was only a case of a few moments before our troopers would tear by

for our own lines, hotly pursued by thousands of semi-barbarians, who spared no one!

"We must get him out of this," said the sergeant-major; and making a chair of their hands the two courageous fellows carried the wounded officer about two hundred yards between them, enlisting the aid of Private Malone, of the 13th, to hold the captain's legs.

Sir George Wombwell, mounted on Captain Morris's horse, passed by on his way to the rear.

"What is the matter, Peck?" he said, using Captain Webb's nickname.

"Hit in the leg, old fellow. How did you escape?" replied the wounded man.

Sir William Gordon passed also, bleeding profusely from a cut on the head, and carrying his dress cap in his hand. He made the same inquiry, and by that time the bearers had reached the rear of the Greys, from a young officer of which the sergeant-major borrowed a tourniquet; getting a stretcher at last from two infantry band boys.

Berryman screwed the tourniquet on to the captain's right thigh, Dr. Kendal afterwards telling him that he could not have done it better himself, and they carried their burden for another fifty yards, when the celebrated French General Morris touched Berryman's shoulder.

"Your officer?" he said, pointing to the half-unconscious lancer, deadly white from pain and loss of blood.

"Yes."

"Ah! and you sergeant?" looking at the chevrons on his sleeve.

"Yes."

General Morris took in the position at a glance;

he saw the corpse-strewn valley with our remnant straggling in; he knew what that slow march of mercy had been to the bearers; the shells bursting, the earth spirting in clouds as round shot buried themselves here and there, or rose again and went on, tearing long furrows through the grass; the anxious halts, when the canteen would be raised to the sufferer's lips, with many a backward glance over their shoulders to see if the Russians were upon them; all that appealed strongly to the heart of one of the bravest men in the army of Napoleon III., where heroes were plenty, and he spoke out with a thrill of enthusiasm for the pluck of those before him.

"Ah! If you were in the French Service, I would make you an officer on the spot!" he exclaimed, and standing in the stirrups, waving his arm towards the valley, he made use of that phrase which is now historic, "*Mon Dieu,* it was grand!—it was magnificent!—but it is not war!"

When they reached the surgeons, Captain Webb's boot was cut off, and the terrible nature of his wound discovered, the shin bone being completely shattered.

Sickened by the spectacle, Farrell made an involuntary exclamation, and they motioned Berryman to take him away, the sergeant-major getting a spare horse belonging to the 4th Light Dragoons, and going back to see the end of it.

When he had time to examine his own hurt, he found that a small piece about the size of a shilling had been cut clean out of his calf, filling his boot with blood, and as he got scurvy into it, it was a long time healing.

With his Victoria Cross and medals, Major

Berryman [he retired a commissioned officer out of the 5th Lancers] was long a conspicuous figure at the annual Balaclava dinner; but now he, with Malone, V.C., and Farrell, who was not gazetted until 20th November, 1857, have all followed Captain Webb across the "shadowy river," for, unfortunately, that officer's wound proved mortal, in spite of the surgical aid which came too late.

More lucky was Captain Morris, who led the 17th in the charge.

Lying badly hurt, in a terribly exposed position, Sergeant-Major Wooden, of his regiment, came to his assistance.

Expecting every moment to be killed by the firing, or ridden down by the raging Russian dragoons, the brave fellow stuck by his chief, and presently obtained the help of a surgeon of the Inniskillings, the late Inspector-General James Mouat, C.B., V.C., who, conspicuous in his scarlet shell-jacket, braided with gold, went boldly over to the captain, and dressed his wounds in presence of the enemy.

The details obtainable are not so ample as those connected with Captain Webb's rescue, but between them they brought the officer through, and both gained the Cross for their gallantry, Captain Morris surviving the Crimea to die in India in 1858, a colonel and C.B.

Before we dismiss the doings of the 17th Lancers at Balaclava—and space has forbidden us to more than touch upon them—one little incident deserves especial mention here: it was that of the regimental butcher.

He had finished his work of slaughtering for the day's consumption, and with sleeves rolled up, and

arms smeared with the traces of his unpleasant calling, got an inkling somehow that a fight was probable.

The idea was too much for him; he mounted, just as he was, joined his troop, where he had no business to be, and, after selecting a keen sabre, lit a short, black pipe, and went in when the advance was ordered.

He was seen at the guns in the very thick of it, slashing right and left at the gunners, six of whom he killed with his own hand; and when it was over, he carved his way back, running the gauntlet of the crowds of Russians who swarmed across the valley to intercept our retreat, and calmly rode up, his pipe in full blast, without a scratch on him!

The 8th Hussars alone of all the regiments won no Cross at Balaclava, though they played as brave a part as any, and it was their misfortune, not their fault; but they made up for it a few years afterwards by gaining *five* during the Mutiny.

The last Balaclava man of the 8th whom I knew personally was Private Newett, and for many years he carried a sandwich board for Madame Tussaud's Exhibition.

When he died the papers announced that he was in the employ of the Marylebone Vestry, which was a gentle way of saying that he died either in the workhouse—the last home of too many survivors of the gallant "Six Hundred!"—or that, at any rate, he was in receipt of parish relief!

We now come to Private Samuel Parkes and his exploit. Parkes, a determined-looking man, standing six feet two in his stockings, with a brown Crimean beard, was in the 4th Light Dragoons, orderly to Lord George Paget, and he saw Trumpet-

Major Crawford's horse go down when they were in the middle of the enemy.

The place was alive with Cossacks, dragoons and lancers. From one who was there, we learn that many of the Russians wore broad-topped shakoes of red felt, with a brass, double-headed eagle in front, the whole covered with oilskin.

Beneath their drab overcoats were dark green jackets, laced with coarse orange worsted braid, and sky-blue trousers piped with a red seam; and it is estimated that our Light Brigade had to encounter more than 5,000 of these gentry, to say nothing of the guns.

Well primed with liquor, they usually attacked in small parties, and Private Parkes saw two Cossacks bear down on the prostrate Crawford, who was unarmed and helpless.

Flinging himself on to them, he laid about him right gallantly, and for some time stood between death and the trumpet-major, whom he rescued and got on his feet again.

Parkes was unhorsed, and lost his shako, but he cleared off the cowardly rascals, and was attacked by six more when he and Crawford were going to the rear.

These he faced resolutely, until his sabre was broken by a shot, but he protected his unarmed comrade so pluckily that, even in the scurry of it all, his conduct was noticed and remembered, and he lived to wear the well-won reward of his unselfish bravery. He and Crawford remained prisoners a twelvemonth and a day before they rejoined, sharing their captivity with, among others, Dryden, of the 11th, who had *thirty-six wounds,* and Cooper, of the 13th, who had *eighteen!*

An Officer of Hussars

The last Balaclava V.C. was gained by a man whose career was singularly stirring and romantic, and who was the only officer of the Light Brigade so decorated. He stood six foot three in his socks, be it remarked.

The gallant 11th, whom I mentioned as having advanced beyond the battery, were returning at a hand-gallop under a galling rifle fire from the Fedioukine Hills on their right, when a non-commissioned officer, mounted on a slow and jaded horse, fell behind, unable to keep up with the rest, and several voices shouted, "Sergeant Bentley's cut off!" regarding him as lost to a certainty.

Without a word, and none of the men knowing what he was about to do, Lieutenant Alexander Roberts Dunn, who had entered the 11th in 1852, turned his charger, one of the most notorious kickers in the regiment, and rode back towards the belated sergeant, who was endeavouring to parry the blows of three Russian dragoons, the rest of the 11th passing on, unconscious of the death struggle about to take place in their rear.

The lieutenant knew his risk. They were the last of the brigade, except the dead and dying, left in the heart of the enemy's ground; besides which, he was a wealthy man, already about to retire from the service. The Cross had not then been instituted, and he had nothing to gain, but he saw Bentley alone, facing fearful odds, and he deliberately chose to hazard life and all in the effort to save him.

Setting his teeth under his fair moustache, he spurred straight for the first dragoon, and sabred him out of his saddle, allowing Bentley time to recover his legs, after which he turned his attention to the other two.

The noon sunshine fell full upon them as they closed, and hacked, and circled round and round, Dunn's charger now and then lashing out and almost unseating him, blood mingling with the foam that flecked rider and steed.

In the end he killed them both, and afterwards slew a Russian hussar who was attacking Private Levett, of the 11th, losing his horse, and escaping on foot to our lines through the heart-rending debris of the Brigade, among which more than one red-coat was numbered when the Heavies cut in to their relief.

Almost immediately after Balaclava, Mr. Dunn sold out, and went to his estates in Canada, where he was largely instrumental in raising the 100th Prince of Wales's Royal Canadians, in 1858, in which he served as lieutenant-colonel, afterwards exchanging into the 33rd, Duke of Wellington's.

During the advance on Magdala, in the Abyssinian War, Lieutenant-Colonel Dunn was killed—so it was said—by the discharge of a sporting gun, and his Victoria Cross, medals, and portrait, painted by the Chevalier Desanges, were sold at Sotheby's Rooms, in 1894, for £155.

It is interesting to record that one man who rode with the 11th Hussars in that charge, Quartermaster Henry Kauntze, had served in the same regiment as far back as the siege and capture of Bhurtpore, 1825-6, under Lord Combermere, the Stapleton Cotton of Peninsular days, who was also spared to witness the first presentation of the Crosses; but, of the nine heroes whose claim to the honour of the V.C. we have vindicated in this chapter, Surgeon-General Mouat, the last survivor, died in London in January, 1899.

CHAPTER IV

The Gallant Guardsmen in the Crimea

RUSSELL, PALMER, ABLETT, GOODLAKE, STANLACK, STRONG, LINDSAY, MCKECHNIE, REYNOLDS, KNOX, PERCY, CRAIG

EACH of the three regiments of Foot Guards sent its quota to the great Crimean War. No troops returned with a prouder record, and each regiment won several Crosses.

The length of time that had elapsed since Waterloo made some people sceptical when it became known that the Guards were to embark. Their officers, possessed of privileges and income that set them on a species of pinnacle above the Line, were regarded as dandies who were only good for parades and levées, and such imposing duties as trooping the colours, and so forth; but those who saw them out in the East wrote home a different tale. Alma, Inkerman and Sebastopol owe much of the romantic halo that surrounds them now to our Guards; and their spirit, when the war broke out, cannot be better illustrated than by one instance on record of the Scots Fusiliers, several corporals of which, finding themselves over and above the number required to complete the draft, requesting to be reduced to the ranks and thus be able to march as privates!

Following my endeavour to narrate the incidents in this volume as far as possible in their true chronological sequence, I shall begin with the Scots

Fusiliers, whose Crosses were won at the battle of the Alma.

A brief outline of that sanguinary affair has already been given in a preceding chapter. The steep heights had been almost gained, the 23rd had already planted its colours on the battery at the top, when the Russians redoubled their fire and the regiment was obliged to fall back.

The ground was sloping, and the Royal Welsh would seem to have very naturally gathered some speed as they went rearward to re-form, the consequence being considerable disorder in the Fusilier Guards at a very critical moment, helped in addition by the order given to the 23rd.

"Fusiliers, retire!" was shouted, and many of the Scots Guards, who were drilled as "Fusiliers," began to act upon the command, thinking it applied to them.

At the moment the regiment was about thirty yards from a battery firing grape and canister point blank, and a strong Russian battalion, to quote an officer who just then lost all his teeth by a bullet, "letting drive as hard as they could into us."

The regiment was forced out of its formation and became something like a huge triangle with one corner pointing towards the foe, and at that angle Lieutenant Robert Lindsay was waving the Queen's colour, which had the pole smashed and twenty bullet holes through the silk.

By a tremendous effort the confusion was quelled to some extent, principally by the bold bearing of the lieutenant, who fearlessly exposed himself in all the glory of a brilliant scarlet coatee and a display of gold epaulette and lace to match; and of Sergeants Knox and McKechnie, and Private Reynolds, who

were particularly distinguished in encouraging the men, dressing the ranks hastily, and rallying them round the colours.

The regiment again advanced and suffered heavily, being ordered to retire in earnest shortly afterwards, though why I have never been able to discover, the Guards' bayonets being able and willing to bite as deep as those of any regiment in the service.

Lieutenant Annesley, the officer who lost his teeth, was shouting "Forward, Guards!" when he was wounded; and a letter he wrote to his mother gives a vivid and soul-stirring description of the battle, in which he says that the Russian fire was so hot that one could hardly conceive it possible for anything the size of a rabbit not to be killed.

Yet Lindsay, afterwards Lord Wantage, so well known for his exertions in connection with the Volunteer movement, was not touched, in spite of the huge silk standard he carried and the cool way in which he went forward at the head of the two-deep line.

The Scots Fusilier Guards had come out in the *Simoom,* twenty-nine officers and 935 non-coms. and men, averaging five feet ten inches in height, and at the Alma fourteen officers were wounded, every one belonging to No. 5 company being hit.

Lord Chewton, in particular, was noticed for his attempt to restore order, and there is little doubt that had he lived he would have shared the honour of the Victoria Cross with his comrades—Lindsay, Knox, McKechnie, and Reynolds; but it was ordained otherwise.

Waving his bearskin, he shouted, "Come on, my lads, we'll beat them and gain the battle!" but he was hit above the left knee by a ball which shattered

the leg, and when in that condition was severely mauled by two Russian privates.

Removed after a time down hill to the hospital, he was found to have been wounded by shot or bayonet in every part of his body except the left hand and arm, and, powerful man that he was, he passed away quietly in his sleep on the 8th October.

On the 18th of June, 1855, Sergeant John Knox, then promoted into the Rifle Brigade, distinguished himself still further in the most plucky attempts he made with a ladder party when we tried to take the Redan and failed, and where he stayed out in the open until he was twice wounded, trying to get the stormers to face the appalling fire. On his retirement as Major he possessed the esteem of all his comrades, which atoned in some degree for the arm he lost in action, which had to be amputated close to the shoulder.

Another man of the Scots Fusilier Guards, Sergeant Craig, won the V.C. by volunteering to find and bring in a wounded officer under the guns of the enemy; eventually carrying the corpse into camp, being dangerously wounded himself; receiving an ensigncy in the 3rd Battalion Military Train, and being personally presented with the Cross by Her Majesty, November, 1857, in company with Lieutenants Teesdale and Symons and Sergeant Malone, the Balaclava man.

But now the Grenadier Guards impatiently claim our attention, and we must pass on to that Sunday morning when the grey fog crept over the heights of Inkerman and the grey Russians crawled stealthily up through the welcome curtain of the fog.

The battle of Inkerman was one long struggle between our fellows, surprised in the November

dawn, and a tremendous force of Russians strongly posted on the heights above our camp.

The relative numbers show how bravely we must have fought: the British having 7,464 men, 38 guns, and, later in the day, the pitiful remnant of the Light Brigade, numbering 200; the French, 8,219 men, 24 guns, and, with our cavalry, about 700 *chasseurs d'Afrique;* while, including the troops told off to guard the Sebastopol Road, the enemy mustered 271 guns and 71,841 men, inflamed by raki, a fiery spirit that turns the human being into a raging beast for the time, and still further worked up by that religious enthusiasm which is a marked feature of the Russian people.

The camp was sleeping, and so stealthy had been the movement of the enemy, that our outposts were almost surrounded before they discovered their approach.

In the darkness of the drizzly morning flashes and reports came from the heights above our tents, and the army rushed out to find an engagement in progress in the gloom that shrouded the Russians from view.

"Stand to your arms!" was the cry, and as regiment after regiment mustered, stumbling over tent ropes, cold, stiff, and dazed by the unexpected awakening, it went quickly to the front, guided by the roar of the firing and the gleam of red and yellow, as the tongues of flame darted from the mouths of the brass cannon and huge shot came crashing into camp from the rocks and ridges, and even from the town of Sebastopol itself.

Hastily getting into their cape-coats and bear-skins, the brigade of Guards hurried away to the hills, covered in places with dense undergrowth,

where Russian riflemen were concealed, and for the rest of the day the Grenadiers, Coldstreamers, and Scots were busy with the bayonet among the batteries.

When daylight broke and the mist lifted, affairs were seen to be very serious; the enemy had ensconced himself strongly and in great force on the heights; his guns were in position, the various entrenchments and redoubts were well garrisoned, and from each point of vantage he would have to be dislodged in detail, the chief part of the work, as at Alma, being decidedly uphill.

Round what was known as the Sandbag Battery the Guards' fight principally took place, and the work was taken and retaken many times during the day.

Fortunately the Russian bayonet exercise was very defective, and when it became a case of hand to hand, the British Guardsmen had a decided pull. At one period their ammunition ran short, and they defended the battery with stones, the enemy following suit, until a perfect rain of rocks whizzed backwards and forwards.

While *we* had possession of the Sandbag on one occasion, Captain Sir Charles Russell, of the Grenadier Guards, offered to clear the Russians from a ledge near by, one of his men saying that if an officer would lead them they would charge.

Springing out of the left embrasure, waving his Colt's revolver, he cried, "Come on, my lads; who will follow?" and behind him sallied Sergeant Norman and Privates Anthony Palmer and Bailey.

Firing his revolver at a Russian, the first chamber missed, owing no doubt to the damp, but with the second barrel he believed the man fell, Palmer saying a moment later, "You were nearly done for."

"Oh, no," said Sir Charles, "he was some way from me"; but the private alluded to another who had got behind the captain. "His bayonet was almost into you when I clouted him over the head," said Palmer grimly, Sir Charles inquiring his name and promising that he should not be forgotten if they both came out of the affair alive.

Sir Charles was of slight build, but he wrenched one of the long black-stocked muskets away from a foeman, and kept it all day; and, wearing no overcoat, he was a prominent mark for the enemy, who made a point of picking off the officers.

They cleared the ridge, and both captain and private acquitted themselves so well, then and during the long conflict afterwards, that they were selected for the Victoria Cross when the order was instituted, the private, moreover, being made corporal on parade next morning. His comrade Bailey was killed, and there exists no record of Sergeant Norman.

Another private, named John Pullen, has come down to us for a quaint saying in the heat of the action, when he declared he would shoot nothing less than a general, and forthwith adjusted his sight to three hundred yards.

One other hero must be mentioned here, Bugler Thomas Keep, 3rd Battalion Grenadier Guards, a boy of ten, who, although he never won the Victoria Cross, had as high a claim to it as any to whom it has been granted.

The plucky little chap, while the battle was raging and the shells were bursting about him, set to work to build up a huge fire, gratefully appreciated by all who felt its warmth in the keen bitter wind which stiffened their limbs; and making tea, he carried it hither and thither among the wounded, under fire;

a ball entering his jacket and coming out through a trouser leg; his red coat being well remembered by many an Inkerman veteran, as he knelt fearlessly with his pannikin beside the maimed soldiers who had dragged themselves out of the fight, the Russians still continuing to fire on them, after their cowardly and unnatural custom.

Keep, known for the rest of his life as the "Boy Hero," retired with medals and a pension in 1878, and was a packer at the Army and Navy Stores for some years, serving as sergeant in the 4th Middlesex Rifle Volunteers with great zeal and energy. His medals, bugle, and drum were laid on the coffin at his funeral, which took place on the 16th of July, 1894.

Lieutenant-Colonel Percy, afterwards aide-de-camp to the Queen, also gained his Cross at Inkerman, when he charged some way ahead of his men into the Sandbag Battery through one of the embrasures.

At one moment during the action he found that, together with about fifty men, partly of the Guards and partly belonging to various regiments, he had gone too far, and their ammunition ran out as they were surrounded by the enemy.

Colonel Percy was wounded, but with great tact, having also some knowledge of the ground, it is said, he extricated his little party and led them past the Sandbag again, from which the Russians who happened to be in at the moment poured a heavy fire.

The detachment eventually procured fresh ammunition and went back to the front, through the colonel's exertions, the Duke of Cambridge witnessing the affair and praising him highly.

The Duke himself, Commander of the Guards,

was at one time in great danger, and owed his life to Dr. Wilson, of the 7th Hussars, who rescued him, sword in hand, with a few men he had collected, for which he was mentioned in dispatches, the fact being also recorded on his tombstone in the cemetery at Stranraer.

The last hero of the Grenadier Guards whom we have to mention fought also at Inkerman, but his act of valour had been performed two months before that, and was of a different nature entirely to those of his comrades.

Private Alfred Ablett, 3rd Battalion, was doing duty in the trenches on the 2nd of September, 1854, when the sentries shouted, "Look out there!" and a live shell dropped plump into the middle of some ammunition cases.

Pulling it away, the deadly thing rolled between Ablett's legs, and he had just time to pick it up and hurl it out of the trench when it burst, knocking him over and covering him with gravel and earth.

Sergeant Baker picked him up and found that he was unhurt, although severely shaken, and the affair was reported to the captain in charge of the party, who on coming off duty duly reported it to his commanding officer, with the result that brave Ablett was promoted corporal and then sergeant, and received in addition from the hands of his chief a silk necktie made by Her Majesty, who also pinned the V.C. to his breast at the first presentation.

And now for the gallant Coldstreamers and their Crosses, one of which, from the similarity of incident with the one we have just narrated and the absence of anything beyond the bare official statement, we must dismiss with a word: Private George Strong tackled a live shell and pitched it over the trenches in

September, 1855, but Captain Goodlake and Private Stanlack merit a lengthier notice.

Captain Goodlake had organised a number of his men into a body of sharpshooters, and was generally to be found well to the front among the rocks and brushwood, harassing the enemy.

On the 28th of October, 1854, he held Wildmill Ravine, below the Piquet House, against a strong assault of the Russians on the occasion of the historic sortie against our Second Division.

By dint of tremendous energy and coolness he repulsed the "Russkies," and by their well-directed fire, his little party killed thirty-seven men and an officer, and took another officer and two men.

Later, when the grey overcoats had been patched and mended, and the white-bound fatigue caps had lost their pristine beauty, if they ever had any, he stole one night upon a picket of the foe in the ravine.

Then it was, I believe, although the official account is a trifle obscure, that Private Stanlack crawled up to the Russian sentry in the darkness, and by preventing his giving the alarm enabled the others to pounce upon the startled picket and bear their knapsacks and rifles back to camp triumphantly.

It was risky work being on outpost duty for either side before Sebastopol; there was so much of that stealthy creeping forwards to take one unawares, and often enough, when two bodies would be fighting it out undisturbed in a hollow, with a fair field and no favour, the gunners on the ramparts would join in with a shower of shells, as regardless of their own side as they were of ours; sending us skurrying back, leaving many a good fellow in some hole or corner to die undiscovered, unless a comrade chanced to see him and brought him in at great risk.

CHAPTER V

Our Bold Bluejackets and Royal Marines

BUCKLEY, BURGOYNE, ROBARTS, COOPER, PEEL, DANIEL, HEWETT, SULLIVAN, SHEPPARD, LUCAS, DOWELL, PRETTYJOHN, WILKINSON, HARDING (1882)

To the Royal Navy belongs the proud distinction of the first Victoria Cross ever won, and, strangest fact of all, only two, out of the naval total of 39 Crosses, have been bestowed for valour on shipboard.

The Crimean War afforded glorious opportunities for the gallant Jack Tars. The Baltic Fleet had a busy time in the north, while their messmates were ferreting out and destroying Russian stores, bombarding towns, and making themselves generally useful in the Black Sea and the Sea of Azov.

Ashore, the Naval Brigade did splendid service with the troops. If they *did* steal ponies and imbibe too freely at odd moments, they worked the big guns to splendid advantage, hauled huge Lancasters up hill and down dale, volunteered for ladder parties, and altogether won the admiration and envy of all concerned in a way that atoned largely for their other delinquencies.

A story that shows their spirit was well known at the period, when Captain Lushington, after they had been working for hours in the seamen's battery, said to his men, "Now go and have a lark"; and, never heeding the balls that came whizzing past,

often plumping with a thud into the sandbags, up they sprang on to the parapet to have their fun there in full view of the foe.

On the 22nd of April, 1854, the combined British and French fleets bombarded Odessa, firing red-hot shot into the town to bring the Russians to reason; and in the June following the bombardment of Bomarsund, on one of the Aland Isles in the Baltic, was begun by three British vessels, the tars fighting in nothing but trousers and sleeveless vests.

What a contrast! Those curious paddle-steamers with tall funnels, and the now obsolete three-deckers, pounding and roaring in their efforts to destroy, and the picture written by an officer who was there during one of the later bombardments, from which I take a few lines.

"The Aland summer was at its height. The sun shone brightly on the calm broad basin of the Led Sund and the rocky islets which studded it, throwing a sparkle on the waters, and striking out strange lights from the dark foliage of the pines. The scene was peaceful and pretty. A cosy villa, or farmhouse, with its large outbuildings, peeped out from green pleasant nooks along the shore, and far down, in quiet coves, market and fishing boats were lying on the beach."

We threw 100-lb. shells and 96-lb. balls into the place, but though our loss was practically only four men, it might have been far greater but for the prompt action of Midshipman Lucas, afterwards Rear-Admiral.

Of all the engines of war a shell is probably the most terrible. It comes hurtling through the air, and falls, hissing and fizzing gently with an apparently innocent purr of warning. It may continue to fizz

for a few seconds—a minute perhaps. It may go out altogether and no harm done; but there is no knowing. Once let the fuse burn down until it reaches the powder, and a fearful explosion is the certain result, death or mutilation being scattered far and wide.

Sometimes one will enter the body of a horse, shattering it to atoms, and never injuring the rider. This happened to an officer close to Lord Raglan at Inkerman, and to several men in Napoleon's wars.

On the other hand, another exploded at Inkerman amidst a magnificent team of chestnut gun-horses, throwing them down, *one* only rising again; from all of which it may be seen that a live shell is not to be trusted, and that when one fell on the deck of the *Hecla* and the middy sprang upon it and seized it in his hands, he was doing a service of no common kind.

In a moment of indescribable suspense to all who witnessed it, he ran to the side, pitched it over, and it disappeared beneath the waves.

He has had many imitators, and as the risk must be realised to prompt the action, whether it arises from a sudden impulse or not, it is genuine heroism of the highest order, and but for the obvious similarity of the incidents I should have devoted a whole chapter to Heroes of the Live Shell.

I am tempted to introduce the last incident of the kind here, although it is out of place in chronological order.

On July 11th, 1882, our fleet bombarded Alexandria, and among the vessels so engaged was H.M.S. *Alexandra,* first-class battleship of 9,490 tons displacement.

About nine o'clock in the morning a 10-inch spherical shell entered the port side, tore through the

Torpedo Lieutenant's cabin, struck the combings of the engine-room, and rolled along the main deck as though looking for a snug place to burst.

Somebody sang out, "Live shell just above the hatchway!" upon hearing which, Gunner Israel Harding rushed up the ladder from below, saw the fuse was burning, and flung some water over it, afterwards coolly picking it up and carrying it to a tub that stood near.

Harding, who was promoted to chief gunner after the action, had served in the Baltic in the *Cressy* during the war of 1854-5, as also in South America and Ashantee.

The shell now belongs to Queen Alexandra.

One of the foremost heroes of the Naval Brigade was a young captain of thirty, William Peel, third son of the celebrated Sir Robert Peel.

Danger seems to have had a positive fascination for him, and fear he did not know.

His resolute, clean-shaven face was always to be found at the front, and his name then, and for long afterwards, was a byword with the bluejackets.

Upon his Cross three dates are engraved, 18th October, 5th November, 1854, and 18th June, 1855, but they do not represent one tithe of the valorous actions he performed.

On the 18th of October ammunition was wanted by the Diamond Battery, and in spite of whip and spur the horses attached to the waggon would not face the Russian fire.

In vain they tried to rush them at the slope and gain the cover of the earthworks, and at last volunteers were obliged to run out to the waggon and carry the cases back at great risk.

While the ammunition was still littered about

inside the battery, and willing hands were busy stowing it in the magazine, a shell dropped into the middle, and the men scattered with a warning shout.

With one bound Captain Peel was upon the terrible intruder, and hurling it over the parapet, not a moment too soon, it burst in the air about four yards from his hands, and expended its force uselessly.

It is also recorded of Peel that on another occasion when a shot broke the staff of the Union Jack on the Diamond Battery, he sprang on to the earthworks with it and waved it again and again amid a rain of bullets, a portion of the flag being still in the possession of Herbert Roberts, Esq.

There was a gallant midshipman, named Daniel, who had been active in the work of clearing the wagon, and at the battle of Inkerman he volunteered as aide-de-camp to Captain Peel, following him on a pony.

At a critical moment Peel threw in his lot with the officers of the Grenadier Guards, hard pressed in the Sandbag Battery, and his blue uniform was very much in evidence among the grey coats and scarlet, fighting shoulder to shoulder in defence of the colours.

This procured him the second date mentioned above, and also told to the subsequent advantage of Mr. Daniel, who was associated with his officer on the 18th of June following, when Captain Peel led a ladder-party against the Redan, and was bowled over while helping to carry the first one with his own hands.

Then in the range of the hurricane of iron and lead which swept the open, the midshipman stuck to his wounded chief, and bandaged his head under a

fire so murderous that, as described in another place, it made British troops hesitate, and inflicted a severe repulse upon us.

Mr. Daniel shared the honour of the V.C. with his friend and commander, and we shall meet with William Peel farther on, under Indian skies, where he was destined to win more glory and find a grave.

We now come to the record of a Yorkshire lad, William Nathan Wrighte Hewett, known in the Navy as "Nobby Hewett," who died in 1888, an Admiral, K.C.B., K.C.S.I., etc., etc., as was only to be expected of one who could show such pluck and determination at twenty.

The day after Balaclava young Hewett, who was acting-mate of H.M.S. *Beagle*, was in command of the A Lancaster Battery before Sebastopol, and found himself and his men in an uncommonly warm corner.

A savage assault was made upon us by the enemy, and a strong force of Russians came up Careening Ravine past the flank of the battery, their skirmishers getting within 300 yards of it and picking off several sailors with their Minié rifles.

In spite of the bravery of the trench-guards, a large body of the enemy approached, and it seemed absolutely certain that in a few minutes they would be through the embrasures and into the battery.

An infantry officer called out, "Spike the gun and retire!" but Hewett raised his powerful voice and made manly reply:

"No orders from Captain Lushington to spike this gun or to retire, either—we don't leave the gun, men!" And they did not!

In buttoned-up pilot coat, with a gold-braided cap on his brown curls, he jumped on to the parapet facing the Russians, and, shouting to his sailors to

help him, began wrenching away the gabions and demolishing the top.

With many a "Yo ho," "Heave ho," they bowsed round the huge 68-pounder towards the enemy, and, laying the gun himself, Hewett sent a conical shell into the adjoining rocks.

Bursting with a fearful report it maimed several of the advancing foe, and, with a coolness seldom exceeded, they reloaded and fired round after round, Hewett laying the Lancaster each time.

The range was so short, and the aim so true, that every report spread death and mutilation among the skirmishers, who, after a thrilling moment for the handful of seamen, ran back for shelter, and the battery was saved.

The assault having been repulsed in other quarters, many of the retiring troops joined the baffled skirmishers and advanced again; but it was little use arguing with a Lancaster shell, and as the main body came marching by on their way to Sebastopol, the big gun hastened their steps and hurried them on with scant courtesy, until they fled in disorder to the protection of their own forts.

Singularly enough, the brave fellow had a similar opportunity on the Sunday evening of Inkerman, when the Russians fell back along the same road, and he plied them severely with shell, his commanding officer, Captain Lushington, recommending him to Lord Raglan with the words, "I have much pleasure in again bringing Mr. Hewett's gallant conduct to your notice."

It is a relief to turn from this catalogue of destruction for an instant to recount a most amusing incident which took place between two brave admirals during the progress of the war.

Admiral Dundas resigned the command of the Black Sea Fleet and was succeeded by Admiral Lyons.

Dundas had no opinion of his younger comrade, who belonged to a newer school of naval tactics, and Lyons on his side looked down on Dundas as a slow old fogey, so that there was not much sympathy between them.

When Dundas was sailing for England, however, leaving his rival to prosecute the war, he ran up the parting signal, "May success attend you!"

It fluttered out, was read on Admiral Lyons' vessel, the *Agamemnon*, and reply was duly made; but what must peppery old Dundas have thought when he saw the astonishing legend, "May *hanging* await you!"

It should by rights have been "happiness," but the mistake had occurred; every eye in the fleet had read it, and a thousand apologies would never remove the impression of an intentional insult from his mind.

What Admiral Lyons said to his yeoman of signals is fortunately not recorded.

John Sullivan was a young boatswain's mate on board H.M.S. *Rodney*, and when the Naval Brigade was formed for service ashore, he was appointed captain of one of the guns furnished by H.M.S. *Terrible*.

He enjoyed the distinction in that capacity of making the first breach in the formidable Malakoff, and was afterwards removed to the well-known Greenhill Battery.

The position of some Russian guns was hidden from our men by a knoll, and a volunteer being called for to go out and plant a flag to mark the place that we might get the range, Sullivan stepped forward.

The ground was every inch of it under fire, and he formed a conspicuous mark for the enemy's sharp-shooters, but, flag in hand, he went on and gained the mound; looked right and left to find the exact position, while his comrades held their breath and expected every moment to see him fall; dug a hole with his heel to receive the staff, and, having fixed it, collected stones which he piled up to make it secure, and then returned unhurt, wonderful to relate, although he noticed one Russian in particular who fired three times in quick succession full at him, and many others were making him a target the whole time.

He was for years boatswain at Portsmouth Dock-yard, and a well-known figure, with his V.C., Legion of Honour, Medal for Conspicuous Gallantry, Sardinian, Turkish, Humane Society's, and Crimean Medals, the last having clasps for Inkerman and Sebastopol.

As a general rule, the Marines and Bluejackets are the best of friends, but in the old days the relations were sometimes strained, and dubious compliments often exchanged.

"Go on, leather-neck!" quoth the seaman, with a powerful adjective, to the marine in his scarlet coatee and stiff stock.

"Go on, you flat-footed nigger!" replies the marine to the bluejacket, with a stronger substantive than was parliamentary, and a longing to bring down the butt of his gun on Jack's bare toes, as he passed him at his work; which sample of fo'c's'le courtesy I received from an ancient mariner who sailed in the "old wooden walls" long before turret-ships were dreamed of.

At the present moment the "Jollies" are one of

the crack corps in the service, and one of the most popular.

"*Per mare, per terram*"—"by sea, by land"—is their motto, and though the bulk of their time is spent on shipboard, they are equally at home on both elements; in fact, two out of their three Victoria Crosses have been won on shore.

At Inkerman, Colour-Sergeant Prettyjohn, of the Royal Marine Light Infantry, resolutely stuck to an advanced position and behaved with great gallantry, shooting four Russians under circumstances that won him the distinction when it was founded; and Bombardier Thomas Wilkinson, Royal Marine Artillery, who died at York, September 22, 1887, the year also of Prettyjohn's decease, displayed the skill and courage of a sapper on the 5th of June, 1855, when, in the advanced batteries, in spite of a deadly fire, he worked at the sandbags to repair the parapet. The Legion of Honour was awarded him, as well as the V.C.; but the most distinguished of the three was Lieutenant-Colonel George Dare Dowell, who died on August 3, 1910, and carries us back again to the Baltic and the bombardment of the forts about Viborg, July 13, 1855.

He was then a lieutenant in the Royal Marine Artillery, a corps raised in 1804, and while on board the *Ruby*, alongside which his own boat was receiving a supply of rockets, he saw that a rocket-boat belonging the the *Arrogant* had got a Russian shell aboard, which exploded and inflicted considerable damage.

Without hesitation he jumped into the *Ruby's* quarter-boat, with three men, and, taking the stroke oar himself, pulled hard for the sinking craft.

All round them as they rowed the water rose in

spouts as grape and musket ball fell into the waves, but they lay to it with a will, and with many a swish and a splash, and a narrow escape from being swamped, hauled three sailors into their little skiff and also towed the disabled cutter away.

We have most of us pulled through a running sea when the slanting rain has driven about us, hissing into the swell alongside. Turn those rain drops into a shower of screaming slugs, with here and there a whistling bullet to tear off a splinter from the gunwale, or "plop" viciously near the blade of our oar, and we can realise something of the pluck of that action, and why the letters V.C. appeared after Colonel Dowell's name in the blue-bound Navy List.

A brave fellow was John Sheppard, R.N., boatswain's mate of the *St. Jean d'Acre,* a modern 21-gun ship.

On the 15th of July and the 16th of August, 1855, he ventured out alone in a punt, with exploding apparatus, to blow up Russian men-of-war in Sebastopol Harbour, and it was not his fault that he had no success.

The first time he was frustrated by a long procession of boats conveying troops from the south to the north side, and had to return; the second attempt proving also futile, although he passed the enemy's steamers; but the pluck was so great that the V.C. was his, and the French Legion of Honour, the Admiralty also granting him a medal and a gratuity of £15 for his conspicuous gallantry.

The number of our soldiers and sailors who received the French Cross and the Military Metal, with its pretty striped ribbon, showed how marked a change had come over the feelings of the two nations since the Great War.

Lord Raglan had lost his arm at Waterloo fighting against Napoleon; Prince Napoleon, son of the First Emperor's youngest brother, held a command in the Crimea; Admiral Sir Charles Napier, whose youth had been spent in fighting the French, sailed to the Baltic and made common cause with one-handed Barraguay d'Hilliers, son of one of the great Emperor's most unfortunate generals; and a hundred instances might be cited of a similar nature, for both armies were still full of veterans of former days.

On the 29th of May, 1855, a plucky and highly successful attempt was made on the Russian stores at Genitchi.

It was of the greatest importance that the enemy should be kept short of provisions, and the enormous stores collected at various points on the shores of the Sea of Azov attracted the attention of our fleet.

The Russians had six field-pieces in position, and about 200 artillerymen, a battalion of infantry, and some Cossacks, strongly posted to resist any landing, and under the guns of the battery were a large number of vessels, gone in to avoid the *Swallow* and *Wrangler,* which had made their appearance the night before, and captured three.

Our ships were only able to get to long-range distance, as the water was shallow; but while they shelled the place the boats pulled into the strait, under Lieutenant Mackenzie, and, under the very nose of the Russians, burned seventy-three vessels and lighted the corn stores.

Two hours after they had returned the wind shifted, the black smoke rolled away, and they saw that several of the magazines had not caught; so, renewing the bombardment, the boats pushed off

again, and while Mackenzie turned his attention to a few vessels that had escaped the flames, three brave men volunteered to fire the stores, and landed alone for that purpose.

They were Lieutenant Cecil W. Buckley, of the *Miranda,* Lieutenant Hugh T. Burgoyne, of the *Swallow,* and Mr. John Robarts, gunner, of the *Ardent;* and, lighting portfires from their cigars, they accomplished their purpose, narrowly escaping the Cossacks as they ran back to their boats, all three receiving the Cross.

Captain Lyons, in his despatch, says: "Since the squadron entered the Sea of Azov, four days ago, the enemy has lost four steamers of war, 246 merchant vessels, also corn and flour magazines to the value of at least £150,000."

A few days later, June 3rd, Lieutenant Buckley was again to the front, in a four-oared gig, with Mr. Henry Cooper, boatswain third class. The two landed repeatedly at Taganrog, which was garrisoned by 3,000 Russians, very much on the alert, and only kept in check by the fire from the boats. Here they set light to numerous magazines and Government buildings, the long range of stores, where there were large quantities of tar, grain, planks, etc., being in a blaze by three p.m., Cooper deservedly winning his V.C.

These incidents only show what a few resolute men may do in spite of enormous odds against them.

The death of Captain Burgoyne was as gallant and self-sacrificing as his life.

The only son of Field-Marshal Sir J. Fox Burgoyne, a veteran of Corunna and the Peninsular War, who also served in the Crimea, Captain Burgoyne was appointed to the *Captain,* a turret-ship

for whose construction Captain Cowper Coles, the inventor, had had *carte blanche*.

In the dead of the night of the 7th September, 1870, the vessel foundered in the Bay of Biscay, carrying with her the inventor and 471 souls, *in three minutes*.

"Jump, men, jump!" cried her commander, as some of the men tried to save themselves in the launch; but it was noticed that he did not jump himself, thinking she was full enough; and after an ineffectual attempt to reach the pinnace, floating bottom upwards, he went down in the darkness, leaving the eighteen survivors to tell the tale.

CHAPTER VI

In the Dead of Night

DAY, COMMERELL, RICKARD

FEW men have won their Victoria Cross with greater honour than those whose exciting adventures in the dead of the night I am about to describe.

In the north-eastern part of the Crimea there is a low-lying, swampy series of lakes and inlets known as the Putrid Sea, a narrow passage, the already-mentioned Strait of Genitchi, leading into it from the Sea of Azov, and forming the only entrance.

Across this marshy tract the Russians poured their stores, chiefly by the bridge of Chingan, and the naval expedition was endeavouring to destroy this bridge at all risks.

A tongue of land, seventy miles in length, and varying in width from half a mile to three miles, known as the Spit of Arabat, lay along the Sea of Azov, its nose forming one side of the Strait; behind the Spit were the Russian stores, and opposite to the town of Genitchi itself four gunboats, which commanded the channel, the Spit being strongly garrisoned by Cossacks and horse artillery.

To cross that tongue, evade the wary Russians, reconnoitre the position of the bridge, the batteries, and the gunboats, was the task Lieutenant Day set himself, well knowing the tremendous risk he ran, and the fact that a French officer, Captain

L'Allemand, of the *Mouette*, had been killed with several of his men in a similar attempt about a month before.

Day was stationed off the entrance to the strait in the *Recruit*, a paddle-steamer, with two white funnels, the first iron vessel built for our Navy, in 1846; and, believing that the enemy's forces were less numerous at the moment than usual, he sent two gunboats to explore, found from their report that his surmise had been correct, and prepared himself for the dangerous undertaking.

From the masthead of his vessel he took the bearings of the Russian gunboats, which he could just see, and also the guard-houses placed at intervals along the Spit, and when the night drew down he went into his cabin to get ready, perhaps for the last time.

Some matches, a pocket-compass, his glasses, and a revolver were soon stowed away, and to guard against the possibility of being hanged as a spy, he put his commission in the breast of his uniform, climbed over the side of the ship into a small boat manned by two bluejackets, and was pulled noiselessly towards the land.

The shallow waters of the Sea of Azov broke with a low ripple on the shore of the Spit as the boat's nose grounded, and they crouched to listen.

All was still: no Cossacks were to be heard, although they patrolled the place night and day; nothing was audible but the moaning of the wind among the caper bushes and the gentle lapping of the unseen waves.

The long Spit loomed like a darker bank of cloud against the night between him and the inland waters where the gunboats were lying, and, getting

cautiously out, he whispered his final instruction to the two sailors in the boat.

"Back water until you're out of gunshot, and lie to abreast of this spot," he said. "My life depends on your keeping quiet and pulling in as hard as you can when I hail."

"Aye, aye, sir," was the reply, breathed rather than spoken, followed by a solemn "God bless you, sir," as they left him alone with the darkness and the danger.

Bending down, he ran across the strip of beach, and cowered on his face among the scanty shrubs that fringed the higher ground, where he could feel the breeze on the hillside; while far out behind him the masthead lights of his own ship shone over the black waste of water that lay between him and security.

Although he was an experienced deer-stalker, he knew that he had undertaken no ordinary task; the whole Spit swarmed with the enemy: Cossacks, whose eyes and ears were trained by daily and nightly habit, whose horses would whinny if they smelt him; wild riders, knowing every inch of the ground, and against whom he had no chance if he were seen.

Two other perils lay in wait for him—perils of a curious kind. The Crimean peninsula was covered with an aromatic herb, which exhaled a strong odour when crushed; should he chance upon a clump of it, it would be sufficient to betray him. And the second peril arose from the quantities of wild fowl that frequented the reedy marshes, among which he might at any moment have to find shelter, sending them clattering into the night to bring a bullet or a lance-thrust for the adventurous sailor.

Small wonder that he lay for some time, every

nerve strained to fathom what the darkness might conceal, and then crept slowly forward, now through the rustling bushes, now over the sandy soil; sometimes avoiding a pitfall, sometimes rolling into a hollow, and waiting breathlessly, with one hand on his revolver, lest he should have been heard.

The Spit undulated; but rather than run the risk of his body being seen by those keen eyes, to whom every knoll was so familiar, he made long detours, often knee-deep in the stagnant pools.

At times the tread of a horse caught his ear, and he flattened himself to the earth, getting a momentary glimpse of a dark outline against the sky—an outline of a man riding with short stirrups, bent over the pommel of his saddle, lance in hand, like some prowling creature of the night; and long after the Cossack had gone by, he would wait before he ventured to leave his hiding-place.

He could hear the patrols challenging, and found that the sentinels were pretty far apart; and when he had passed one line of posts, he breathed more freely until he began to approach the next.

It was touch and go with him; had they only had dogs with them his mission would have terminated tragically; as it happened he got through, after hours of silent crawling, and saw the welcome glow of watch-fires reflected in the water of the Putrid Sea.

What little could be noted on a dark night he stored up carefully in his memory; the gunboats were lying close in shore, and did not seem likely to move from their position; they were slightly armed, and it occurred to him that they might be taken by surprise.

He marked the position of each guard-house, and could see the sentries passing to and fro across the patch of wavy light, sometimes pausing to warm

themselves, for the autumn night was chilly; and when he could learn no more he took his bearings, by the wind, as best he could, and crept away on his return journey.

For seven long hours he retraced his steps; the same slow progress over the open ground, the same wary descents into hollows, where he could straighten himself for a moment; again, he would chance on a bed of rushes, marking a treacherous swamp, and disturb a wild duck; many a time he held his breath as the black outlines passed in silent procession across the hillocks, sometimes bending down to peer in his direction as though they had heard the beating of his heart, which he could not still, and how loud it seems at times to us we all know; but fortune favours the brave, and at two o'clock in the morning he gained the shore again, and was taken on board by the anxious seamen.

The next day his commanding officer, Captain Osborn, arrived, and entered warmly into Day's plan for a surprise, but being called away shortly afterwards, the thing was left in abeyance until his return, and while our hero was cruising along the Spit during Captain Osborn's absence, he detected, or thought he did, an increase in the number of troops on shore.

He was haunted by the responsibility; if the garrison *had* been reinforced, and the expedition were attempted, the disaster would lie at his door, and, anchoring off the old ground, he determined to reconnoitre a second time, preferring to sacrifice his own life rather than the lives of a ship's company.

Sunset crimsoned the waters of the tideless Azov, and again the boat pulled in for shore; for the second time he whispered his parting instructions to the men in her; and on a bitter night, so dark that he had to

grope at every step, the intrepid fellow crawled up the bank and faced the peril for duty's sake.

Before he had gone far, he fancied that he was on the wrong track, and every yard he traversed increased the belief; the ground was strange; deeper hollows and broader tracts of swamp stopped him; a frog began to whistle its weird cry, and unseen things went rustling away through the grass as he advanced on hands and knees.

After a long detour he struck the path he had taken before, and came unexpectedly on a Cossack patrol.

They went on towards the shore, talking amongst themselves, the switch of their long horse tails dying away down the little valley; it was a narrow shave, but the darkness had befriended him, and he stole on, shivering with the cold that made his teeth chatter.

A little farther he had to turn aside, as voices came on the wind, and another patrol passed close to the whin-bush behind which he lay.

"They are thick on the ground to-night," he thought, carefully picking his way where the tufts of rank herbage hissed as he wound among them; and again he crouched as still as a stone, for not ten yards off a horse neighed, and the butt of his revolver came half out of his breast, as he waited for the challenge—but the scream of a night-hawk hovering over the neighbouring marsh was all he heard; the sand muffled the tread of the hoofs, and the Cossack had gone by, like the others, towards the shore from which he had come.

Worming himself up a hillock very cautiously, not daring to raise his head above the level of the ground, he saw a multitude of fires extending along the Spit

to the right and left, and heard the guttural call of the sentries, who seemed to have been not only doubled, but trebled in number since his first journey, and he found that, although he had not traversed half the distance, he must turn back with a very small chance of reaching the shore.

Scarcely had he commenced to creep down the mound when a gunshot was fired close by, the ball passing over him, followed by several more reports from different quarters.

Convinced that he had been discovered, a less courageous man would have lost his head and started to run; but Lieutenant Day scrambled quietly into a dell, from which some fowl had risen at the sound, and, wading among the reeds, he bent down and listened intently for some minutes, hearing the shots repeated farther away, and knowing at once the cause of the alarm.

The Cossacks, following their insane custom, had been discharging their pieces to let any lurking enemy understand they were on the *qui vive;* but though he breathed freely again, the presence of so many troops told him that the expedition must be abandoned, and if he were to warn his men he would have to redouble his efforts to reach his ship alive.

For nine hours he wandered, numb with the cold; tumbling into quagmires, and repeating his experiences of the first night's work with infinitely more hazard surrounding him.

Covered with mud, wet to the skin, his hands torn and frozen—escaping detection by a hair's breadth every few paces—he at last reached the beach abreast of the *Recruit,* and went up to his middle into the water to hail the boat.

Bending until his mouth was on a level with the surface, that the sound might travel farther, he sent a stifled shout over the waves, and waited for the welcome sound of oars, but no sound came.

Again and again he called, and there was no reply—the sailors waiting hour after hour believed that he was taken, and had pulled sorrowfully back to the ship with heavy hearts!

Wild with despair, Day drew his revolver and fired, his heart sinking as he realised too late that it would bring the Russians down upon him; and there still being no response from the sea, he tottered back to the beach again to meet his fate, and fell, half dead with fatigue and cold, praying to the Almighty for daylight.

Strange to say, the Cossacks did not come; possibly they thought one of their own sentries had fired —that being the impression on board the *Recruit,* where they saw the flash and heard the report distinctly.

For an hour the brave sailor lay exhausted, expecting death with every puff of wind that whisked the sand along the shore, until Mr. Parker, rowing on a final, almost hopeless quest, just before the dawn broke, found him, where he had fallen, and carried him off in triumph to his ship.

Captain Osborn visited him next day, and he soon recovered from the physical exposure that would have killed a man of weaker constitution, to be thanked in a letter from the Admiralty, and ultimately receive the V.C. for his midnight bravery and pluck.

He was promoted Commander, November, 1855, Captain 1861, and died in 1877, the worthy possessor of a host of war medals and orders, including among

others the Bath, the Legion of Honour, and the Medjidie.

The following exploit is well worthy to rank with the foregoing, and for fearless gallantry is hard to beat.

Lieutenant Commerell, of the *Weser,* had learned from some fishermen that large quantities of corn and forage were stored on the Crimean shore of the Putrid Sea, and he determined, if possible, to effect their destruction.

The Spit of Arabat, mentioned more fully in the narrative of Lieutenant Day, lay between them and the inland waters; the Spit still teemed with Russians, and there was nothing for it but to make a night attempt.

Leaving his vessel in charge of the second master, he, Mr. Lillingstone, the mate, Quartermaster Rickard, two seamen, and a party of bluejackets, hauled a small prize boat across the Spit, launched on the Putrid Sea, and the five adventurers after a stealthy pull grounded on the opposite shore at four a.m.

It was the 11th of October; a long tramp of two miles and a half lay between them and the stores they had come to destroy, and leaving Mr. Lillingstone and a seaman in the boat, Commerell, Rickard, and George Milestone, A.B., started away into the enemy's country on a desperate errand.

The Kara-Su and Salghir rivers had to be forded; the land lay silent and dark before them, while behind, over the water, stretched the Spit, with its Russian guard-houses, whose garrisons would be on the alert for their return.

The success of the expedition rested largely on its almost incredible impudence, and the certainty

that such an attempt would never be expected; with the first flame, however, the Russians would muster, and one must ever feel the profoundest admiration for those British sailors who dared to attempt a seeming impossibility.

They found the grain and forage stacked on the bank of the Salghir, near the towing-paths, evidently awaiting transmission by water, and in a very short time 400 tons were blazing merrily, as out came the guard, and down swooped about thirty Cossacks from a neighbouring village.

It has been in my experience to see the night sky of a foreign country suddenly grow crimson; to hear the jangle of alarm bells in the church tower and the galloping of hoofs on the road; to listen to the clamour and shouting of the peasantry, and catch the glint of the fire on steel scabbards, while beyond the circle of light the wind came moaning from the sea, fanning the flames and adding to the weird romance of it all.

Such a scene the three sailors left behind them as they made for the boat, and their chance of reaching it must have seemed small when those galloping hoofs meant pursuit by the wild horsemen of the Czar who spared no one.

A most exciting chase ensued; the rivers were scrambled through, and a considerable distance of the return was got over, when Milestone began to exhibit signs of giving out.

The last two hundred yards plunged them into deep mud, and, difficult as it was to pass, it saved them.

The Cossacks slackened and opened fire, which was briskly replied to by Mr. Lillingstone and his companion from the boat; ball after ball splashed

about them, and with the enemy barely forty yards behind, Milestone sank utterly exhausted.

The brave Rickard stopped and went back to him; worn out himself, he saw a messmate in mortal peril, and hauling him up out of the ooze, struggled with him in his arms to the water's edge, where they were dragged in a helpless state on board the boat.

The danger was not over; the Putrid Sea had to be crossed, and the Spit traversed; but they accomplished it in safety, and at eight a.m. stood once more on the deck of the *Weser*.

Commander Commerell, afterwards Admiral Sir John Edmund, G.C.B., and Quartermaster William Rickard, both received the V.C., and were both awarded the Cross of the Legion of Honour.

CHAPTER VII

The Silent Heroes—The Royal Engineers

GRAHAM, ROSS, LENDRIM, PERIE

THE unobtrusive devotion to duty and the business-like heroism of the Royal Engineers—or Sappers and Miners as they were called previous to 1856—while winning unstinted praise from their comrades in every branch of the service, have kept them comparatively obscure in the general records of campaigns.

One reads that parallels are made, gabions fixed, trenches, saps, barbettes, bastions and batteries constructed, and a good deal of technical jargon which serves to confuse and worry the average student of military affairs; but there is little said about the conditions under which these things are accomplished—the cold, the discomfort, and the exposure; the shell that explodes in the centre of a working party, strewing the trench with limb and life blood; the betraying light-ball which drops near by and shows the foe where to direct the deadly musketry fire that bowls men over like rabbits, and topples many a stout fellow into the hole he has been digging, where the next shell buries him, perhaps, or where, at any rate, he may sometimes lie helpless until he is discovered, often dying before they *do* find him.

The excitement of a hand-to-hand fight is seldom theirs; they view the wild charge from a distance,

after braving death and mutilation to bring that charge about; and to assist in repelling a sortie among the traverses is an event to be talked over for long enough by the "Mudlarks," as they are playfully nicknamed.

Eight hundred and eighty-seven landed in the Crimea, and of these 152 died of cholera and other diseases, 37 were killed in the trenches, 18 succumbed under their wounds, 6 were drowned, 1 was frozen to death, 4 died of frostbite (one poor fellow —McConnell by name—lost both his feet from the same cause), 2 were found dead, 3 were missing, and 103 others more or less severely wounded—a roll of mishaps which shows, if briefly, the nature of their calling and the risks they ran.

Seven of their 27 Crosses were won in the Crimean War at the protracted siege of Sebastopol, where, in the 337 days and nights of blazing summer and cruel winter during which the siege lasted, they dug nearly 9 miles of trenches, made 42 batteries, and used 20,000 gabions, 4,000 fascines, 340,000 sand and 7,413 bread bags.

Lieutenant Graham, the gallant and popular Sir Gerald, and Sapper Perie, both now dead, are the first of the brave band whose deeds we shall chronicle, and the incident in which they were jointly concerned took place on the disastrous 18th of June, when we tried to take the Redan and failed after terrible losses.

The Redan was a formidable Russian outwork, formed of earth with embrasures full of cannon, and separated from our advance-works by five hundred yards of hollow.

Beyond lay the town of Sebastopol and the blue water, and to the right of the fort, as our fellows

looked at it, was the celebrated Malakoff Hill, crowned by a tower of yellow masonry in ruins, behind which lay the harbour, which it entirely commanded; and these two fortifications were ordered to be stormed on the anniversary of that day when French and English had fought so hard at Waterloo.

Green slopes and lines of clay-coloured earth formed the landscape, dimly seen in the grey light of the early morning, as at half-past three, or thereabouts, the right column cleared the quarries and advanced towards the Redan.

The French had been hammer and tongs at the Malakoff for some time, and presuming they had met with success it was considered that our turn had come; but unhappily the English columns were hurled against the strong fort in driblets, with a result that might have been anticipated.

The French were repulsed and did not renew the attack, and while our right column was marching to its doom, the left, with which we have particularly to deal, moved out of the trenches and pushed along a cart track, Lieutenant Graham commanding the sailors, who carried the ladders and woolbags, with Sappers Perie and Paul under him, the whole following behind the skirmishers.

"Which of the sappers knows the ground here?" called the lieutenant.

"I do," said Perie eagerly, and he was ordered to lead them.

When they got under fire the skirmishers faltered; it was so hot that to face it was madness, and there was a nasty pause as they waited for a lull.

Their officer, Murray, of the Engineers, fell with a shattered arm, and died before he got back to the trench, but Graham took his place.

J.M.

He had previously sent Perie out to Murray with a message, and afterwards spoke of the fearless way in which the man ran into the thick of the fire and returned by a miracle.

But while the skirmishers were lying down Lieutenant-Colonel Tylden rushed to the front, and had just sanctioned a change in the direction of the attack, when a grape-shot passed through both his thighs, Graham being first to pick him up.

The colonel was carried under a ledge of rock and the advance continued, the lieutenant's tall figure conspicuous at its head, but the skirmishers fell back and the ladder-party had to halt every few steps as man after man was shot down.

When the ladders passed to the front of the advanced trench the skirmishers had got away to the left, and the party was very much exposed, but full of an eager desire to press forward; the fire, however, continuing so severe that they were withdrawn after standing for ten minutes under a fearful cannonade.

In vain Lieutenant Graham waved the storming party on; in vain a detachment of the 57th came to the skirmishers' assistance; struggling bravely, the sailors, sappers and troops made desperate attempts to cross the hollow, but all to no purpose; the ground was red with dead and wounded—men were but men, and the storm of shot, grape and shell was irresistible; a few reached the abattis, among them four or five sappers, but there was no use attempting what experience proved an impossibility; and though such as gained the cover fired in reply, collecting the pouches of the dead when their own ammunition failed, a sergeant named Coppin was sent by Lieutenant Graham to tell them to retire.

It was over; the attack had failed, and from no

lack of bravery, but simply because an insane task had been set them, to which flesh and blood were not equal; and, leaving a ghastly harvest of slaughter and pain on the grassy valley, the columns returned to shelter to bind their wounds and bemoan their diminished ranks.

The lieutenant, by reason of his height, and the absolute fearlessness with which he exposed himself in his efforts to get the weak column to advance, was one of the most prominent figures in the smoke and scurry; and always at hand to help him was Private Perie, rough and unlettered, but as plucky a fellow as any of whom we have record.

Suddenly, when men peered cautiously over the parapet of the trench, pale and exhausted with fatigue and the hideousness of it all, a naval officer called for help to bring in a wounded man lying under fire in their front.

"I'll follow you, sir!" said Perie to his lieutenant, and the three jumped out and succeeded in their work of mercy; after which, there being no other wounded in their immediate vicinity, they again hazarded their lives to secure some of the scaling ladders left on the ground, Perie having before that been hit in the right side by a rifle ball.

Lieutenant Graham was himself severely wounded later in the siege, and is credited with saving several lives under fire, and a gallant attempt to rescue men from a shaft at the docks of Sebastopol, where several were injured and one died from poisonous gas caused by an explosion; of his more recent exploits in the Soudan it is neither necessary nor is it our province here to speak.

A remarkably brave man was Lance-Corporal William T. Lendrim, or Lindrim (his name is spelt

both ways), and his gallantry illustrates in a most dramatic manner another phase of the sapper's perilous calling.

His Cross has three dates, but his acts of valour were by no means limited to those occasions only.

On the morning of the 14th of February, 1855, he was told off to a battery held by 150 French *chasseurs,* and a tremendous fire soon began to knock over the gabions.

Several men were wounded and two of the French killed in the trench, and to renew the breaches was a most dangerous undertaking; but Lendrim pluckily mounted to the task, and, in spite of shot and shell, worked and shovelled, and dragged and dug, until the gaps were filled again, and the French officer reported him with admiration "for his coolness and good example."

On a night of the following March (the date does not appear on the Cross) a sortie had been made by the enemy, and after it had been repulsed the corporal heard someone groaning in agony thirty yards out in front.

Clambering over the parapet, under a hot fire of musketry, he reached the wounded man, who proved to be a Russian, and, aided by two linesmen who had followed him, they carried him as far as the parapet, where, putting him down a moment to rest, he died, and they got back into the works, with a proud consciousness of having done a humane action, even though it had proved of no avail.

On the 11th of April (so says the record, although the historian of the corps gives it as the 12th) a live shell struck the roof of the magazine in the Twenty-one Gun Battery, and ignited the sandbags.

Captain Peel called for some sailors to extinguish

the flames, but the firing seems to have given them pause, whereupon he pointed out the danger to the sappers, two of whom, Corporals James Wright and our gallant Lendrim, sprang on to the roof, although the shot was whizzing about them, and, tearing the bags away, piled fresh ones in their place. Captain Peel himself assisted, always to the front where risk was to be run, and the fire was stayed, the lives of every soul in the battery being saved. A moment afterwards a ball covered the sappers with earth as it rushed on its path of destruction, showing how completely they carried their lives in their hands.

Later in the day as Lendrim was about to clamber into an embrasure to extinguish another burning bag, the petty officer in charge of the gun there asked him to wait until they had fired, and while he stood aside a young middy came up and asked him why he delayed, and in spite of his explanation sprang out himself.

This nettled the corporal, who told him that "he'd better finish the job as he'd done so much"; but the middy, seeing he had hurt his feelings, drew back, and Lendrim continued the work, quenching the sandbag with water handed out to him by a private, and patching up the breach as best he could.

"I wouldn't have touched it had I known you were one of the 'Old Sappers,'" said the middy approvingly, and the corporal smiled as he went off to his duty elsewhere.

"Old Sappers" was a term of high commendation in that war, and none deserved it better than Lendrim.

The last of his exploits which I shall narrate was the destruction of a screen erected by the Russians

to conceal their rifle-pits, which happened in the grey of the morning of the 21st of April (the record says the 20th).

The evening before he with three other sappers had crept into the trench to reconnoitre, and lay watching the enemy strengthening their defence for some minutes.

An Irishman of the 88th was sentry there, and one of the sappers, named Harvey, wondered why on earth he did not pick off a particular Russian who was very conspicuous in his efforts, greatly to the Irishman's disgust, as he was under orders not to fire.

Hearing that the screen was to be attacked in the morning, however, he took a pot shot at the enemy, and they replied with an energy that lost us many men, for our fellows, unable to restrain themselves, seized the rifles of the wounded and a smart exchange of compliments ensued.

Before dawn broke, however, a working party of twelve men, including Lendrim, sallied out against the screen, covered by one hundred of the trench-guard, and, with instructions to use the bayonet only, sped over the ground at the charge.

Luckily the firing of a few hours previous had scared the Russians and the screen was deserted, our men quickly demolishing it and carrying back some of the old casks and sails as trophies to the trenches.

Harvey won a medal for the exertions he showed, and the coolness of our corporal on that occasion caused it to be engraved on his Cross as the third of the incidents for which it was granted to him.

One little circumstance I am tempted to narrate here, as showing how slight a thing might upset

all the calculations of an army in warfare. The incident happened to the Sappers and Miners who laid the telegraph down on the Kazatch line during the campaign.

The current became interrupted, and for a long time the cause could not be discovered, until, after a provoking search, it was found that the wire had passed through the nest of a tiny field-mouse, who, objecting to the disagreeable intruder, had actually bitten it completely through.

Corporal John Ross merits a lengthy description of his valour, three separate and distinct acts of devotion and heroism being recorded on his Victoria Cross.

It was necessary to connect the fourth parallel with an old Russian rifle-pit, and after night had fallen on the 21st of July, 1855, he was sent out with a working party of two hundred men, each carrying an entrenching tool and a gabion, and a couple of privates to assist him in tracing out the connection.

The night was very dark, but the enemy were firing heavily the whole time, and halting his party in the parallel, he crept forward with his two sappers and traced the work they were to construct with pegs and cords, luckily returning unhurt.

Leading them out in single file, the first man laid his gabion in position, where it was staked by one of the sappers, the next then depositing his burden, and so on until the huge baskets were placed in a row, the last touching the rifle-pit.

The ground was solid rock, but Corporal Ross was equal to the emergency, and sending back for baskets to the depot, earth was carried from a distance of sixty or seventy yards, the gabions were

filled, and a long line of perfect cover was formed before morning revealed to the enemy, only forty yards away, what the busy moles had been about.

Ross was mentioned in brigade orders, and General Simpson gave him £2, but hardly had a month elapsed before he was brought into notice for a still more hazardous undertaking.

A new approach had been commenced towards the Redan by some sappers and a party of the 1st Royals, and the next night, the 23rd of August, the corporal was again to the front with four sappers and a hundred men.

Captain Wolseley, of the 90th Perthshire Light Infantry, afterwards Field-Marshal Lord Wolseley, was in charge of the advance works, and telling Ross to distribute his party to the best advantage, our corporal told off half the number to fill bags, which the other half were to carry forward as they might be wanted.

Posting his covering-party without noise, and warning them of the fire-balls which every now and then came circling through the night, he went out cautiously with his sappers and began operations from the vent of the zigzag, the Malakoff and Redan showering grape over the trenches, and Minié balls whistling dangerously close to their ears.

There was something peculiarly exciting in that stealthy groping in the darkness, and Captain Wolseley came again and again to encourage them, and each time the long dim line of gabions had extended farther and farther towards the Russian position, as Ross laid them in their places, and the sappers shovelled in earth and sand.

Now and again there would be a crash, a gabion would be hurled several yards away, and the earth

showered round them. The party shrank breathless under cover, and they knew a shot had been in their midst, but after a moment's pause they were at it once more, a fresh gabion took the place of the other, and the work continued.

Not unfrequently a light-ball fell close at hand, the rugged sides of the sap were lit up, and rolling over into any corner they could find, the corporal and his men waited until the dangerous visitor had gone out, often enough extinguished by one of them, who braved the musketry for that purpose.

With interruptions such as these, and the possibility that at any time a sudden sortie might be made on them, Ross laboured away through it all, steady, persevering, cool, and when the "morning drum" rolled from the infantry lines, and the shrill bugles awoke the besieging army to another day of expectation and labour, twenty-five gabions had been fixed and filled, a trench opened behind them, and the work of the previous night greatly strengthened and improved.

It had not been accomplished without loss, for four men of the 77th were wounded in the zigzag, and there were two who never heard the drums at all.

Two of the sappers had also been hit, but the work was done, and our corporal again found himself richer this time by three sovereigns from General Simpson.

His last exploit was of a very different nature, though like the others it was performed at night, that of the 8th of September following.

The terrible final assault of the Redan and Malakoff by the Allies had taken place, and silence fell over the gory ground.

The groaning wounded usurped the place of the guns that had crashed and thundered, and though explosions occurred every now and then as the magazines and mines blew up in the Russian forts, there was an ominous quiet, and an absence of human sound in and about the Redan itself, which set Ross a-thinking as his party mended the embrasures of the quarry-battery.

Two sappers were missing, left behind when we fell back, and under pretence of searching for them, the corporal set out alone for the great fortress which had cost us so many lives.

The night was mild and starlight; the sappers were seldom interfered with by outposts and sentries, and Ross soon left the fifth parallel, and picked his way through the wounded who had crawled back into the trench.

"Have you seen any wounded sapper lying outside?" he asked; and the reply came, "One straight to the front under the abattis."

It was about a quarter past twelve when he left the sap and took his way across the open, and on nearing the abattis he paused as another explosion boomed loudly in the fort.

Creeping on again after a time, among every species of horror that an assault leaves in its wake, he eventually came across a comrade, Private Carswell, and a sergeant of the Rifles, both badly wounded.

They told him—what he had already surmised—that the enemy's outposts had been withdrawn, and leaving them his flask of rum and water, he said: "I'm going into the Redan, and if all goes right I shall be back directly and have you taken into camp."

"God speed you!" they replied, and soon he was crouching on the edge of the ditch, listening with all his ears.

Groans, the crackling of buildings burning in the distance, sudden explosions, to which the brave fellow was well accustomed; these and a number of similar sounds he heard, but nothing more, and he crawled to an embrasure and looked in.

There was the smell of charring timber, and the crash of falling beams, but the gun stood empty—the place had been deserted.

Back ran the corporal—no easy task over ground torn and furrowed by months of cannonading, and littered with ghastly heaps of mangled redcoats—but an hour after he started he was telling his tale to Captain de Moleyns, of his own corps, who would not credit it.

With Lieutenant Dumaresq, Sergeant Landrey, and some sappers and linesmen, they returned to verify the startling story, stopping to cover Carswell with Ross's coat, and the Rifles sergeant with Mr. Dumaresq's pea-jacket; Ross and a Line sergeant going first and jumping through an embrasure, where the sergeant captured a solitary Russian.

The little party remained in their strange situation about ten minutes, and finding Ross's report correct and the place evacuated, went back, as the explosions were very frequent.

Picking up Carswell, Ross carried him in, Landrey doing the same with the other wounded man, and at dawn the terrible Redan was occupied quietly by our troops instead of the assault being renewed as had been intended.

As an additional honour, Corporal Ross was awarded the French War Medal.

CHAPTER VIII

The Gallant Gunners in the Crimea

HENRY, DIXON, ARTHUR, DICKSON, DAVIS, CAMBRIDGE, TEESDALE, MILLER

OUR Artillery had a terrible rôle to perform during the war, and performed it then, as ever, very gallantly.

The dashing horse brigades had perhaps less opportunity, from the nature of the campaign, than their heavier comrades of the field batteries, and the latter won all the Crosses that were gained there by their arm of the service.

They suffered like the rest of the army from mismanagement and want of *matériel,* but they made up for it by their perseverance and the energy they displayed.

At Inkerman the Russians reached our guns, and a tremendous defence was made by the Artillery.

"Draw swords, and charge!" shouted Lieutenant Miller, as the grey-coated horde came on, dashing spurs into his horse and darting out to meet them; and his example was followed at C Battery, 2nd Division, by Sergeant-Major Andrew Henry and Gunner James Taylor.

Drawing their weapons they sprang forward, and the enemy found they had a hard nut to crack, for our men used anything they could lay their hands on, rammers, swords—and even fists, one noted pugilist being seen hitting hard in the mêlée.

Taylor fell, stabbed to death, but Henry was more fortunate, although his wounds are fearful to read of.

Tearing a bayonet away with his left hand, he attacked several Russians with the sword in his right, until another pierced him in the chest, and almost lifted him off the ground on the weapon—others stabbing him in the back and arms at the same moment.

It was not until he lay prostrate, with twelve ghastly holes in him, that the sergeant-major gave up; but, wonderful to relate, he subsequently recovered, was given the V.C. and a commission in the Land Transport Corps, and died, years afterwards, a captain.

Henry was spared the anguish of seeing the capture of the guns, as he was unconscious at the moment from loss of blood, but they did not remain long in Russian hands.

An equally gallant instance of British pluck was that of Captain Dixon, R.A., whose battery was blown up by a shell, which burst in the magazine, and did tremendous damage, about two p.m. on the 17th of April, 1855, before Sebastopol.

The parapet which protected the men was blown away, ten of the gunners were killed or wounded, five guns were completely disabled, and a sixth was buried under a mound of earth.

The wreck was perfect. Most men would have retired, and been justified; but Captain Dixon had other ideas on the subject, and before the Russians, who had jumped on to their parapets, had finished cheering their lucky shot he had disengaged the remaining gun, and reopened on them.

In that dismantled condition, the blood and brains

of his little party sprinkled over the ruins, he fought the piece until sunset, to the admiration of his neighbours in the other batteries, sending round-shot after round-shot to teach the enemy a lesson they learned very thoroughly in the Crimea, that the "island curs," as they called us, "never knew when they were beaten!"

Gunner and Driver Thomas Arthur has two acts of valour recorded of him, 7th and 18th of June, 1855.

On the first of those dates he was officially reported to have been in charge of the magazine of the left advance batteries of the right attack, and when the quarries were taken, to have carried infantry ammunition to the 7th Fusiliers several times during the evening under fire. On the second occasion, he volunteered for a spiking-party at the Redan, and behaved with equal gallantry.

Now, with respect to the first incident, there is another story told, which I had from a comrade of Arthur's who served in the same battery with him in after years, and who himself went through the Zulu War, which story I give without comment.

It seemed that Arthur was suddenly taken unwell while his battery was in action, and he left it without leave, returning to find, to his horror, that the guns were gone.

He was in a very serious predicament, and at his wits' end what to do; but luckily for him he saw that an infantry regiment in front had run short of cartridges, and, knowing where to find some, he ran to a magazine, shouldered as many as he could carry, and staggered off to the front with them, a ball every now and then tearing up the grass close to him.

Arrived at his destination, the welcome supply was received and distributed among the men, and the gallant gunner was promptly marched away in custody by the picket for being where he had no right to be.

Fortunately, the colonel of the infantry had been watching him through his glasses; and when it was a case of court martial for absence from his gun, up came that officer in the nick of time, and the dereliction became an act of noble heroism, which it actually was, and won, together with his subsequent behaviour at the assault, the V.C. for our gunner.

Another brave fellow was Sergeant Cambridge, who volunteered for a spiking-party on the 8th of September, 1855, and persisted in remaining with it, although badly wounded.

Later in the day, his wounds roughly bandaged, he sallied out of the advanced trench and brought in several poor wretches who were lying helpless under the fire of the enemy; and again the plucky sergeant got badly hit, but lived to wear his Cross in the veteran ranks of the Yeomen of the Guard. These are the type of men that make our army, although so small in numbers, so glorious in the field.

On the same day Captain Davis, R.A., who led the party, risked his life in the most gallant manner to help a wounded officer of the 30th whose leg was broken, and several other men; traversing ground rent with shot, under a fire which the official record describes as "murderous," for which he, too, received the Cross of Valour.

Lieut.-Colonel Collingwood Dickson also displayed tremendous heroism in helping to carry ammunition from the field-wagons under fire, in the October of

the previous year, to a battery of the right attack, winning the V.C. for his pains; a risk which can be better estimated when it is remembered that a sapper standing near a store on one occasion when a chance shell fell among the powder vanished for ever from mortal ken, nothing but one of his hands being found to show that he had ever existed!

Of Lieutenant Christopher Teesdale pages might be written. His sphere of action was the defence of Kars in Asia Minor, under the celebrated Fenwick Williams—a defence which will live as long as history has existence.

A handful of Turkish troops, led by Fenwick Williams, who had a few British officers to help him, of whom Teesdale was one, held out for months against a Russian army, and only gave in when starvation stared them in the face.

On the 29th of September, 1855, Aide-de-camp Teesdale volunteered to take command at the most advanced works, where the Russians attacked in force; sprang boldly into the middle of them, and by his fearless example gave the Turks heart, and so cleared the redoubt of the enemy.

With all the spirit of a British artilleryman, he rallied the Turkish gunners at their cannon, and after leading a brilliant charge, which won the day, he saved many of the Russian wounded from the barbarous infidels who were slaughtering them, at the great risk of his own life—the Russian general, Mouravieff, witnessing his valour and pointing it out to his staff.

He died on the 1st of November, 1893, sadly missed by a host of friends, his gallantry being equalled by the charm of his personality.

CHAPTER IX

The Tale of the Trenches

PROSSER, NORMAN, ELTON, WRIGHT, CUNINGHAME, BOURCHIER, WHEATLEY, MCGREGOR, HUMPSTON, BRADSHAW, GARDINER

THE tale of the trenches is sad and thrilling. It is a story of watching and waiting in the snow and the mud; of dark hours of sentry-go when the lives of the many depended on the eyes and ears of the few; when, too often sick, the private took his musket and paced backwards and forwards, far from the hum of the camp, a mere handful of comrades cowering behind a wall of earth, the only ones to aid him if the foe crept up; nothing to relieve the monotony of the darkness but the red flagstaff lamp at Lord Raglan's headquarters, or the green one of the general hospital away behind the third and fourth divisions. Often enough from his position he could see neither; and for company, there was perhaps the low grating of the sappers' spades in a traverse somewhere invisible, or far off within the walls of Sebastopol, the sound of the Russian bands playing "God Save the Queen," as they did at times.

Their church bells jangled now and again, and if there was much ringing and band-playing and distant shouting, the trench guards kept wide awake, as such discord generally prefaced a sortie.

There was another side to the story, with less of

loneliness but more of death in it—the sudden surprises, the sallies among the enemy's rifle-pits, the reconnoitrings, and such-like; or those terrible attempts on the Redan which left the wounded out in the open, near enough for their piteous cries to reach the watchers, and far enough to win many a Cross for the gallant fellow who could stand it no longer, and rushed through the fire to stagger back with his bleeding burden.

Sometimes he did not get back at all, but added one more heap to the others that represented so much that was true and precious of Britain's manhood, out among the spent shot and the live grape on the ghastly Crimean hill-side.

I cannot pretend to narrate more than a few examples of the heroism which duty in the trenches gave rise to, but the incidents are varied, and speak eloquently for themselves.

The first man I shall mention was Private Francis Wheatley, Rifle Brigade, 1st battalion, who, when in the trenches, 10th of November, 1854, tackled a live shell that fell in the midst of the party, and after vainly endeavouring to knock out the burning fuse with the butt of his rifle, picked it up and flung it over the parapet, where it immediately exploded. He became lodge-keeper at Bramshill Park, the residence of a former officer of the Rifles, Sir William Cope, and died there on the 21st of May, 1865.

The next incident illustrates a different phase of trench life, and we must picture a little band of two hundred riflemen, and three officers, Lieutenants Tryon, Bourchier and Cuninghame, and four sergeants, waiting for the dark on the 20th of November, 1854.

Up on the hill not far away were the enemy's

rifle-pits, and Tryon had told his men that he "intended to drive the Russians out, and that he was sure they could do it."

Quickly the wintry dusk descended, veiling the sombre uniforms of the party, and blending trench and ground and all in mystery.

Then they moved out and went down a slight incline, afterwards creeping stealthily up the hill, where the foe imagined themselves secure, and breaking irresistibly among them, bayoneted the grey Russians out of their holes.

Lieutenant Tryon fell dead, but Bourchier and his brother officer were not to be gainsayed, although the enemy's guns poured grape on to them, after a heavy column had tried to dislodge them and failed.

All night they held their post, continually attacked, sometimes in force, at others by sudden surprises; but Bourchier and Cuninghame, like Chard and Bromhead in after years, were equal to the occasion, and next day they were relieved by a fresh detachment of their regiment, and the dangerous pits were ours.

Canrobert issued a special order to the French army, so struck was he with the gallantry of the affair, and both surviving officers were awarded the V.C. for their distinguished part in it.

The following December, a brave private of the 7th Fusiliers named William Norman was posted in front of the advance sentries of an outlying picket in the White Horse Ravine, with the Russian picket 300 yards away.

Three of the enemy, in those grey overcoats which made it difficult to distinguish them until they were close at hand, came creeping forward to reconnoitre

through some brushwood; but Norman saw them, and fired his rifle to alarm the post.

"Stand to your arms!" was the cry; but without waiting for his comrades to come up, the fusilier jumped almost on to the top of the three Russians, one of whom bolted off to his own lines.

Not so the other two, for Norman seized them, and alone in the slush of the trench he collared both after a struggle, and brought them in, prisoners.

It is probable that an attack would have been made on the position there but for his vigilance, and his prompt action saved the picket, and won him the V.C.

This time it is a daylight assault we have to notice, when the pitiful driblets marched out of the trenches on to the Redan on the 18th of June, 1855, and were mowed down by hundreds.

Colour-Sergeant George Gardiner, of the 57th regiment, had already distinguished himself during a night sortie in the previous March, when, orderly-sergeant to the field officers of the trenches, he gallantly rallied the covering parties and drove the Russians out again; but his second exploit was a much more perilous affair.

When, on the 18th, the attack was staggering under the hurricane of iron and lead, and the grassy hollow was scooped into holes right and left by the bursting shells, the sergeant took his rifle and, jumping into one of the holes, opened fire on the parapet of the great earthwork, shouting to others to do the same.

Never was it more gloriously exemplified that "Practice is better than precept." The brave fellow's example was followed by a number of men at a

time when nearly half the officers and a third of the rank and file of the regiment were being shot down, and dragging the corpses of their comrades to form cover, they thinned the Russians on the parapet until their ammunition was exhausted.

These two acts of heroism were worthily rewarded by the Cross.

On the night of the 22nd of March, 1855, three columns of the enemy came suddenly on our men in the advanced trenches between eleven o'clock and midnight.

The whole of the Russian front was lit up at intervals by flame. Hissing shells curved through the sky above, and the noise was tremendous.

It was the night Hedley Vicars, and many a good man and true, was killed, and Private Alexander Wright, 77th Regiment, was noticed, even in the darkness and confusion, bayoneting, butt-ending, loading and firing in a most vigorous way.

With cross-belts over his great-coat, and the ugly forage cap of that period jammed down tight on his head, Wright was in the thick of it, and his name was remembered particularly in a corps which was reported for its especial gallantry that night.

In the attack on Egerton's Pits (19th of April) he was again distinguished and wounded, and also when the Russians attacked the sap on the night attack on the 30th of August—small wonder that *his* name is engraved in the annals of our glory!

On the 22nd of April a curious incident occurred, which was the ultimate means of three men winning the Cross.

A bandsman of the Rifle Brigade, who was a universal favourite, went out to a well in front of

the advanced trench near the quarries, and was killed by a ball from a rifle-pit near.

This so enraged the men that, without orders, and practically acting in defiance of all authority, a party of them rushed for the pits, which Bradshaw, Humpston and McGregor were the first to reach, and, after a sharp tussle, they killed the bulk of the enemy concealed there, only a few escaping.

Not long ago I saw Bradshaw's Cross and medals —a goodly row, too—exposed for sale in the shop of a West End silversmith.

That same month the Rifles received new clothes —partly coatees, partly tunics—and not before they were needed, for their record tells us that they were in sad case; great-coats were always worn during the winter months; they ate—when there was anything to eat—lived, marched, slept, fought, and too often died in them—patched, frayed and filthy.

In summer life had not been so intolerable to the trench parties, although the heat was intense; the infantry could doze, with backs to the parapet, in red coats, forage caps and white belts; but in winter things were otherwise; if one sat down then the result was a thorough soaking in the deep mud; if one walked about to keep warm there were bullets to risk; in fact, there was no escape from the misery of that duty either for officer or man, and the shout of "Shell, and count four more!" was continuous.

Another variety of incident that fell within their experience was that of deserters going over to the Russian camp, a thing that was more common than is generally believed.

Private Prosser, of the 1st Royals, on the 16th of June, 1855, saw one of the rascals making off

and gave chase; every yard bringing them nearer to the enemy, with a cross-fire from two points raking the ground all the while.

He got him, though, and brought him back to the trench.

Sometimes our sentries shot the sneaking scoundrels as they went stealing away: but Prosser preferred trusting to his legs, which also served him in good stead on the 11th of August, 1855, when he left the most advanced trench to help a poor wretch of the 9th Foot who was unable to move, and, with assistance, got him in, also under a very heavy fire: the two actions winning a Cross for that corps, whose antiquity caused it to be known in a former century as "Pontius Pilate's Bodyguard."

The trench parties suffered greatly from thirst, and what little water there was to be had was very indifferent.

Men got used to the perilous situation after a time, and often when a shell dropped among them the sergeant had to rouse the dozing guard and tumble them into the traverse before it burst.

The officer, picking his way among their legs as they tried to snatch a little sleep, would sometimes —nay, very often—meet a party carrying something on a stretcher.

"Who has been struck?" he would inquire; and the answer, in a low tone, would be: "Corporal So-and-so, sir, blown to pieces. We're going to bury him"; or, "Lieutenant ——, both legs gone, sir. We're taking him up to the hospital."

One night, it is reported by an officer of the 14th Regiment, three privates climbed over the parapet to sleep outside where the ground was drier, and not one of them awoke again in this world.

A Neglected Hero

Towards the end of the siege the casualties in the trenches increased, and averaged from six to fifteen killed or wounded in a night, while the French, who had more men in their works, would sometimes lose a hundred in the twenty-four hours.

Worthily won were those Crosses gained on that duty, and sad has been the fate of many a brave fellow whose deeds were well remembered at the time, but who was not fortunate enough to get the distinction.

I know of such a one who might have been seen any day, with the medal ribbons on the breast of his shabby overcoat, holding horses not a stone's throw from the British Museum, who was wounded in the trenches before Sebastopol, and was thankful for any odd job that helped to keep body and soul together, a task which every winter rendered more difficult.

Captain Frederick Cockayne Elton, of the 55th Westmorland, stands out head and shoulders above the majority of his comrades for gallantry in the trenches.

It was said of him on one occasion that "not another officer in the British Army would have done what he did that night"—the night of the 4th of August, 1855, when he commanded a working party in the advanced works in front of the quarries, the fire from the Russians being simply appalling.

In spite of it, however, to encourage his men, he went into the open, where the risk was greatest, and, with his own hands, plied pick and shovel, the air alive with shells and shot.

Another time he volunteered for one of those forgotten scrimmages with a small party, when the Russians were demolishing some detached works—one of those hand-to-hand affairs with the bayonet

in which our men distinguished themselves so often, but whose memory is only preserved in regimental annals.

As was generally the case when they got at them, our fellows sent the Russians packing, and Captain Elton took one of them prisoner himself; and again, during the night of the 7th of June, 1855, he had been the first to leave the trenches at the head of his men, rallying them several times within the quarries.

It is a brave record—a V.C. record—but death has since removed him from among us, and the voice which rang above the firing, and could have told us such a tale of heroism, is hushed for ever.

CHAPTER X

The First Presentation of the Cross to the Crimean Heroes, by Her Majesty the Queen, Friday, June 26th, 1857

At seven o'clock, on a lovely summer's morning, a light breeze stirred the leaves and rippled the surface of the Serpentine, as thousands of spectators wended their way to Hyde Park, in London, to witness a very historic ceremony.

It was "Queen's weather," and as the day advanced it became hotter than had been known for many previous years; but all the world turned out —a world in huge crinolines and tall hats, that we should laugh at now, just as half a century hence they will laugh at our stupid costume, and be quite right too.

Under the command of that splendid old Scottish soldier, Sir Colin Campbell, G.C.B., a brilliant body of troops had been drawn up—the Life Guards, gay with whisking plumes and steel cuirasses; the 6th Inniskilling Dragoons, fresh from the Crimea, with bright brass helmets and yellow facings; the 11th Hussars, proud of their immortal deeds at Balaclava, Lord Cardigan at their head, in full uniform, on the charger that bore him through the Death Ride; a troop of gaily laced Horse Artillery, two field batteries, a company of Royal Engineers, and a detachment of Bluejackets.

A line of scarlet, topped with black bearskins, showed where the Foot Guards stood at ease: 1st Battalion Grenadier, 2nd Battalion Coldstream, 1st Battalion Scots Fusilier Guards—now Scots Guards—the soul-stirring names of Alma, Inkerman and Sebastopol freshly embroidered on their silk colours.

The Royal Marines, the 79th Cameron Highlanders (unique in our army then, and for years after, as the only corps with one battalion), the 2nd Battalion of the sombre Rifle Brigade, and a detachment of the Military Train closed the list, to which many people felt that other Crimean regiments then at Aldershot might, and should, have been added.

In the old Portman Barracks, now done away with, but where Platoff's terrible Cossacks had been quartered in 1814 to the astonishment of the Londoners, the sixty-two brave fellows about to be decorated had mustered early—men of all ranks and arms, each with a loop of cord attached to the left breast, red or blue, according to the colour of the uniform he wore.

Under the command of Lieutenant John Knox, of the Rifle Brigade, formerly sergeant, Scots Fusilier Guards, the little *compagnie d'élite* marched down to the Park, and drew up opposite Grosvenor Gate, amid a storm of cheering, to be regarded with a critical eye by the Chelsea pensioners, many of them veterans of Waterloo and the Peninsula, and the boys from the Duke of York's School, all soldiers' sons, who feasted their eyes on the pageant before them, and perhaps made bold resolves for the future—who knows?

In and about the uncomfortable galleries erected for their reception were all the grand folk of Court and Society; the Lords Lieutenant of counties, in

uniform; the foreign attachés, and a number of Continental generals, turning their glasses on to the throng in the fierce sunshine, to pick out Fenwick Williams, of Kars, in his artillery dress, and other notable men of the late war.

At ten minutes to ten, as the twenty-first gun of the Royal salute boomed over the Park, to the intense disgust of the water-fowl, Captain Sayer and a detachment of the Blues arrived at Hyde Park Corner, behind them riding Her Majesty the Queen on a favourite roan horse, between Prince Albert on a magnificent bay, and Frederick William of Prussia in full cuirassier uniform, not long afterwards to marry our Princess Royal, and become in later years the "Unser Fritz" of the German people.

Her Majesty had donned a species of military garb in honour of the occasion; a round hat, with a gold band, and a red and white feather on the right side; a scarlet bodice, open at the throat, crossed by a gold-embroidered scarf, worn officer-fashion over the left shoulder, and a dark blue skirt —all the Royal family and the staff having crape on the left arm.

In Scottish caps and tartan trews, the Prince of Wales and Prince Alfred rode on ponies, and the Royal party reached their station, loudly cheered, the troops saluting amid a burst of martial melody.

Although a dais had been prepared for the Queen, she remained on horseback, by a little table covered with a scarlet cloth, on which lay the Crosses, designed and executed by Messrs. Hancock, of Bruton Street, who had been supplied for the purpose with portions of a captured cannon from the Arsenal at Woolwich.

The line of heroes approached, one by one, as

Lord Panmure, Secretary of State for War, read out the names.

Most were in uniform, but five or six officers wore mufti; Lieutenant Dunn, notwithstanding that he had left the service, appeared in his brilliant 11th Hussar dress, with the pelisse dangling from the left shoulder, and the crimson trousers distinguishing him from the rest; of the men, one wore the three-cornered hat and old-fashioned garb of an enrolled pensioner; another—Shields, late 23rd, remarkable for his flowing Crimean beard—a park-keeper's green livery; and Walters, formerly sergeant in the 49th, marched up in the tall hat and blue uniform of a police constable, 444, R division; the sailors being in blue guernseys and white trousers.

As each name was called, the recipient stepped forward saluting, the sailors taking off their hats; Her Majesty received a Cross from Lord Panmure, and, bending from the saddle, pinned it to the loop of cord with her own hand; Prince Albert, on that day known for the first time as Prince Consort, saluted, and the happy man retired amid tremendous cheering, while another took his place.

The actual ceremony of presentation lasted ten minutes, Lieutenant Lucas, the senior winner, coming fourth on the list; it being remarked that the Queen noticed young Hewett most particularly; the popular hero of the day being, however, John Knox, with his empty sleeve.

When the last Cross had been pinned, the decorated were drawn up about fifty yards from the Royal party, and a review took place, the troops marching in slow time between the heroes and their Sovereign to the admiration of all beholders, the

Guards' band playing "See the Conquering Hero Comes," the Highlanders "Auld Lang Syne," the Rifles their celebrated march, and the Marines "Rule Britannia."

The cavalry and guns then went by at the trot, and afterwards at the gallop—the 11th Hussars recalling vividly the "charge of the Six Hundred," as they tore past with Cardigan at their head, and many a Balaclava man still among them.

After that the whole force was drawn up in line; the infantry presented their arms, the Life Guards, Hussars and Dragoons their flashing sabres; three hearty cheers were given for Queen Victoria, and the Royal *cortège* left the ground.

Then came a rush to shake hands with the heroes. It was impossible that every one of the hundred thousand spectators said to be present could do so, but such a surging crowd surrounded the gallant "Sixty-two" that they were fain to cry in desperation, "Preserve us from our friends."

The troops returned to barracks: the bands died away in the distance, the dust settled down once more, and all was over.

Of that first brave batch all but two have since joined the great majority, but their names are enshrined in their country's roll of honour, and will be found below in the order in which they received their Crosses, with their ranks at that date, the asterisk denoting those who are still alive:

Raby, H. J.	Commander	Royal Navy
Bythesea, J.	"	"
Burgoyne, A. T.	"	"
*Lucas, C. D.	Lieutenant	"
Hewett, W. N. W.	"	"
Roberts, J.	Gunner	"

KELLAWAY, J.	Boatswain	Royal Navy
COOPER, H.	,,	,, ,,
TREWAVAS, J.	Seaman	,, ,,
REEVES, T.	,,	,, ,,
CURTIS, H.	Boatswain's Mate	,, ,,
INGOUVILLE, G.	Captain of Mast	,, ,,
DOWELL, G. D.	Lieutenant	Royal Marine Artillery
WILKINSON, T.	Bombardier	,, ,, ,,
GRIEVE, J.	Sergeant-Major	2nd Dragoons (Scots Greys)
PARKES, S.	Private	4th Light Dragoons (Queen's Own)
DUNN, A. R.	Lieutenant (late)	11th Hussars (Prince Albert's Own).
BERRYMAN, J.	Troop Sergeant-Major	17th Lancers
DICKSON, C.	Colonel	Royal Artillery
HENRY, A.	(late) Quartermaster	,, ,, (then Captain Land Transport Corps)
DAVIS, G.	Captain	Royal Artillery
CAMBRIDGE, D.	Sergeant	,, ,,
ARTHUR, T.	Gunner and Driver	,, ,,
GRAHAM, G.	Lieutenant	Royal Engineers
ROSS, J.	Corporal	,, ,,
LINDRIM, W.	,,	,, ,,
PERIE, J.	Sapper.	,, ,,
PERCY, HON. H. H. M.	Colonel	Grenadier Guards
RUSSELL, SIR C., BART.	Brevet-Major	,, ,,
ABLETT, A.	Sergeant	,, ,,
PALMER, A.	Private	,, ,,
GOODLAKE, G. L.	Brevet-Major	Coldstream Guards
CONOLLY, J. A.	,, ,,	,, ,, (late 49th)
STRONG, G.	Private	,, ,,
LINDSAY, R. J.	Brevet-Major	Scots Fusilier Guards
MCKECHNIE, J.	Sergeant	,, ,, ,,
REYNOLDS, W.	Private	,, ,, ,,
GRADY, T.	Private	4th (King's Own) Foot
HOPE, W.	Lieutenant	7th Royal Fusiliers
HALE, T. E.	Assistant Surgeon, M.D.	,, ,, ,,
HUGHES, M.	Private	,, ,, ,,
NORMAN, W.	,,	,, ,, ,,
MOYNIHAN, A.	Ensign (late 90th)	8th (The King's) Foot

The First Brave Batch

Evans, S.	Private	19th (First Yorkshire North Riding)
Lyons, J.	,,	,, ,, ,, ,,
*O'Connor, L.	Lieutenant	23rd Royal Welsh Fusiliers
Shields, R.	Corporal	,, ,, ,, ,,
Coffey, W.	Private	34th (Cumberland) Foot
Sims, J. J.	,,	,, ,, ,,
McWheeney, W.	Sergeant	44th (East Essex) Foot
Walters, G.	,,	49th (Herts, Princess Charlotte of Wales)
Owens, J.	Corporal	,, ,, ,,
Lumley, C. H.	Brevet-Major	97th (The Earl of Ulster's) Foot
Coleman, J.	Sergeant	,, ,, ,,
Clifford, Hon. H. H.	Brevet-Major	Rifle Brigade
Wheatley, F.	Private	,, ,,
Cuninghame, W. J.	Captain	,, ,,
Knox, John	Lieutenant	,, ,, (late Sergeant Scots Fusilier Guards)
McGregor, R.	Private	Rifle Brigade
Humpston, R.	,,	,, ,,
Bradshaw, J.	,,	,, ,,
Bourchier, G. T.	Brevet-Major	,, ,,

CHAPTER XI

On to the Bayonets!—Our Little Persian War

WOOD, MOORE, MALCOLMSON

As a species of connecting link between the great Crimean struggle and the terrible Mutiny, there took place a fiery little campaign in Persia during the latter part of 1856 and the beginning of 1857.

As far back as 1828 the army of the Shah had been disciplined and organised on English lines by some British officers who went to Persia for that purpose; the result being that we found a well-equipped force to oppose us, brave to a fault, armed with flint-locks manufactured for the most part in England, and lacking only in generalship.

English weights and measures were used by their artillery; and their infantry, of which they had eighty-two regular regiments, had each a grenadier and light company, and eight battalion companies, numbering 1,190.

Their artillery wore dark blue; some of their cavalry light blue; and the infantry, which were called "serbaz," were dressed in loose linen breeches, jackets of brown or blue, with collars and shoulder-straps of various colours, and cross-belts precisely as our own, high leather boots, and the national lambskin cap of the country.

Like us, too, they had three regiments of Guards: the 1st, Bahaderan Khasa, composed of Christians;

the 2nd, known as the "Old Guard"; and the 3rd, the Guard of Karamania.

Persia, despite the intense heat of its climate, is a fine land, alternating from mountain to plain, green and rose-grown in some parts, arid and intolerable to Europeans in others; and our operations falling chiefly in the inhospitable portion, we suffered greatly from dust, heat, rain and mosquitoes; but won three Victoria Crosses nevertheless, for which reason the war is still remembered and has not sunk into that oblivion which is the fate of so many of these little affairs of ours, gallantly fought in unknown corners of the world, and forgotten almost before the soldiers' wounds are healed.

In defiance of a treaty, Persia advanced on Herat, known as the key of Afghanistan, and we sent out ships and men to teach her a sharp lesson.

At the attack on Bushire, a town of mud houses on a sandy spit jutting out into the Persian Gulf, Captain John Augustus Wood, of the 20th Bombay Native Infantry, a corps with yellow facings, raised in 1817, led the grenadier company against the fort.

Clambering up, he was the first man to gain the parapet, and received a heavy volley from a large force concealed only a yard or two away.

Seven bullets struck him, and made him stagger for an instant, but he flung himself, bleeding as he was, on to them, and ran the leader through the body with his sword.

His grenadiers, close behind, charged the Persians furiously with their bayonets, and, animated by their captain's example, lodged themselves firmly on the ramparts; but so severely was he hit that he had to leave the force for a time, although he afterwards returned to duty with his hurts still open.

No one grudged him the V.C. which he thus gained after seventeen years' service, and he died some years ago with the rank of colonel, having been through the Afghan War of 1842, and the battle of Hyderabad, 1843, previous to his Persian campaigning.

A very brilliant feat was performed about two months later at the battle of Kooshab, February 8th, 1857, by two officers of the 3rd Bombay Light Cavalry, then a comparatively young regiment, having been raised in 1820, but bearing the glorious names of "Ghuznee," "Cabool" and "Hyderabad" upon its standard, to which several more have since been added.

The feat was a rare one in history, the breaking of a square by horsemen.

The little force, under Outram, had marched inland, and carried all before it; the Persians broke up and fled at our approach, leaving us to destroy their camp and stores, and on the 7th of February we were marching in the direction of Bushire again, when the rear-guard was attacked about midnight, and in the darkness of the night troops of the enemy's horse circled round us with a tremendous roar of shouting.

Our 64th and 78th, and the Bombay regiments of the expedition, drove them off, although the long hours were constantly illuminated by the flash of our Enfield rifles; but towards dawn, when a heavy fog lay about us, the enemy retired, and it was not until the mist rose that we saw them strongly posted with their right resting on a village, afterwards found to be Kooshab.

A heavy cannonade now began, and Outram advanced rapidly, but unfortunately fell on his head

when his horse was shot under him, and remained unconscious until the close of the action.

The Persians made a poor stand, the long range of our Enfield rifles terrifying them; but one body, the 1st Regular Regiment of Fars, remained in square after the rest of their army had melted away, and against that square, which stood brown and formidable, with glistening bayonets, and fierce bearded faces glaring under the black lambskin caps, rode the Poonah Horse and 3rd Light Cavalry.

When Forbes gave the word to charge, he placed himself alongside Lieutenant and Adjutant Moore, in front of No. 6 troop of the 3rd Bombay; Malcolmson, Spens, and Moore's brother—an eighteen-stone man, nearly six feet seven in height—riding knee to knee behind them, with the sowars in their rear.

Arrived at the square, the adjutant's horse swerved; but, letting his sword dangle from the wrist, he seized the reins in both hands, pulled his head straight, and, ramming in the spurs, took the first line of bayonets like a fence, leaping, in light blue-grey shell-jacket faced with white, into the midst of the astonished serbaz.

Down went his charger, dead. Snap! the sabre broke close to the hilt, and as the troopers rode through and out on the other side to re-form for a second charge, Moore was battling for life, astride of the horse, with pistol in one hand and sword-hilt in the other.

A moment or so and it would have been all over; a throng of wild fellows surrounded him, and in the smoke that shrouded the broken square the 3rd Bombay had their own work to do—hard work they found it. Many a saddle was empty; Forbes, their leader, was down; Frankland, the Brigade-

Major, lay dead or dying, shot through the nose into the brain, after cutting down three men; but Lieutenant Malcolmson saw his comrade's danger, and rode up with a rush.

Like a meteor in the morning sunshine he flashed among the Persians, here and there; his white pugaree whisking about his face, his long sword red, his horse in a lather, and when he had broken the group, he gave the dismounted man a stirrup, and dragged him out, his gigantic brother slashing *his* way clear on foot in another place.

Of the five hundred that composed the square, about twenty escaped; the Highlanders and infantry pressed the others hard, the Persian line was completely overthrown at ten o'clock, and shortly afterwards our troops bivouacked in the rain, which lasted several days.

General Moore, one of the most modest and unassuming of heroes, survived until May, 1913, but Captain Malcolmson, who sported the old-fashioned scarlet tail-coat and handsome epaulettes of a Gentleman-at-Arms, died in 1902.

General Moore's action is almost unique in the annals of warfare, and we have only one other instance in our history where such an attempt proved successful.

At Aliwal, in 1846, a squadron of the 16th Lancers, under Major Smith and Captain Pearson, broke the Sikh triangle, Pearson leaping his horse on to the bayonets and being the first man in.

CHAPTER XII

The Indian Mutiny

THE Indian Mutiny forms perhaps the reddest page of British history, and it is difficult to attempt a brief account of its cause, progress and suppression. Empire building is curious work; expansion is necessary, and the people who are content to stand still inevitably slip back in the scale of nations.

Our great Indian Empire had its beginning with the sailing in 1591 of three vessels for the then unknown land of Hindustan. One ship alone reached it, and after a voyage of three years, its captain returned to England with information that led to mighty results.

Merchants set out, charters were granted, and from a series of commercial enterprises at the commencement, we gradually began to acquire land and erect factories, until troops were required to protect our new possessions, and we became firmly established as visitors who had come to stay.

We thrashed the French and everybody who attempted to interfere with us, and though no one can excuse some of the early acts of the East India Company, by the year 1857 we held sway over a very large portion of the country, and had clipped the wings of many once powerful sovereigns whose descendants were then either tributaries or professedly friendly towards us.

The early native rulers were most of them cruel

and depraved; we were slowly improving the land and introducing wise reforms among the people, whose own chiefs had treated them with great barbarity. But for all that we were intruders, neither Hindoo nor Mussulman, and many of the rajahs and princes would have been glad to see the backs of us, that they might continue their ancient feuds in the good old barbaric, oriental fashion.

As time went on we had a strong force of civil and military functionaries there, with their wives and families; British regiments were quartered in various states, and the native troops in the pay of the East India Company were officered by Europeans. There were also several European regiments recruited for special service under the Company—who had a depot for them at Bethnal Green—and some of these were taken into our service after the Mutiny had been quelled.

A storm had been gathering and burst suddenly. The old story of the greased cartridges and the defiling of the native caste was only the excuse raised for rebelling, the Sepoys using the cartridges against us without demur. The real facts lay far deeper, and the conspiracy had been well planned, with several Indian princes and rajahs at the bottom of it, secretly fanning the flame and spreading it through the sultry land.

At the outbreak of the Mutiny the East India Company had a regular native army, about 200,000 strong, called after the three great presidencies—Bengal, Bombay and Madras, and the foolish pampering of the Bengal Sepoy was one of the direct causes that conduced to the revolt.

The native character had been imperfectly understood by a succession of more or less incompetent

Governors, and in spite of repeated warnings from such men as Sir Charles Napier, the authority of the British officer had been persistently undermined. In the many wars of the past too much prominence had been given to the achievements of native regiments, often to the exclusion of the white men who had borne the brunt of the fighting, and far-seeing officers foretold disaster.

The Sepoy had begun to suffer from what we call "swelled head," and grew more insolent with every fresh privilege granted him. A magnificent machine if properly handled, the Bengal Native Army became in truth an infernal machine, and one that only needed a spark to explode it to our undoing.

In 1857 there were about 26,000 men of Her Majesty's troops in India, and about 12,000 local European artillery and infantry in the service of the East India Company; in addition to a number of irregular regiments, mostly Punjaubees, Pathans and Sikhs, born soldiers who remained true to their salt.

Disaffection had been noticed for a long time in many of the Bengal native regiments, but anything like stern repression in the name of discipline was discountenanced by the fatuous directors of "John Company" at home.

Our annexation of the old kingdom of Oude in February, 1856, was a grievance that rankled deep in the native mind, already tampered with by the descendants of their former rulers, and at Lucknow the 7th Oude Infantry mutinied on May 3rd, 1857.

Sir Henry Lawrence took prompt measures, and the rebels threw down their weapons and bolted but unhappily the same promptitude was not shown

by the authorities at Meerut, where on May 10th the Great Rebellion may be said to have broken out. There the three native regiments were not only allowed to run riot, to murder ladies and children, and several of their officers, but to leave the cantonments and reach Delhi.

A little firmness and the thing might have been stamped out, but an antediluvian general commanded there, and the murderers escaped, to spread the revolt elsewhere. A few rounds were fired after them, but that was all. Captain Rosser, of the Carabineers, implored in vain to be allowed to charge. The scoundrels went unpunished, and Delhi became the centre of the rebellion until we stormed it on September 20th, after a long siege.

Like lightning the conflagration spread, and terrible things were happening in every direction.

By the end of June the following places were in open rebellion, and at some (those marked by the letter "*m*") women and children had been massacred with atrocious cruelty:

Meerut (*m*), Delhi (*m*), Ferozepore, Allyghur, Roorkee, Murdaun, Lucknow, Cawnpore (*m*), Nusseerabad (*m*), Neemuch (*m*), Hansi (*m*), Hissar (*m*), Jhansi (*m*), Nehidpore, Jullundur, Azimghur, Futtehghur, Jaunpore, Bareilly (*m*), Shahjehanpore, and Allahabad (*m*).

At a score of other places native troops had mutinied and been promptly disarmed, sometimes with bloodshed, as at Benares; but wherever the disaffected regiments of the Company had been disbanded, so surely did the sepoys join the rebel armies, and it was instantly realised that there was a gigantic task before us.

In India, as is well known, Europeans seek the

shade of their houses by 10 a.m., and seldom venture out again until evening; but the Mutiny was no respecter of persons, age, or sex.

Delicate ladies fled along the white roads in the deadly blaze of the Indian noon, with a hot wind blowing like the scorch of a furnace; night found others hurrying deep into the jungle with their children, sometimes without them and in awful ignorance of their fate.

In one village a pair of little shoes was found with a child's tiny feet in them slashed off by a tulwar, and perhaps one of the most harrowing instances of fiendish barbarity on record is that narrated by Sergeant Forbes Mitchell of the 93rd Highlanders.

In the slaughter-house at Cawnpore, where two hundred English ladies and children were murdered by the orders of Nana Sahib at the jealous instigation of a native woman, the sergeant found a steel hook.

Above and below it on the wall were the prints of tiny hands and feet, showing how a little child had been impaled upon the hook, and in its death agony had scrabbled those red signs to be seen and understood by the rescuers who arrived twenty-four hours too late.

Strong men went into the "House of the Women" and came out in tears; and one Scottish sergeant emerged with a female scalp to which the long black tresses still adhered.

Doffing his helmet reverently he moved slowly down the front of his company, dividing that grim trophy among them with the words: "Remember, men, one life for every hair before the sun sets!"

There is no sentiment of one's nature that is not stirred and sickened by that rising at some part or other of its progress.

Every crime and horror possible to be committed by man or fiend was committed then, but when stern retribution followed there were people in England—far from all danger—and even people in India, too, who raised their hands in holy awe at what they were pleased to consider the barbarity of our proceedings.

The gallant Neill, charged with the punishment of all concerned in that hideous massacre at Cawnpore, compelled each one to lick up a square foot of the blood in that slaughter-house before he was taken out and hanged, thereby robbing them, in their own belief, of all hope of eternity.

When we find a man like Sir Henry Havelock sanctioning such a process as necessary, and permitting it to remain in force for a considerable period, sentimentalists might well remain dumb.

To detail the atrocities and the vengeance that followed would fill and indeed has filled many volumes.

The only pity was that stern measures had not been taken earlier, as indeed they were in some provinces, with the result that mutiny and murder were checked; but, for all that, for the time India was turned upside down, and the suppression of the revolt gave opportunity for some of the most brilliant deeds ever known, 182 Victoria Crosses being won, to say nothing of unchronicled acts of valour whose name was legion.

Three places spring almost unbidden to the memory when the Indian Mutiny is mentioned: Cawnpore for its horrors, Delhi for its gallant siege and assault, and Lucknow for the magnificent resistance of its little garrison and the heroic efforts made to relieve it.

Delhi, the old seat of the Mogul Empire, was thirty-five miles from Meerut, and was one of the few

places where the electric telegraph, then in infancy, had been installed.

A brief message sent by a lad named William Brendish when the mutineers were actually on their way to massacre him and his companions, was the first intimation they received at Umballa, Lahore, and far-off Peshawar of the state of affairs; and Robert Montgomery at Lahore justly said: "The electric telegraph saved India!"

To be forewarned was to be forearmed; troops that would have otherwise mutinied were instantly disarmed, and thanks to the energy of Sir John Lawrence and John Nicholson, more perhaps than to any other cause, flying columns were got together to wrest Delhi from the rebels' hands.

The story of that siege is too long to tell here, but in the pages of Holmes and Forrest, by far the most reliable historians of the Mutiny, it may be read in all its grim heroic detail.

The Magazine, the Ridge, Ludlow Castle, the Cashmere Gate—all these and more were household words to the last generation. I am afraid they are little thought of in these days of so-called progress.

Nicholson was the moving spirit of the siege, and, heading the assault, was mortally wounded, leaving a name behind him that can never die. But Delhi was ours.

Meanwhile Brigadier-General Havelock had marched from Allahabad with a weak column of about 2,000 men in the hot season, defeated the execrable Nana Sahib and entered Cawnpore, too late, alas! to rescue the helpless ones, but "Cawnpore" became the war-cry of the soldiers.

It was written upon every blank wall they passed: "Remember Cawnpore! Remember the women and

the children!" And some terrible deeds were undoubtedly perpetrated by our men, maddened at the recollection of what they had seen there, when even the stern Highlanders wept and swore vengeance.

After inflicting nine defeats on the rebels, Havelock was obliged to retire to Cawnpore again without having reached Lucknow, where the slender garrison was besieged by an immense army of mutineers.

His men fell, stricken by sunstroke and cholera, and it was not until the 19th of September, 1857, during the Monsoon season, that he and Sir James Outram crossed the Ganges and again advanced on the beleaguered city.

They fought their way into it with irresistible valour and heavy loss, but were too weak to escort the defenders back to safety, and were in their turn besieged with the others, until Sir Colin Campbell, who had come out from India as Commander-in-Chief at a moment's notice, advanced in November and relieved them.

Havelock, greatly beloved and deservedly respected, an old Charterhouse boy, who first smelt powder in Burmah in 1824 with the 13th Foot, died of dysentery on the 24th of November, to the regret of all who knew him.

Delhi had fallen after a long and exciting siege in September, but much remained to be done; and withdrawing the beleaguered garrison from Lucknow, Sir Colin turned his attention to the Gwalior rebels and those at Futtehghur.

Death had been busy in our ranks; the brave Neill had died in action at Lucknow; John Nicholson, of immortal memory, had vanished from the field of his glory; Lawrence was dead; Hodson, than whom finer soldier or better man never drew sword,

lay in his grave; but other hands took up the work, and gave the mutineers no rest.

Hugh Rose, Roberts, Inglis, and Hope Grant were all victorious in turn; and, the Lucknow position being still strongly held by the enemy, Sir Colin marched upon it again, and finally took it in March, 1858.

Kotah, Jhansi, Calpee, were fought and won, and a host of now almost forgotten victories were scored to our credit.

The back of the rebellion was broken, but there still remained the clearing-up process, and long and tedious it proved.

In spite of a hot pursuit, which Sir Colin accompanied, Nana Sahib was driven across the Raptee, and escaped into Nepaul on the last day of 1858, and his death has never been satisfactorily accounted for.

He may even be alive now, a very old man in some obscure corner of India; and his escape from well-merited vengeance is one of the most disappointing pages in the story of the Mutiny.

His friend, Tantia Topee, who had commanded the Gwalior troops, a Mahratta Brahmin, and one of the wiliest of the rebel leaders, was finally taken after a long chase on the 8th of April, 1859, and hanged, and thanksgivings were held in England on the 1st of May of that year for the pacification of India.

A few isolated actions had yet to be fought even then, and punishment meted out with a strong hand.

"John Company," whose misrule had had much to do with those terrible happenings, ceased to have any political power, and was finally dissolved, some of its European regiments being taken into our service; and a very different order of things reigns to-day.

In 1907 a most interesting assembling of veterans who had helped to suppress the Mutiny fifty years before took place at the Royal Albert Hall.

There officers and men met and dined together, some of them still wearing the quaint old uniforms of half a century ago.

Some of them came on crutches, some of them had to be helped; and the solemn silence that fell over that historic company when they reverently rose to drink the "memory of the dead" must remain in the minds of all who were present as long as memory itself remains.

There were V.C. men among them, and Field-Marshals; every rank in the service was represented, and every man was an empire builder in the highest sense of the term.

There can never be such a gathering again, for death has since been busy among their ranks, but those who remain must look with peculiar pride to a recent event which took place on the 12th of December, 1911, the Coronation Durbar day at Delhi.

Then for the first time in history was seen the gorgeous spectacle of a British King and Queen, Emperor and Empress of India, receiving the loyal homage of that great empire which these veterans had upheld and secured with such heroic valour.

To other books you must turn for the story of that ceremony, and the struggle for life and death which fifty-four years previously made that ceremony possible.

The following are a few only of the deeds of valour done in defence of our Indian Empire in those dark Mutiny days; but they are deeds that will live, although many of the actors have gone from our midst.

CHAPTER XIII

How they Blew Up the Delhi Magazine

FORREST, RAYNOR, BUCKLEY

ON a rocky ridge rising above the sandy plain by the River Jumna stands the ancient city of Delhi—a city of mosques and palaces, built chiefly of red granite inlaid with coloured marbles, and surrounded by a red wall, pierced by ten gates and crowned with a loopholed parapet.

It was once the capital of Hindostan, and at the outbreak of the Mutiny possessed one of the largest magazines of powder and arms in India.

Thirty-five miles to the north-east lie the town and cantonments of Meerut, where one Sunday evening, May 10, 1857, a body of 2,357 natives was allowed to rise and murder some thirty Europeans under the noses of 2,028 British troops.

The shameful incapacity of the major-general commanding there, and some others in authority, in not only permitting the excesses, but afterwards letting the rebels go, flushed with triumph to spread disorder, and take Delhi, was one of the chief causes of the fearful atrocities perpetrated in that city, and cost the lives of many brave men before the place was finally subdued.

Early next morning a body of the revolted 3rd Bengal Light Cavalry came galloping down the Meerut road towards the bridge of boats, their

standards bearing the honourable names of Leswarree, Deeg, Bhurtpore, Afghanistan, Ghuznee, Aliwal, and Sobraon, their swords then red with the blood of massacred women and children.

The ten gates were closed, but not before the troopers had got in, to go tearing through the streets, yelling and slashing, mad with *bhang*.

They overtook Commissioner Frazer in his buggy and slew him, shot Captain Douglas at the Palace guard, butchered the chaplain before his daughter's eyes, and then cut the poor girl to pieces.

All this was a foretaste of what was to follow, and the heroism of the eight, some say nine, British soldiers in the magazine stands out all the brighter that they knew the odds against them, and still resolutely stuck to their post.

Sir Theophilus Metcalfe went with Lieutenants Willoughby and Forrest to a small bastion on the face overlooking the river to see whether it would be practicable to place a couple of guns to command the bridge, but the Delhi side was already in possession of the cavalry, and the scarlet trains of rebel infantry were even then pouring over.

Sooner or later an attack would be made on the magazine. The native portion of the establishment was not to be depended upon, and the English officers were in a terrible position.

To consider their own safety meant the enormous stores falling into the hands of the atrocious mutineers; to attempt to defend the stores was tantamount to self-destruction; but they chose the latter course without hesitation, and began to barricade the gates.

Inside the gate that led to the park two six-pounders were placed, loaded with a double charge

of grape, Sub-Conductor Crow standing beside one, Sergeant Stewart by the other, the lighted matches ready in their hands.

Behind the principal gate, *chevaux de frise* and two more guns waited in eloquent silence, another couple commanding the gate and bastion as a further precaution, while in front of the office were three six-pounders and a twenty-four-pound howitzer, all doubly charged with grape-shot.

From the chief powder store a train had been laid to a large lime tree in the yard, and Conductor Scully volunteered to take charge of it, arranging to fire it when Conductor Buckley should raise his hat.

Meanwhile the natives and gun-lascars had been mustered, and arms served out; but they showed great insubordination and refused to obey—more especially the Mussulman portion. And all that time the rebels had been entering Delhi through the palace, which was thrown open to them, and through which they passed cheering, their shouts and firing being heard by the handful in the magazine.

Presently some of the Palace Guard came down and demanded the instant surrender of the place to the King of Delhi; soon after a subadar of the Magazine Guard told the lieutenants that scaling-ladders were being sent by the king, which proved to be true; and as soon as they were reared, the whole of the native garrison scurried out to join the rebels, leaving Willoughby, Forrest, Captain Raynor, Sergeants Edwards and Stewart, Conductors Buckley, Scully, and Sub-Conductor Crow, to defend the place alone.

Overhead the kites were hovering, and there was a hush within the walls; in the city, where the yells and tumult increased, they were cutting babies'

throats with broken glass, and murdering defenceless women with the refinement of Oriental barbarity.

A dramatic scene was taking place at the famous Cashmere Gate, where the 54th Native Infantry abandoned their British officers to fifteen sowars of the 3rd Cavalry, who cut them all down in detail. And presently black faces, surmounted by shakoes and turbans, peeped over the wall of the magazine, and a howling mob clamoured at the gate. Stewart exchanged a low "*Ready*" with his comrade Crow, and they applied their matches.

A double report boomed out, and the white smoke rose in a cloud; a horrible hissing rent the air, and next moment the grape scattered into the mob, rolling them over with shrieks and screams of agony.

The two artillerymen ran back to the main part of the magazine, as had been arranged, and each time the rebels appeared in force there was another puff, another murderous whiz, and the pile of corpses outside the wall was increased; the wounded staggered squealing into the city.

Outside all was noise and shouting, with the incessant crack of musketry, at forty yards' range, until it seems little short of a miracle that one of the defenders survived; inside there was a terrible quiet, broken only at intervals by the discharge of a gun as each man carried out his allotted task as calmly as if on parade.

For five hours those eight brave fellows kept their post; rammer and sponge were applied with almost monotonous regularity; again and again the short word "*Fire!*" was given; a glance along the piece to see if it were laid true, the match kissed the touch-hole, and another score of mutineers were blown to eternity. But all things must end. Before

deserting, the natives had hidden the principal pouches; ammunition was running short; Forrest had two bullets through his hand, and no help arrived; the last charge had been rammed home; for the last time the red flame darted from the iron muzzle; they could hold out no longer; and though even then they could have escaped with their lives, they preferred to risk them rather than abandon the stores they had defended so long and so nobly.

Buckley being down with a ball above the elbow, Lieutenant Willoughby gave the final signal about half-past three, and Scully fired his train.

A lightning flash whipped across the yard from the solitary lime tree—a dull crash told what was coming—a column that was flame, flash, smoke, shot, shell, stones, and every species of debris blended into one terrible mass, rose in the air, high above the city shaken to its foundations. The magazine was blown up, the cartridge barrels half sunk in the earth were torn from their places, and their contents flung far and wide in a leaden shower; and as the high wall fell, crushing nigh on a thousand rebels, the four survivors of the gallant garrison, stunned and scorched, gained a sally-port, and reached the Jumna.

For hours the black cloud hung above Delhi. They heard the explosion distinctly at Meerut, where Forrest, Raynor, and Buckley arrived to tell their story; but brave Willoughby, all bruised and wounded, was set upon in a village on the way to Kurnaul and mercilessly slaughtered. His three comrades won the Cross for their valour, but while "India rang with his praise, and England echoed back the applause, he was not to hear or receive the reward of his heroism."

He died hard, though, as we learn from one whose

duty it was to ferret out the particulars and bring the murderers to justice.

With Lieutenants Butler, Angelo, and Osborne, of the 54th Native Infantry, an officer named Hyslop, and a Mr. Stewart, of the Delhi College, he got away from the doomed city on the 11th, and reached the village of Negpore, where they were well treated, and fed in a grove of trees.

Osborne, who was badly wounded in the thigh, had to be left there, and the rest pushed on, with a few regulation swords and an empty carbine, across country, to be met, when near Koomhera, by a swash-buckling Brahmin, who demanded their weapons as a present.

They were in a bad district, and it was necessary, if possible, to ride the high horse; so one of them, believed to have been Lieutenant Willoughby, having loaded the carbine with a copper Mussoree *pice,* shot the insolent ruffian through the chest.

At his agonised screams, five neighbouring villages turned out, and the story ends with a horrid, unequal struggle on the banks of a canal cutting, every one of the little band being barbarously done to death.

CHAPTER XIV

Our Gallant Gunners in India

TOMBS, HELLS, DIAMOND, CONNOLLY, ROBERTS

ONE of the most gorgeously dressed regiments in the Indian army was the Bengal Horse Artillery.

On State occasions they appeared in a blue uniform, heavily laced with gold, and a Roman helmet encircled with leopard skin, and adorned with a whisking plume of crimson horse-hair.

On service they usually wore white, with a pith helmet, and afterwards, when that colour was found unsuitable for parades, owing to the dirt and grime of action, they went into the serviceable khaki now so familiar to us all.

Unlike our own mounted batteries, every horse in the team had a rider, and they were famous for the bold way in which they bumped their guns across country, making light of hedge and ditch in an astonishing manner.

Added to the Bengal army about the beginning of the century, they played an important part in the suppression of the Mutiny, and there are few records of greater heroism than that displayed by Gunner William Connolly at Jhelum on the 7th of July, 1857.

Lieutenant Cookes galloped his half-troop forward at dawn, and unlimbering, opened on the rebels at musket range.

One of the sponge-men having been shot, Con-

nolly took his place, and after two rounds had been fired, he reeled and fell with a ball through his left thigh.

At the same moment the battery retired to take up another position, and, streaming with blood, the gunner mounted into the saddle of his horse in the team, and rode with the gun until it was again unlimbered.

In vain his comrades pressed him to go to the rear, for he was then in great pain; he refused, and after a little rest resumed his post, in spite of the increasing heat, and was sponging away about eleven o'clock, when another ball struck him in the hip, almost causing him to faint.

Connolly's officer, seeing how badly the man was wounded and how terribly he was suffering, ordered him to be carried out of action, but Connolly knew that his post was at his gun, and struggling to his feet somehow, said, "No, sir, I'll not go there whilst I can work here," resuming his place, sponge in hand, soon after.

All through that day he kept to it, as the short words were given, and the gun was fired again and again, his overalls stiff with blood, and his strength at times on the point of giving out; but another trial was to befall him, for, late in the afternoon, when the mutinied sepoys of the 14th Native Infantry were blazing away from the walls of a village at a hundred yards' range, picking off many a smart man among the guns, and Connolly was still sponging pluckily, after encouraging another wounded gunner to hurry up with some fresh ammunition, a third bullet tore through his right leg.

Six times was the charge rammed home after that, six times did he hear the sharp word "Fire!" six

times did his sponge pass down the heated barrel of the fieldpiece and was recovered smartly amid the applause of his comrades. Then will broke down, and exhausted nature gave way as he sank unconscious into the arms of Mr. Cookes, and was placed on a wagon, which carried him from the scene of his splendid pluck.

He charged no breach; he cleft no foe from brow to chin, as some have done who wear the Cross of Honour; he just stuck to his duty when every man was wanted at his post, in spite of increasing agony and excruciating torment; and he was a hero.

Sergeant Diamond, also of the same corps, won the distinction for the gallantry with which he worked his guns at Boolundshuhur, and cleared the road of the enemy, when Greathed defeated the rebels there in September; but perhaps the best-remembered exploit placed to the credit of the gunners during that war was that of Major Tombs and his subaltern, Lieutenant James Hills, of the Bengal Artillery, afterwards Lieut.-General Sir James Hills-Johnes, K.C.B., before Delhi.

Hills was on piquet-duty with a couple of guns on a mount to the right of the camp, and there was a rumour about an hour before noonday that the enemy's cavalry were coming down upon him.

He ordered his men to the position they were to take up in case of alarm, but before the guns were formed up, he saw the rebel sowars close upon them.

Without hesitation, after a hasty command to the sergeant, he rode straight into them, single-handed, and the accounts of what followed are as confused as was the mêlée itself.

Some say he fired four shots and dropped two men, knocking a third out of his saddle with the

empty revolver. Others tell us that he cut the first two down, and was then ridden over, together with his horse. The official record proceeds with a soul-stirring description of two mounted scoundrels and one on foot dashing down on him, unarmed and defenceless, but he must have found his weapons in time, for he shot the first, caught the second's lance in his left hand, and drew blood with his sword, after which he cut the first down who had returned bleeding and furious, and then tackled the rebel who was on foot.

There is a whisper of a smashing blow full in the rascal's face from Hills' fist, but the stern dispatch from Colonel Mackenzie says the man wrenched Hills' sword away, and, tripping, the lieutenant fell, exposed to instant death, but for the timely arrival of Major Tombs, in his gold-laced blue shell-jacket, cuffed and collared with scarlet, who had rushed from his tent when he heard of the encounter, and sped for the spot.

By a long shot he saved his subaltern, and the two went together to look after their wounded, when a sowar rode by with Hills' pistol in his hand.

He cut at the lieutenant, who parried the stroke, and also at the major, who did the same; but a third terrific slash sent Hills reeling, badly hit on the head.

Then Major Tombs, a very dark man of thirty-three, with slight moustache and bushy side-whiskers, one of the finest fellows in the Indian army by general consent, closed with him, and ran him straight through the body.

Both were decorated, and Tombs died a Major-General, Knight, and K.C.B., having had many horses killed under him in action.

"Bobs"

One of our most popular generals is Field-Marshal Lord Roberts, of Candahar renown, and he, too, started his military career in the Bengal Artillery, to which he was gazetted on the 12th of December, 1851.

Few men have seen more service, and up to 1876 he had been already mentioned twenty-three times in dispatches.

When a lieutenant, D.-A.-Q.-M.-G. of Artillery, he was with Sir Colin Campbell during the advance on Futtehgurh, and after the slight engagement at Khodagunge, before they reached that place, he saw two sepoys hastening away with a green colour belonging to some Mahomedan Khan, and spurred off to overtake them.

Dressed, as Lord Roberts has himself informed me, in a blue patrol jacket, bedford cords and brown boots, with a turban encircling his khaki-coloured helmet, and mounted on a bay charger, he was seen to come up with them on the outskirts of a village, and turning at bay, they threw their muskets forward and covered the slim figure.

One of them fired, but those faulty old percussion caps had luckily a habit of snapping, and the young lieutenant cut down the rebel with the colour, and captured it.

Just before, he had distinguished himself in a different manner; for, during the pursuit, he came upon a loyal sowar, or native horse-soldier of the 5th Punjab Cavalry, engaged with a rebel sepoy of the 41st Bengal Native Infantry, on foot, and, as is generally the case with "sword mounted, versus bayonet dismounted," the rebel was having it his own way.

Riding up to the trooper's assistance, never heeding the fixed bayonet of the desperate sepoy, with

one terrific slash across the face Roberts killed him on the spot.

He was afterwards summoned to Buckingham Palace to receive the Cross from the hand of Her Majesty, while on his honeymoon in Scotland!

The vision of that scene, and the death-blow which ended it, came to my mind when I saw a slight, undersized gentleman, walking quietly through Trafalgar Square, not long after the last return of Lord Roberts from India.

The silk hat, the frock coat, and the neatly folded umbrella were not indicative in any way of heroism, and the thin bronzed face with its white moustache alone told of sojourn in tropical climes; how inevitably one associates the brawny limb and the mighty muscle with deeds of daring and valour, and what strange surprises would await us if everyone of the five hundred odd Victoria Cross men could stand before us in the flesh!

Such a muster would show all sorts and conditions of heroes—Wadeson, so benevolent-looking; Hartley, with the determined chin; Gunner Arthur, tall as a guardsman; Hook, short and heavy; Adams, the chaplain, an unusually powerful man; that other chaplain, Smith (who *ought* to have got the Cross), thin, with a red beard—few that one would select from a crowd as heroes from their personal appearance alone; proving how little the outside of a man matters, provided the heart is right within.

CHAPTER XV

Kolapore Kerr—An Exciting Incident

LIEUTENANT KERR

THE following story reads like a romance, and shows what pluck and determination can accomplish in the face of tremendous odds.

There was a gloom over the mess table at Sattara one July evening, in the eventful year 1857.

News of the sepoy rising had come, and it was gravely feared that the revolt would spread into the Presidency of Bombay, the European officers well knowing the disaffection of the people, and the very doubtful loyalty of the native troops.

There was only one present who had any confidence in his men, Lieutenant William Alexander Kerr, of the Southern Mahratta Irregular Horse, whose position as adjutant had won him the respect of his blue-coated sowars, from the firmness and strict justice he had always shown them.

He had just been stating his conviction that *they* would ever remain "true to their salt" when an orderly came in with a telegram, which was handed with a salute to the commanding officer, and as he perused it, the others saw his face change.

When the servants had withdrawn and the mess-room door closed, the message was read aloud amid a death-like silence which lasted for some minutes.

It had come at last—the 27th Bombay Native

Infantry had risen suddenly at Kolapore, seventy-five miles from Sattara, murdered every officer they could find, and were besieging the others in the Residency, where, from want of provisions, they could not hold out long.

Luckily the mutineers had not cut the telegraph wire, and the beleaguered were able to send the brief message imploring instant help.

"By gad, gentlemen," said the chief in a low voice, "this is a bad business; I cannot trust my fellows, and you are all in the same boat. What is to be done?"

Kerr bent over the table, where the candles were allowed to gutter and the wine was left unheeded.

"I can trust my men," he said impressively, "and I'm ready to go now."

And in half an hour fifty troopers, all that could be spared, with Kerr at their head, filed away into the darkness and the rain.

Setting their faces due south, in the terrible monsoon season, with the water out over the country, the troop splashed on, swimming their horses over five rivers, and crossing seven swollen nullahs; stumbling through paddy fields sometimes knee deep in liquid mud, and at last arriving in sight of Kolapore within twenty-six hours of the start.

The young lieutenant found the mutineers had defeated the Kolapore Light Infantry and were then occupying a fortification near the town, a position strengthened by circular bastions, and only to be entered by low doors of thick teak-wood, behind which the cowards had built up stones.

Kerr at once rode off to the Rajah, who lent him a couple of old guns, and with these he attempted to breach the wall at thirty yards' range while the

yelling rebels fired on him and his weary sowars, but after all their trouble they had to abandon the guns, which were found to be useless and not unlikely to burst; the red glow in the sky betokened the approach of night, and if anything was to be done it must be done quickly, as he felt his discouraged, worn-out troopers might not be in the same mind next morning; so without hesitation he ordered them to dismount, and arming himself and a faithful Mahratta, rejoicing in the name of Gunputrao Deokur, with iron crowbars, he led a portion of his party against one of the doors, the rebels blazing away at them from the top of the wall.

The heavy blows fell unheard on the wooden beams amid the sharp rattle of musketry, and Kerr escaped injury by a miracle, the door giving at the lower part until there was a hole sufficiently large to admit one man at a time in a stooping posture.

Through the aperture he darted like a terrier into a rat-hole, deafened for the moment by the crash of more than twenty muskets, which he dodged by remaining bent down; and then rushing on the mutineers, followed by Gunputrao and sixteen dismounted sowars in blue coats and small scarlet turbans, he attacked them furiously with his sword.

A tremendous combat was waged in the coming dusk; Kerr's blood was up, the blood of a stalwart Scotsman, whose ancestors had figured in many a Border raid, and so well was he backed by his faithful Mahrattas that the sepoys were slaughtered in heaps, and the remnants at last compelled to take refuge in a house near the other entrance to the pagah or fortification, where, barricading themselves, they opened a heavy fire through the loopholes.

"Round this way," cried Kerr. "Burn the

beggars out," and they set fire to the building, roasting several of the defenders, the rest retreating behind a gateway, which they closed and strengthened.

Other mutineers from the bastions joined them, and reinforced, they again opened with their muskets on the attacking party.

Kerr was to the front immediately with his crow-bar, Gunputrao, his high boot covered with blood from a wound in the foot, plying heavy blows beside him, and for the second time an opening yawned, through which the lieutenant crawled, luckily escaping the whizzing bullets that starred on the walls.

The frantic rebels aimed wildly, and, though very superior in numbers, had desperate men to deal with.

Still, they made a bold stand. Kerr's helmet chain was cut by a ball, and the edge of his sword turned by another; Gunputrao saved his officer's life by shooting a rebel in the nick of time, but he had a narrow shave, for a musket was fired so close to his face that he was blinded for a moment.

When his smarting eyes recovered their vision, Kerr rushed at the man and pierced him through with such force that he could only withdraw his sword by a great effort, and while he was tugging at it, another mutineer came behind him, and felled him with the butt end of his musket.

A cowardly fellow crept up to dispatch him as consciousness wavered, but watchful Gunput again pulled his trigger, and the wretch went to his last account, Kerr struggling to his feet at the same moment and killing another.

Smoke filled the air, the Mahrattas and their valiant leader hitting at random. Several bluecoats lay dead, and every man of the stormers had been

more or less wounded by ball or bayonet, but they ferreted the rascals out of their corner and sent them flying into a temple for refuge.

The ground was slippery with blood, and strewn with spent cartridges; Kerr and his men were terribly exhausted and badly hurt, but the indefatigable fellow was soon thundering on the door of the rebels' last stronghold with his iron bar.

This time he could make no impression, and the balls were whistling past; he had only seven sowars on their legs, and the thing seemed impossible until, looking round with something like despair in his face, he saw a pile of hay not far off, and in a moment he was staggering back with an armful, his men following suit, while Gunputrao lighted the heap, and a bright flame shot up, filling the darkness with a myriad sparks.

Higher rose the pile, the heat became intolerable, and they withdrew out of danger, listening to the crackling of the door, which was burning merrily, and the mad shouts of the murderers inside, who knew their time had come.

Cuts were roughly bound, wounds staunched, and the red swords grasped again. "See, sahib, we can go in now," said Gunput, pointing to the charred planks; *and they went in,* through the sparks, and the smoke, and the fiery embers, into the dark temple; and when they came out the red swords were redder, and they brought with them, cowed and bleeding, the very few who remained alive of the thirty-four mutineers that had garrisoned the pagah.

Of Kerr's seventeen dismounted Mahrattas, eight were killed on the spot, and four more died of their wounds, while he himself and the five survivors were every one hit.

Thus, by sheer pluck and strength of character, he vindicated the loyalty of the Southern Mahratta Irregular Horse and won the V.C., and it is to be regretted that a few years later his name disappeared from the pages of the Army List, although it has since figured on the title-pages of several excellent little volumes on riding and driving, one published as recently as 1891.

The horse Kerr rode at Kolapore was a chestnut Arab, afterwards well known in China as "Excelsior," where he won several races.

Gunput, a medium-sized, boyish-looking, beardless Mahratta sowar (trooper), was afterwards promoted jemadar (native officer) and given the Order of Merit, the Indian V.C., but, transferred in 1862 to the Poonah Horse when the Mahratta Horse was disbanded, and Captain Kerr retiring at the same time, he lost sight of "a thoroughly game little fellow," to quote his letter now before me.

As they went to the attack on the door, when the seat of Gunput's white breeches was blown away, and the breeches set alight, "to extinguish the discomfort, he, grinning like a monkey, sat down in a puddle," causing a laugh at a time when things were getting very serious and the party under heavy fire.

CHAPTER XVI

A Charmed Life

LIEUTENANT HAVELOCK, V.C., AFTERWARDS LT.-GEN. SIR H. M. HAVELOCK-ALLAN, BART., K.C.B.

THE name of Havelock is one inseparably connected with our Indian Empire.

Sir Henry Havelock joined the Rifle Brigade a month after Waterloo was fought, and, exchanging into the 13th Light Infantry in 1823, went out to India with the regiment, and spent the greater part of his days there.

A sincere Baptist, he was not ashamed to own it, at a time, too, when religion was almost universally scoffed at in the army; and he showed by his life and example that a soldier can be a good Christian, and a Christian may make a good soldier.

Henry Marshman Havelock was his son, born in 1830 at Chinsurah, in Bengal, and at the outbreak of the Mutiny he was lieutenant and adjutant in the 10th Regiment.

When Brigadier-General Havelock marched with his famous column of relief from Allahabad in July, 1857, his son was his aide-de-camp, and soon found plenty of opportunity for distinguishing himself.

The execrable Nana Sahib, whose death, by the way, has never been satisfactorily proved, came out of Cawnpore to make a hot fight of it, taking up a strong position commanding five villages, with

numerous entrenchments, behind which there were said to be 13,000 rebels.

Havelock's force on leaving Allahabad mustered, including 700 Sikhs, about 2,000; but there was no time to be lost if life and honour were to be spared.

Exhausted as our men were, an engagement took place, and four villages and seven guns were captured at the point of the bayonet, when the rebels planted a twenty-four-pounder on the Cantonment Road, round which they began to rally.

It was of the greatest importance that the gun should be carried, and young Havelock was sent to the remains of the 64th Staffordshire, lying down to escape the fire, to order them forward to take it.

Up sprang the gallant 64th, and off they started on their road to glory; but Major Stirling, whose horse had been wounded by a shell, was on foot at their head, and seeing no mounted officer, the aide-de-camp volunteered to lead them on his own responsibility, riding forward under a shower of shot, which turned to grape when he neared the fieldpiece.

The regiment rushed the gun in fine style—Havelock very conspicuous in front; but though the attack was successful and the rebels retreated to Bithoor, leaving us that awful discovery of the well and slaughter chamber of Cawnpore to madden our men, the lieutenant's action gave rise to a most unfortunate unpleasantness, which has become matter of history.

Unknown to his son, General Havelock recommended him for the V.C., and the officers of the 64th, feeling that it somehow reflected on their credit, forwarded a letter commenting strongly on the aide-de-camp's usurpation of a post which their own

commanding officer was filling in an honourable and soldierly way.

Colin Campbell, biased as he was against the new decoration, had something to say about it, and, like most of his remarks, his utterance on that occasion was strong and to the point. As a matter of fact, everyone did his duty, young Havelock rather more, and if proof were wanting of his worthiness it is to be found in every subsequent campaign in which he was engaged.

At the Charbagh Bridge, Lucknow, where our slender column met with a terrible resistance, young Havelock rode forward with the Madras Fusiliers, now the 102nd, and when the smoke drifted away they saw him, sitting calmly in the saddle waving the rest to advance, almost the sole survivor of the party, whose members lay riddled with shot in the September morning.

From the flat roofs of the houses a deadly fire was poured, but he went through it untouched for some time, save for a bullet through his helmet, afterwards superintending the passage of the wounded and wagons, when the 78th kept the bridge-head, and the tide of war had rolled away in the narrow lanes of Lucknow as the column fought on towards the beleaguered Residency.

Sir James Outram strongly urged his recommendation again for the Cross, and it was duly sent home by his delighted father; but in the meantime the first application had been granted, and it was a source of regret and annoyance to the "Bayard of India" that the lieutenant got no clasp for the Charbagh.

Adjutant Havelock had just ordered the 78th to follow the column after a three hours' struggle, more fully described in the notice of the "Ross-shire

Buffs," when a bullet struck him in the left elbow-joint, and he fell insensible.

We shall meet with him again with the doctors of the 90th, under sadly different conditions. Suffice it to mention here that he was invested with the Cross by her Majesty on his return to England in 1859, being then a captain in the 18th Royal Irish, and a brevet-lieutenant-colonel. But the father was not destined to see the son's distinction, and had long been lying in his quiet grave beside a spreading tree, on whose bark loving hands had carved the letter H.

Alas! there is something more to tell.

On the 30th of December, 1897, Sir Henry, who had gone to the North-West Frontier to collect information on his own account, was riding in the Khyber Pass on a restive horse.

Outstripping his escort, as was his wont, his charger was found shot through the jaw, and later the General's body—happily unmutilated, as was at first reported.

At the hands of the wild Afridis, in a manner never to be exactly known, the "bravest man in the British army," to quote Lord Wolseley, met his death, and the Royal Irish lost their colonel.

Persia, the Mutiny, New Zealand, Canada, the Franco-Prussian, Russo-Turkish, and Egyptian wars are, very briefly, his glorious record of service.

Like many more, he was a man with a grievance, and his memoirs, which, by a strange clause in his will, are to be published *intact* by his old comrade, General Innes, V.C., are awaited with interest, possibly with trepidation by some "who sit in the seats of the mighty," for Havelock-Allan spoke truth, and spoke it fearlessly.

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CHAPTER XVII

The Cashmere Gate, and what They Did There

SMITH, HAWTHORNE, LANCE-CORP. SMITH, HOME, SALKELD

IN the whole catalogue of heroism, there are few incidents more stirring than that which immediately preceded the storming of Delhi.

Two columns were ordered to rush the breaches; and the third, consisting of 250 men of the 52nd Foot, 250 of the Kumáon Battalion, and 500 of the 1st Punjaub Infantry, was to await the blowing-up of the Cashmere Gate, and then go in with the bayonet.

The explosion party mustered in the full light of a fine morning for their desperate work, and advanced across the broken bridge under a fire from the picked marksmen at the wicket that renders it little short of miraculous that one returned to tell the tale.

They were Lieutenants Duncan Charles Home and Philip Salkeld, of the Bengal Engineers; Sergeants Smith, Carmichael, and Corporal Burgess of the same corps; a havildar and eight privates of the Bengal Sappers and Miners; and Bugler Robert Hawthorne, of the 52nd, an Irishman from Londonderry, whose duty it was to sound the advance when the gate was blown in.

The air was full of uproar and confusion, our artillery pouring on the city and being briskly replied to by round shot, rockets and shells from the rebels

inside, and while the third column halted on the high road, the explosion party went steadily forward under a heavy shower of balls.

Each carrying a twenty-five-pound bag of powder, Lieutenant Home and four men passed through the Barrier-gate and crossed the ditch boldly, making straight for the object of their mission, the enemy closing the wicket in obvious alarm, and suspending their fire for a moment in sheer astonishment at the audacity of the Feringhee officer, thereby giving him time to place his bags and jump down into the ditch in safety.

Salkeld, Carmichael and Burgess next followed through the barrier; but four of the sepoys lingered behind it, refusing to go any farther; and Sergeant John Smith laid his bag down and handled his rifle grimly.

"If you don't advance, you fellows, I shall shoot you!" he said; and, as Lieutenant Salkeld ran back to find out the delay, he took in the situation at a glance.

"Why don't you come on?" he shouted. "Shoot them! Shoot them!" And as Smith raised his gun slowly to the "present" to give them time, two of the cowards thought better of it, and passed on.

"Don't shoot!" cried the lieutenant again. "There will be enough with your own bag," and Smith, picking up his dangerous load, was immediately under fire.

Home and the bugler were crouching in the ditch; they had done their work. Salkeld and Burgess were there and busy; but Carmichael lay dead where he had fallen from the broken bridge, his bag in sight before a wicket through which the rebels were furiously blazing away.

A Treacherous Fuse

Smith laid his own bag, and dragged the sergeant's powder, at terrible risk, until it was added to the pile; and, under a heavy fire from the wicket and the top of the gate, he calmly arranged the fuse, and reported all ready to his officer.

Salkeld stooped to apply the quick-match; but, putting out his foot, he was shot through the thigh, and fell into the ditch, passing the slow-match to Smith as he did so, and telling him to fire the charge.

Burgess, who stood next to the wounded lieutenant, snatched the match, and Smith called to him to keep cool and fire it.

All the while the bullets and slugs were hailing down upon them. The fresh September morning was alive with shouts and tumult. And below, in semi-security, Home and the bugler waited and wondered, as well they might.

"It's gone out, sir!" exclaimed Burgess, thinking he addressed Lieutenant Salkeld. "It won't go off!"

Sergeant Smith handed him a box of matches; but they dropped back into his hand as the corporal tumbled over into the ditch also, shot through the body. And then all apparently depended on one man!

He crouched close to the charge to avoid the wicket, and had struck a light, when the treacherous portfire in the fuse, which had not gone out after all, fizzed in his face, and he sprang into the ditch with his rifle.

Before he reached the ground the explosion took place; and, amid the thunder of a deafening report, with stones toppling from the gate and raining round on every side, a volume of choking powder-smoke filled the air, and the plucky sergeant groped for the wall.

Stunned by the noise, and nearly stifled by the pungent cloud that clung round him, he felt someone, who proved to be Lieutenant Home, the bugler being also near.

"Has God spared you, sir? Are you hurt?" asked Smith. To his great relief, the officer replied in the negative, the three men waiting anxiously for a few moments until the dust cleared away a little and the masonry ceased to thud from the shattered gate.

Opinions vary as to the time that elapsed before the shrill bugle-call rang out to summon the stormers, but it was repeated three times before they heard it amid the row and rattle; and, as the column, led by the gallant 52nd, dashed over the bridge, the survivors saw Salkeld and the corporal in the middle of the ditch covered with dust, and just clear of the stones that had fallen in the few yards' space that divided them from each other.

Sergeant Smith went over to the lieutenant, both of whose arms were broken, and called Hawthorne to help carry him under the bridge, as the fire was finding them out, but the poor fellow would not be moved, and after begging Home to get out of the range of the sepoys' guns, as he could do no good, Smith put a powder bag under the wounded man's head—a fitting pillow—and went to look at Burgess. who was dying fast.

The havildar, Pelluck Singh, lay under the bridge shot through the thigh, and to the three sufferers Smith gave a draught of brandy from Lieutenant Home's flask, leaving the bugler in charge of them, while he went to the rear in search of stretchers, and Home scrambled out to follow the column.

After some difficulty the brave fellow procured three stretchers, and was returning with them, when

an officer of the 60th Rifles took one, the sergeant got the others to the ditch, having to defend them with his drawn sword, for in the confusion of an action it is "first come first served," and men with a wounded comrade on their hands are no respecters of persons.

Lieutenant Salkeld, bound roughly, but tenderly, with the bugler's pugaree, was carried off to the rear, with instructions to Hawthorne not to leave him until in the hands of a surgeon, while the native corporal who helped to carry Burgess returned a few moments afterwards to say that his charge was dead.

The column was meanwhile battling its way towards the famous Chándni Chauk, or Street of Silver, where it met with such a resistance as to cause Colonel Campbell, who commanded it, to retire, and hold the Begam Bágh for an hour and a half, after which he fell back to the church and posted his sadly diminished men for the night in the church itself and the houses round it, with guns pointing up the two streets that led to the interior of the city.

It was during that retrograde movement that Lance-Corporal Henry Smith, 52nd Regiment, carried a wounded comrade off under circumstances of such gallantry that the V.C. was eventually given to him.*

But of the explosion party who made the way for the column four only survived, and of these Lieutenant Salkeld only lived a few days.

When he was dying, half in the hope that it might stimulate him, General Archdale Wilson sent his aide-de-camp with a piece of red ribbon as a temporary substitute for the Cross, but he had only

* Smith's Cross sold for the handsome sum of £70 at Messrs. Sotheby's in July, 1896.

strength left to say, "It will be gratifying to send it home," and long before the news reached the quiet Dorsetshire rectory the sandy soil had closed on the remains of a brave man.

His comrade Home was killed on the 1st of the following month, strangely enough by another explosion, at Malagash, so that Sergeant Smith and Bugler Hawthorne alone lived to wear the distinguished order.

In November, 1908, *The Pioneer* recorded the death of a fine old soldier, Subadar Ajodhya Pathak, of the Corps of Sappers and Miners. The subadar was pensioned in 1875, after twenty-nine years' service in the army. He was present at the battles or sieges of Sobraon, Multan, Gujerat, Delhi, and Lucknow, and had three medals and four clasps. He received the Order of Merit for gallantry at the siege of Delhi, where he was havildar of the party, under Lieutenant Salkeld, which carried the powder-bags and exploded them under the Cashmere Gate. After the explosion the havildar carried Lieutenant Salkeld and others who were killed out of the ditch. He must, says the writer, have been the last survivor of the storming party, and there are probably very few left who served through the Sikh War. On taking his pension Subadar Ajodhya Pathak received an allotment of land in the Rae Bareli district, where he lived greatly respected by all.

It is more probable that this was the naik or corporal who helped Smith so pluckily, the havildar or native sergeant being badly wounded as we have seen.

CHAPTER XVIII

The Lucknow Crosses of the Ross-shire Buffs, and the Heroes of "Dhoolie Square!"

MACPHERSON, MCMASTER, HOLLOWELL, MCMANUS, RYAN, WARD, HOME, BRADSHAW, AND JEE.

THE gallant 78th Highlanders (amalgamated in 1881 with the 72nd, under the title of Seaforths, its individuality gone like its cherished buff facings) won six Crosses at Lucknow out of a total number of eight gained by the regiment.

It is with the first attempt to relieve the plucky little garrison that we have to do just now, when a small force under Brigadier-General Havelock, C.B., was marching upon it, after helping to avenge the ghastly massacre of Cawnpore.

Fighting its way in the sultry Indian July, cholera thinning the ranks at every stride, they routed the rebels successfully until their own numbers became diminished and they were obliged to fall back across the Ganges and return to Cawnpore; but the advance had had this result, that a body of mutineers had been drawn away from the beleaguered city, enabling the garrison to make a dashing sortie and secure a further supply of provisions.

Nevertheless, the defenders were in bad case, and something must be done for them. Accordingly, Sir James Outram joining with a flying column on the 16th of September, and chivalrously putting him-

self under Havelock's command, although he was his superior officer, the two comrades set out with a meagre column of 2,500 men, determined to relieve Lucknow or die in the attempt.

The flat land of Oude was soaked and its rivers were swollen. Large jheels or lakes lay out over the country, rendering it very difficult to get the guns along, but the brave band found itself at last near the Alum Bagh Gardens, four miles from the Residency. where their anxious countrymen and women were awaiting them.

Havelock fired some heavy cannon to warn them that relief was at hand, but the well-worn old story of Jessie Brown and the bagpipes is, I fear, a myth. It first appeared in the *Pays,* our papers got hold of it, a song was written, Goodall painted the subject, and the Scottish maidservant whose ears are supposed to have caught the distant pibroch became a historical character.

Owing to a terrible scourge of cholera in 1845, which carried off two officers, 496 men, 47 women, and 124 children of the Ross-shire Buffs in six months, there were many English and Irish in the regiment during the Mutiny, the Scots being too wary to enlist; but it did things at Lucknow and elsewhere of which any Scottish corps might well be proud, and as they reached the beautiful gardens and found a strong force of mutineers drawn up there, well posted, the men who had seen the well of Cawnpore, and whose cry was, "Remember the women and children," felt their hands close tighter on their Enfield rifles as they came into action.

A hot fight took place. The advancing column captured a large gun with a shout, although sixty

officers and men fell under the fire from the garden walls; the Irregular Horse and Volunteer Cavalry took five more guns, the infantry another couple, and the rebels drew back, pursued by Sir James Outram, through the flooded fields towards the city.

On the 25th of September an assault was ordered, the Charbagh on the outskirts was carried, in spite of a determined resistance, and the Madras Fusiliers rushed a bridge over the canal which encircled Lucknow like a moat.

"We have taken that position, at all events, at the point of the bayonet," cried Lieutenant Havelock, aide-de-camp to his father the general, riding up with a ball through his solar topee, to Surgeon Jee, who had dismounted to tend an officer, whose life he found had ebbed out. Some soldiers pulled the gallant doctor inside the bastioned gateway of the Charbagh Palace, as the round-shots whanged by in quick succession, and the 78th were ordered to advance along the Cawnpore road to cover the passage, while guns were pitched into the water, and the main body threaded the narrow lanes towards the Residency.

For three hours the kilted laddies held their post at the head of the street, charged repeatedly by the rebels, and under a murderous fire from the white houses on each side; but they piled the ground with corpses, and sent the linen-clad mutineers howling back.

The principal force had penetrated far into the city, and there was a slight lull, when a message arrived from two companies which occupied a pagoda some little distance off, that "The guns were coming, with a great multitude of rebels," and a dull clatter was heard by the regiment, reduced by one fourth,

with ten officers killed, as two brass nine-pounders were dragged forward and pointed at them.

Meanwhile, Assistant-Surgeon McMaster had been fearlessly exposing himself—binding and dressing the wounded as coolly as though the death-stricken street had been a quiet hospital ward, and winning his V.C. under the eyes of his comrades, in what always seems to me to be one of the most plucky of the many ways by which it may be won; but anticipating the ghastly lanes which would be ploughed through the shattered band at the first round, word was given to charge. Lieutenant Macpherson, their popular adjutant, beloved in the regiment which his father had commanded for many years, sprang forward with a shout, claymore in hand, and sped on foot straight for the muzzles of the cannon, followed by the Highlanders, close at his spurred heels.

A short snarling scrimmage took place as they met the sepoys; over, under, and round about the guns they surged, bayonet and native sword, a slashing, hacking, prodding mob of redcoats and mutineers; here a panting fiend turning at bay, to read his doom in the bloodshot eye of a brawny private; there a group of dark-skinned rascals, chopping at a wounded sergeant, and the lieutenant descending on them with his gleaming claymore.

Like Cardigan at Balaclava, Macpherson was first at the guns, which he never left until strong arms had trundled them to the brink of the canal, and hurled them over with a ringing cheer, surrounded all the while by the mutineers, who fought with the fury of hate.

In a few minutes Surgeon Jee had between twenty and thirty wounded to tend; and while he was busying himself with the work, they told him

that the regiment had passed on, and that it was death to remain in the open, as the rebels were potting at him from the street corner.

But it was not in his nature to desert his charge, and sending a messenger to the colonel, asking for some men to carry the wounded on their backs, Jee stuck to it, binding a poor fellow's head, whose lower jaw had been carried off by a round shot.

Captain Havelock turned up, badly hit in the arm, when conveying the order for the 78th to follow the column, and Jee managed to get him into a dhoolie, a mortally wounded lieutenant of the Highlanders being tenderly lifted into another, and the rest into six bullock-carts—with which sad train the brave surgeon hurried on to join the regiment.

Not long afterwards the narrow road became blocked by an overturned hackery full of round-shot, and the occupants of the carts were cut to pieces in sight of their comrades, one man, Private Farmer, holding out his watch, and begging someone to take it; but the risk was too great.

At last the doctor and his dhoolies reached the regiment, and Captain Halliburton took charge of them with his company; but a guide led them into an enemy's battery, where they again suffered great loss.

Among the suburbs, shelled from the other side of the Goomtee river, the doctor and his little escort wandered, trying to find the Residency, and running a gauntlet of musket-shot from the streets as they jolted down them in their fruitless quest, until at length they took shelter in a square courtyard called the Motee-Mahul, with two large gateways, and sheds all round it.

Nor even then were their troubles over; the

place was tightly packed with camp-followers and camels; the groaning wounded required attention, and Surgeon Jee had his hands full.

The native gongs sounded the hours through a night of horror. No one knew how far, or how near, the Residency might be, and during the long spell of darkness a terrific firing crashed and boomed, mingled with shouts and cheering, which might mean anything, from a successful rush to the death-cry of valour battling against overwhelming odds.

Men who had been with the advance found their way to the courtyard, bringing the alarming, but happily false, news that all the 78th had been killed. The Motee-Mahul was so crowded that movement was almost impossible; camels and horses squealed, and added a new danger by their frightened plunging, and the dawn came slowly to the anxious surgeons and the miserable, moaning wretches under their care.

At daylight Brigadier Cooper managed to get them some tea—the first food that had passed their lips since the previous morning—and the escort began to loophole the walls.

Soon afterwards the brigadier was shot through one of the holes, from the outside, and fell over Surgeon Jee, who had constantly to cross a gateway raked by bullets in order to reach his wounded, although warned by his apothecary, De Soura, of his risk; but the gallant fellow volunteered to try to find his way to the Residency with the sufferers, and send relief to Halliburton, who held the Motee-Mahul.

Unhappily the details of the journey are meagre, yet we know, from Dr. Jee's own words, that, as the mournful little train proceeded, they found

Colonel Campbell lying on the ground with a wounded leg, from the amputation of which he afterwards died; and Jee got one of his men to take him on his back and carry him along, the man being subsequently killed, it was supposed, for when search was made for him to be recommended for the Cross, he could not be found.

Under the fire of guns from the Kaiser Bagh Palace, they floundered through a shallow stream, and, after several exciting adventures, were hailed by a European sentry at a gate in a high wall, by whom they were directed to the Residency, towards which they wended their way, keeping under the wall to avoid the flying bullets which, in spite of the precaution, killed a great many of them, their bones being seen outside the palace when we took it later during the siege.

Dr. Jee lost his white horse, but afterwards recovered it, wounded in the chest by a large bolt, which was extracted with great difficulty, the animal being eventually sold as a very valuable charger for £160.

I shall now tell of further heroism on the part of our brave army surgeons and their feeble escort, under circumstances of even greater peril, during the same day and the night of horror that followed it.

We have just seen how Surgeon Jee fared with his wounded, and we will now follow the tragic fortunes of another convoy of maimed and miserable men who underwent some extraordinary adventures on their way to the Residency.

During the night of September 25th, Lucknow was in an uproar; but though the streets were full of mutineers, exasperated by the success of the relieving column, the wounded of the 90th, together

with a large sprinkling from other regiments, somehow escaped notice, as they lay in their dhoolies in a passage before the Motee Munzil Palace.

A dhoolie is a square-covered palanquin of bamboo, with curtained sides and a razzi, or quilted coverlet, upon which the occupant lies, and the whole thing is carried by four bearers, who form a particular caste of their own, hailing chiefly from lower Bengal.

Morning dawned, and the attack they had been momentarily expecting all night came at last, shot and shell whistling into them and killing a great many.

They were practically abandoned to their own resources for a time, as the column had pushed on to the Residency; but the slender escort behaved with great valour, and every inch of the way was hotly contested.

The surgeons especially were worthy of the highest praise; one of them belonging to the artillery, who had just been speaking of his wife and children in the Residency, and how he looked forward to meeting them, asked a brother officer to help him with an operation, and they went to the spot under a heavy fire.

"I wish I could see my way out of this," said the officer, gazing hopelessly on the long train of helpless men who depended on their exertions for their lives.

"Pooh, there is no danger whatever!" replied the surgeon; but even as he spoke a ball struck him, and his earthly troubles were over.

It was certain death to everyone to remain where they were, and a start was made under the guidance of a plucky young civilian, Mr. J. B. Thornhill,

who had come from the Residency at great hazard to help them; so collecting the dhoolies they set out, Surgeon Home, of the 90th, taking charge, and Major Simmonds, of the 5th Fusiliers, commanding the weak escort of 150 men.

We have all of us seen the tender care with which our constabulary lift the victim of a street accident into the ambulance cart, and wheel him gently away in the soft-running, well-hung conveyance, amid the sympathetic murmurs of the crowd. The scene in Lucknow was the reverse of this: the numerous dhoolies full of wounded and groaning men are borne by natives waiting an opportunity to drop them heavily and bolt. Instead of a sympathetic crowd there is a mob of howling savages, filling the street end, and occupying windows and housetops, from which they send bullet after bullet. Here a narrow lane has to be threaded: there they must run across an open space, jolting and shaking those fractured limbs cruelly; for a moment they are partially sheltered by the high wall of a white building; but the mob is increasing behind them, and they cannot stay. Now and then a rush is made, and the bayonets of the escort are red when they hurry on after the train; they do not all hurry on either, for several lie face down in the sun, and before their comrades have turned you corner, the ground is hideous with mangled fragments, and the rebels are richer by several of the coveted Enfield rifles, with which they follow up the pursuit; while, in the dispatch sent home to England, Privates Whatever-you-will, Nos. four-thousand-and-something, are returned "missing"—that dubious word that carries grief into many a quiet village, and hides a world of misery nevertheless.

A march of forty yards under the fire of a battery on the other side of the Goomtee brought them to the partial shelter of a building known as Martin's House; but the round shot found them out, and after a halt of half an hour they set off again in safety until they reached a large nullah several feet in depth, the grape hissing among them as they waded through it, killing several bearers and drowning some of the wounded there.

Across the nullah they passed down a street where the fire did not reach them, but at the other end their guide made a fatal mistake which ultimately cost him his life, for leading them into an oblong square lined on three sides with sheds, they were shot down like sheep, and the leading bearers refused to go farther.

It seemed as though the end of all things had come for them. The rebels held the sheds and opened fire from every side. Thornhill's suggestion to go back was useless; the bearers in front were either killed or had bolted, and the dhoolies stood there as targets for the cowardly brutes who did not neglect the opportunity.

Surgeon Bradshaw and an apothecary went off to the rear of the train, which was still in the street, and compelled the bearers to return with them by the path Mr. Thornhill should have taken, and *they* eventually reached the Residency; but the rest remained exposed in what is known to this day as "Dhoolie Square," while Home and a handful of brave fellows took shelter in a covered archway and cast about for the best way to defend themselves and their charges.

One gallant incident occurred as Private Henry Ward, a Norfolk man of the 78th Highlanders, was

escorting the dhoolie that contained Lieutenant Havelock.

When the bearers of several others took to their heels, Ward compelled his to remain, and knowing the fate that awaited him if taken, a private of the escort named Pilkington, who was badly hit, threw himself inside on to the wounded officer.

The natives were about to drop the double load, But Ward would have none of that, and sticking to the dhoolie he forced them to continue, by means which we can readily imagine for ourselves, until the dhoolie was carried to a place of safety, and Lieutenant Havelock's life was saved.

Ward afterwards became that officer's servant, a rare, if not unique, instance of master and man both wearing the Victoria Cross.

From the archway under which the others had sought a very indifferent shelter they witnessed a horrible scene, as the mutineers rushed into the square and began murdering the wounded.

With Surgeon Home were Swanson of the 78th, Captain Becher, 40th Native Infantry, three wounded men, and nine soldiers, the remnant of the escort as yet unhurt, and their struggle for life, and the lives of those poor fellows out in the open, is absolutely Homeric.

They got into a house through an open door in the arch, and for half an hour one man kept the yelling crowd at bay, while the others shouted in chorus to make the rebels think they were more numerous.

He was Patrick McManus, an Irish private of the 5th Northumberland Fusiliers, and from a pillar he shot sepoy after sepoy, cool and collected, and

seldom missing, until at last the sight of his muzzle was enough to send them flying.

"Why don't you come into the street?" was the derisive shout of the rebels, to which McManus replied by a Minié bullet, and in spite of all the efforts of their leader, an old fiend with sword and shield, whose white garb was girt with a red cummerbund, it would be some time before they ventured on again.

While McManus stood behind his pillar, the others barricaded themselves as best they could, and a pile of corpses lent their ghastly aid to protect those fifteen heroes; but through the shutters they saw the brutes firing into the dhoolies, about forty of our wounded being killed in that way.

Close to the house lay Arnold, of the Madras Fusiliers, who had been shot in both legs on the Charbagh Bridge, and Private Ryan begged them help him rescue one of the bravest fellows that ever drew sword.

McManus had been hit in the foot, but he volunteered, and, making a rush through a storm of shot, they found the dhoolie was too heavy for them.

They lifted Arnold out, the sepoys firing volley after volley, but although they carried him back between them unhurt themselves, the unfortunate captain received another ball in his thigh, from which he afterwards died in great agony.

Again they sallied from the house and brought in a wounded man who was crying piteously for help; and again they were untouched, their burden being hit twice and dying before they regained the barricade.

Surgeon Home was the only unwounded officer in the house, and his time was divided between dressing the others and taking his turn to fire; finally a man

was posted at each window and three in the doorway, and through a bullet hole in the shutter the surgeon saw a rebel creep within three yards of him.

He promptly killed him with his revolver, and Private Hollowell, of the Ross-shire Buffs, picked off another very neatly, after which there was a long pause, the ominous calm before the storm.

Hollowell had been Home's right hand all the time, and had already shot the old man with the red cummerbund; and during the hour or so that elapsed before the attack was resumed they broke down a plaster wall to gain an outer room; but suddenly there came a dull rumble from the square that brought them all to their feet in an instant.

"It's now or never, men!" shouted the surgeon. "Outside with us; they're bringing up a gun."

It was already past noonday, and relief had not arrived. There was no question of surrender; *that* would have meant a long lingering agony, as the sepoys spared none, and delighted in the most diabolical tortures when they got the chance. There was nothing for it but to die like men.

The rumble eventually resolved itself, not into a fieldpiece, which would have finished them, but a large screen on wheels with which the rebels closed up the door, shutting the besieged up in a trap, as they hoped, to be burned out by blazing straw flung down through the roof.

The house caught fire; the smoke rolled in in choking volumes, and the heat became unbearable; but there was another door opening on to the square, and through that they resolved to make a last dash.

Taking up three of their number who were the most badly hurt, they charged out and made for a shed ten yards away on the north side; but,

strange to tell, the wounded alone were struck again, all three subsequently dying, while their comrades reached the shed unhurt, though more than five hundred of the surprised rebels are said to have fired at them as they ran.

Panting, they counted their numbers in that new retreat, and there were only six left who could bear arms, the other four being unable to do more than keep a look-out at the loopholes which riddled the shed's side.

Dangerous as the place was, being loopholed, with such an insufficient garrison, they were destined to hold it for more than twenty-two hours before help came, and though this incident reads like a romance, it is terribly true, every word of it.

They were uncertain whether Havelock's column existed any longer; a whisper had come down to the 78th the evening before that it had been destroyed; but the cowardly hounds crept noiselessly up to the holes in the wall and fired in, giving them little time to speculate on the fate of others when their own seemed so near at hand.

By placing a wounded man at each embrasure to give the alarm, they prevented any serious casualty, but an awful thing occurred which froze the very blood in their veins.

When in the house at the archway their rifles had to some extent protected the miserable wounded still lying in their dhoolies in the square, but now they were left powerless, and the sepoys, stealing up to the farther side of each palanquin, began slowly to murder them with knives and bayonets, even burning some alive!

The screams were heartrending; men called in agonising voices for help; but the hideous work

went on until the ground reeked like the floor of a slaughterhouse.

One officer, Lieutenant Knight, of the 90th, Home's own regiment, escaped, literally nerved by the energy of despair, for, though wounded in the leg, as the sabre of a sowar flashed in at one side of his dhoolie, he sprang out at the other, and fled.

In spite of a hot pursuit and fifty bullets that went after him, two hitting him again in the legs, he got away, to carry the news to the rear guard, who, however, had their own hands too full to come to the others' assistance.

Now came a fresh peril to the surgeon and his men in the shed, for too craven to attack in front where the rifles of McManus and Hollowell, and Home's revolver were waiting at the loopholes, a tramping overhead told them that the enemy were breaking in the roof to fire down upon them.

An especial Providence would seem to have held those heroes in keeping, for though the muzzles of the mutineers' muskets were within four feet of them, none were seriously wounded, and as the little garrison could tell by the stamping where the rebels were, many a sepoy rolled off into the square, howling with pain, or fell heavily, and lay motionless where he fell.

Still the handful found it too hot to stand, and they broke a hole into the courtyard, from which, when darkness came to their aid, Surgeon Home and one of the men crept to a large mosque thirty yards away, into which the doctor climbed by getting on to his comrade's shoulders.

The mosque was empty, and returning to the man who had remained on guard they beckoned to the others to follow.

There was some hesitation, and the sepoys on the roof, detecting Home, opened fire again, but though the two had to return post haste, they brought with them a *chatty* of fresh water, which proved a veritable godsend.

They had suffered burning thirst all day, their faces were black with powder from biting cartridges; the wounded had implored the rest to shoot them when those appalling screams rent the air, but the water gave them all a little gleam of hope, and posting sentries at various parts of the shed they prepared to pass the night of horrors, with the babble of several who were delirious in their ears, and the catlike tread of the murderous scoundrels above them.

More than one false alarm disturbed the silent hours; but the sepoys eventually left the roof, and Lucknow seemed to be sleeping.

One man proposed to rush out and attempt to escape, and two others offered to join him, but the rest declined to leave the wounded, and about two o'clock in the morning they heard the sound of heavy firing not far off.

Madly they shouted with what voice was left to them, thinking it was a relief; but the firing died away again and bitter disappointment followed.

At last they became unanimous in an effort to fight their way to the Residency, though no one knew exactly where it was, and they left the shed with seven cartridges among six men, only to shrink back again as they saw a fire in the archway where McManus had piled up so many corpses, and a large body of sepoys clustering round it.

Hope then died out; most of them cared little whether they lived or died, until, soon after dawn

had flushed the domes and cupolas of the city, more firing was heard, and Private Ryan shouted, "Boys, them's our own chaps!"

"Cheer together, men!" exclaimed Surgeon Home, as they distinguished the well-known ring of the Enfield rifles, and they cheered together—a cheer with more than one sob in it—but a cheer that was answered by another and another as our fellows charged into that ghastly "Dhoolie Square," and swept it of its rebel garrison, the rescued handful also firing their remaining shots as they rushed out to join their deliverers.

Of the four officers who saw that morning break, three died of their wounds; but Home, McManus, Hollowell and Ryan won the Cross for their never-exceeded heroism, Sir Anthony Home, K.C.B., being now the sole survivor.

CHAPTER XIX

Lucknow Kavanagh

THE year of grace 1821, which saw the death of the great Napoleon, witnessed also the birth of a son to Bandmaster Kavanagh of the 3rd Buffs, at the town of Mullingar, in County Westmeath, Ireland.

That child, who was christened Thomas Henry Kavanagh, was frequently told by a facetious uncle, that "he was born to be hanged;" but fortune preserved him for a very different fate, and, entering the office of the Commissioner of Meerut, while yet in his teens, he passed through various stages of advancement until he became Superintendent of the office of the Chief Commissioner of Oude, and in that capacity was stationed at Lucknow with his wife and family, when the Mutiny broke out.

All through the siege he behaved with great bravery, dividing his time between the guns and the trenches, often sitting for hours below ground, rifle in hand, while the mutineers were countermining our works, and waiting patiently until they broke into the tunnel, and a black head popped through the wall of earth to be as quickly shot at by the wary Superintendent.

When Havelock's slender column forced its way into the city, Kavanagh shared his last bottles of beer among the parched soldiers, and never spared himself in his exertions during that trying time.

His good wife was wounded, and they both suffered

great hardships, although the good things of life were not wanting in some quarters, for there were votaries of "caste" within Lucknow, just as there were outside, if all we hear is true.

Havelock's relief was only partial; he and Outram were not strong enough to rescue the besieged, and the garrison had to await the arrival of Sir Colin Campbell, who reached the white tower of the Alum Bagh about four miles from the Residency, at the beginning of November.

The road into Lucknow was circuitous, and would be fiercely defended, the various passages and buildings *en route* affording splendid vantage posts for the rebels. Havelock's men had suffered severely from an imperfect knowledge of the way, and it was of the utmost necessity that Sir Colin should have a guide well acquainted with the country, but the girdle of mutineers rendered the very thought of such a thing absurd.

During the early part of the siege Kavanagh had been very ill, but his strength had returned, and he was at the time of his exploit a strong man with dark hair and a red beard, speaking Hindustani fluently.

A native spy named Kunoujee Lal, a very handsome fellow, was returning to the Alum Bagh on a certain night, and after gaining his confidence and consent with difficulty, for the risk was enormous even to a native, Kavanagh went to Colonel Napier (afterwards Lord Napier of Magdala), chief of Outram's staff, and informed him that the spy was willing to guide him to Sir Colin's camp, and that he, Kavanagh, was ready to undertake the journey.

The colonel was amazed, and pointed out in forcible language the fate that would befall him if he

were detected, but Kavanagh persisted, and was taken to Sir James Outram.

Outram, a thick-set man with a slight roundness in his shoulders, whom readers of Sir Charles Napier's life will remember, refused to listen to him. To traverse the rebel camp in the dead of night, when eyes sharp as those of a lynx were on the watch, when keen distrust prevailed among the mutineers themselves, and every stranger was closely questioned, was a trial to which he would subject no man; Kunoujee Lal, himself, would find it as much as he could manage to get through, and for a European, the thing was impossible.

The Irishman persisted, however, and gained his point. It was decided that if Sir James were satisfied with the disguise he proposed to assume, he should go, and Kavanagh left him to make his preparations.

He has told us of the revulsion of feelings that came over him before he started; his wife and little ones were uppermost in his thoughts, and he was within an ace of throwing up the whole affair, but the recollection of those fearful stories that Havelock's men brought from Cawnpore weighed strongly with him, and accordingly at six o'clock he left the two rooms where they were then living, Mrs. Kavanagh supposing that he was going on duty as usual at the mines.

In a quiet corner of the slaughter-yard that brave Irishman darkened his face and neck with lamp-black, put on a pair of tight silk trousers, a muslin shirt, and a short yellow silk jacket, concealed his hair with a cream-coloured turban, bound a white cummerbund round his waist, slung a yellow chintz mantle from his shoulders, and slipped his feet into a pair of native slippers, turned up at the toes and pain-

fully tight, as he found to his sorrow, and then went to see Colonel Napier, with amusing results.

Natives were not allowed to enter a European's dwelling with their shoes on, nor to sit down, uninvited, and to test his disguise, Kavanagh did both.

The officers present were indignant to see a swaggering fellow, evidently a badmásh, or worthless character, as the name implies, in their midst, conducting himself with insolent familiarity, and after an angry altercation in Hindustani, Sir James Outram came into the room, only to be completely deceived like the rest.

The disguise was perfect, and Kavanagh was free to go.

Cigar in mouth, Sir James touched up his face by candlelight, Captain Sitwell gave him a double-barrelled pistol—to use upon himself if he were taken—and after an eloquent hand-shake all round, at half-past eight Captain Hardinge accompanied him and Kunoujee Lal, to pass them through the picket on the river bank.

"I would give my life to do what you are doing," he said, as he gave him a last grip. "Noble fellow! you will never be forgotten!"

The night was dark, and the great vaulted dome overhead without a cloud, as they stripped and waded through the Goomtee, and stole up a trench for three hundred yards, to a little grove beside a silent pool, where they stayed to dress again.

A man came down to wash, and they had a narrow escape from detection; and farther on they met a sepoy, with a matchlock, to whom Kavanagh spoke of the night.

"Yes, it is very cold," said the rebel, who appeared

to be uncommunicative, for without further parley he went his way along the river bank.

At the Iron Bridge a cavalry picket challenged, and Kunoujee Lal advanced.

They had come down from Mundron, he said, naming a place held by the mutineers, and the picket allowed them to proceed.

Crossing the stone bridge farther on, they entered the streets of the city, and then all their nerve was required, for they were full of rebels; but sauntering on, they traversed the main thoroughfare and reached the outskirts in safety, satisfying a native watchman, and breathing more freely as they found themselves among the woods and groves that covered the plain on that side of Lucknow.

Kavanagh plucked a carrot, and ate it with a keen relish; but after a long tramp, they discovered that they had mistaken the road, and were in the beautiful Dilkoosha Park, the "heart's delight" of the Kings of Oude, far out of their way, and still close to the city.

The park was swarming with rebels, whose horses neighed and answered each other under the trees; bivouac fires lit up the darkness here and there, and poor Kunoujee Lal was in despair, imploring his companion to forgive his blunder.

They had been four hours on their way, and were not clear of Lucknow. If daylight overtook them before they gained the Alum Bagh it would be the last sunrise they would see, and Kavanagh was already almost lame from the tightness of his shoes.

An old countryman, watching his crops in a field, declined to help them, and another, whom they spoke to soon afterwards, fled shouting, to alarm a village not far off.

"Now for it," said Kavanagh, and they ran along the canal bank for dear life, happily leaving the shouts behind them.

Their troubles, however, were not nearly over; several villages they roused, and the barking of the dogs continued long after the two strange companions had stumbled out of earshot—over paddy fields, and along irrigation cuts, where Kavanagh more than once received a most unwelcome ducking.

Crawling into a miserable hut, his hand encountered a sleeping woman, who proved a friend to them, when she recovered from the fright, and who pointed out the way, along which they hurried as the moon was rising.

Up it came, silvering the still country, showing each clump of trees, and the white, unhealthy haze that lay above the water, as they neared the Alum Bagh, round which a strong body of mutineers were posted to resist the advance of Sir Colin.

"It is impossible to get through," whispered Kunoujee Lal. "There are scores of pickets, and rifle-pits full of men; we must go round by Bunnee," and round they went, shortly coming on another cavalry patrol, to which they walked up boldly.

Confidence helped them, and they soon left the unsuspecting sowars in the rear; but about three o'clock in the morning, when moving cautiously through a mango grove, a sepoy on sentry, singing at the top of his voice to keep his courage up, gave the alarm, and the guard of twenty-five men surrounded them, all clamouring at once.

Poor Kunoujee Lal lost heart, and threw away the dispatch he carried, but the Irish badmásh kept his in his turban, and palavered so cleverly that the rascals believed his tale.

They were then "two poor men walking to the village of Umzoula on a sad errand, namely, to inform a friend that his brother had been killed by a ball from the British entrenchments at Lucknow," and the guard showed them the route they must follow.

It was the most serious *rencontre* they had had, but at the end of half an hour they met wih another misfortune, for they stumbled into a marshy jheel, and were up to their waists in reeds and water for two hours, sometimes to their necks, Kavanagh being thoroughly exhausted when they scrambled out, as he had to support the spy, who was much shorter than he, and washed the black from his hands in so doing.

At the other side of the swamp he lay for a quarter of an hour before he could continue the walk, and they then reached the village, to find a number of men sleeping near the chubootra, or native office.

Rousing one of them, they told him they were spies, sent to discover the numbers of the Feringhees, but the man was surly, and would tell them nothing; and they had to run the gauntlet of two strong pickets, drowsing round their fires, three hundred yards apart.

That they accomplished; and several other narrow shaves they had, Kavanagh at last insisting, in spite of the warnings of the spy, in sleeping for an hour in a grove, after they had passed some natives who told them that they were fleeing from the English.

It was good news; and about four in the morning when, absolutely weary and footsore, they struggled on again, a voice called, "Who comes there?" and they knew their mission had ended.

The commander of the Sikh patrol sent two men to guide them; and when in camp, Lieutenant Goldie, of the 9th Lancers, lent Kavanagh dry stockings and trousers, and pulled him together with a draught of brandy, Captain Dick mounting him on his Burma pony, and walking beside him to Sir Colin Campbell.

That stern soldier could not restrain his admiration, nor the overwrought civilian his tears; and, as Kavanagh lay down to snatch some well-earned rest, Sir Colin busied himself in excluding the daylight from the tent with his own hands, making such a clatter that he defeated his kindly object.

The signal of Kavanagh's safe arrival should have been hoisted at once on the Alum Bagh, and cruel anxiety was felt in Lucknow at the delay that took place; but meanwhile, unable to sleep from excitement, the hero of the hour was seated at the general's table at eleven o'clock, consuming vast quantities of eggs and bacon, marmalade, and, what was to him a long forgotten luxury, coffee with milk and sugar.

His subsequent adventures were worthy of the man. He guided the advance on the city when, leaving the baggage at the Alum Bagh, Sir Colin fought his way past the Martinière College to the Dilkoosha Park, and day by day drew nearer to the Europeans in the Residency.

He witnessed the awful slaughter at the Secundrabagh, where the 4th Sikhs, 53rd Shropshire, 93rd Sutherland Highlanders, and a battalion of detachments bayoneted two thousand rebels in three hours, until the place reeked with blood, and the cry "Remember the ladies and babies! Cawnpore—Cawnpore!" echoed through the loopholed walls.

He saved a wounded soldier there, under fire, and

slept beside Sir Colin; helped at the storming of the Motee-Mahul, or Pearl Palace, where Surgeon Jee won his V.C. the September before, and was received with three cheers by Sir James Outram and his staff, who had never expected to see him alive again.

He led Sir James through a shower of bullets to Sir Colin Campbell, and, to quote Sir Colin's dispatch, speaking of his heroism, "his escape, at a time when the entrenchment was closely invested by a large army . . . is . . . one of the most daring feats ever attempted."

He left Lucknow when the Commander-in-Chief retired with the rescued ones on Cawnpore, after forty sepoys had been blown from the guns, and accompanied him again to the final suppression of Lucknow.

After a long list of surprising adventures, which would be incredible as happening to one man if they were not well authenticated, he returned to civil life, every now and then starting off on some expedition against the rebels.

It will hardly be believed that the authorities attempted to ignore his claim to the Victoria Cross, trying to put him off with the medal instead; but in the end he received it, in 1859, and survived to wear it for twenty-three years, dying at Gibraltar in November, 1882, when on a visit to Lord Napier of Magdala.

CHAPTER XX

Peel's Bluejackets and the 93rd Highlanders

SALMON, YOUNG, HARRISON, HALL,—STEWART, PATON, DUNLEY, MACKAY, GRANT, MCBEAN, MUNRO

WHEN the British fleet was on its way to China, and Lord Elgin awaited reinforcements at Hong Kong, he received alarming intelligence of the spread of the Mutiny in India, and an urgent request to send all the help possible there.

He promptly set off to Calcutta with 1,500 sailors and marines, chiefly belonging to the steamers *Pearl* and *Shannon;* and these were formed into brigades, to act on shore, with the same gallantry they had displayed in the Crimea.

Captain Peel, whom we have seen in the trenches before Sebastopol, started up the Ganges with ten huge 68-pounders and 400 bluejackets, known as the "*Shannon* brigade"; but progress was terribly slow, and it was not until the 30th September that he reached Benares with 286 men.

Hastening on to Allahabad before the rest came up, he arrived at that place three days later; and when the others joined him, on the 7th October, they found, to their dismay, that the big guns must be left there, as there was no means of transport for them across country.

At Allahabad Peel consequently remained, until the 28th, organising siege-trains of 24-pounders, and

dispatching them on to Cawnpore under the charge of the tars, and ultimately following himself, to do good service in a score of places.

It meant business when Peel was off to the front, with hunting-spurs peeping from beneath his white trousers, and the three gold bands that denoted his rank of post-captain on the cuff of his blue undress frock coat.

Few leaders have been more deservedly idolised by their men; and few thought, as they saw him start from the ancient city at the junction of the Ganges and the Jumna, where, a few months before, the sepoys had murdered their officers while the band played "God Save the Queen," that he was going on his last campaign.

From Cawnpore, after several smart engagements, the Naval Brigade, reduced to 250 men, accompanied Sir Colin Campbell on his march to Lucknow; and when the 93rd Highlanders marched into the camp at the Alum Bagh, Peel's fiddlers played them in, the rest of the bluejackets lining the road, and cheering lustily.

After pounding at the walls of the Secundrabagh, which was a large square enclosure with turrets at the angles, and a garden inside with kiosks and summer-houses, Peel's guns were ordered on to the Shahnujjif Mosque, a fine domed building within a serai, loop-holed, and strongly garrisoned by sepoys in every variety of costume.

Gay turbans clustered behind the embrasures. A sprinkling of red coats proved the presence of mutinied native infantry. The dark-faced scoundrels, with their *munsies*, or jackets, buttoned on the left breast were Mussulmans; those who fastened them on the right, Hindoos. And, although covered by the

Poor Peel was not destined to enjoy his honours long, for in one of those several actions fought before our men crossed the Goomtee on a bridge of beer-barrels, a bullet lodged in the muscles of his thigh, and was extracted with great difficulty by Surgeon Munro, of the 93rd. In all likelihood he would have recovered, but at Cawnpore, on his way to Calcutta, smallpox seized him, and to the unutterable regret of the whole army, the gallant sailor died on the 27th of April.

The words of Outram at a banquet to the Naval Brigade, when he spoke of "the hearty, jolly, smiling faces of some of you *Shannon* men who were pounding away with two big guns at the palace," are well known; but those hearty faces were woefully sad when the news of their commander's early death reached them, and there were tears in many an eye that had laid the 24-pounders truly at Lucknow, as well as in the Crimea, and that had glistened brightly when its owner had asked for leave "to have a day's shooting ashore with them 'ere redcoats," and got it too.

The 93rd Highlanders won no less than seven Crosses in and about Lucknow.

They were sworn friends with the Naval Brigade, and were long associated with them, for which reason I have included them in this chapter, confident they would choose no more fitting place for their grand and glorious record.

The regiment had sailed for the Crimea with the 44th Foot, full of superstitious forebodings on that account, as they had previously accompanied the "Little Fighting Fours" to the disastrous American Campaign of 1814-15, where the 93rd suffered severely, but its achievements at Balaclava and else-

binocular with which he soon located the sepoy before the glass was smashed by a bullet.

Then, as Harrison and a private of the 93rd handed up loaded rifles, he picked off rebel after rebel, until he was himself badly wounded, Harrison also climbing the tree, Young, Salmon, Hall and Harrison adding four V.C.'s to the record of the navy when the place was stormed by the soldiers and bluejackets.

In that blazing March following, when Campbell completed the fall of Lucknow, Peel's men were again to the fore.

Very similar in many respects was the procedure of the column to what it had been during the second relief, and piloted once more by brave Kavanagh, who rode Dr. Russell's vicious white mare, a cloudless sky of blue overhead, and the pipers of the 93rd playing "Castles in the Air," they advanced for the last time upon the Dilkoosha Park, which had such stirring memories for many of them.

Step by step, they carried all before them, battering the grotesque Martinière again, and capturing the Badshahbagh, or King's Great Garden.

Peel had just heard that he was now Sir William, and was in high feather; but Sir Colin, who about the same time received intelligence of his own elevation to the dignity of Lord Clyde, only shook his head sadly, as he thought of his dead comrades of other days, saying in a mournful voice: "It is too late; there is nobody alive now to whom I care to tell the news."

He had mounted the breach at Badajoz, and before that had held the colour of the 9th Regiment over the corpse of Sir John Moore, when "he lay like a warrior taking his rest," on the ramparts of Corunna.

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where during the Russian War had added considerably to its honour and renown.

It was a decidedly Scottish corps, and in 1853 it is said there were only about thirty men belonging to it who were not natives either of Sutherland, Inverness or Ross, while in 1854 there was only one English private on the roster.

Gaelic was largely spoken in the ranks at that time; they wore the feather bonnet during the Mutiny, and their pipers had been put into green coats at the close of the Crimea.

"Forward, Ninety-third!" was the word, and they rushed on the Secundrabagh until a dead wall stayed them.

"In at the roof, Highlanders; tear off the tiles," cried Sir Colin from his saddle; and they needed no second bidding.

Brawny arms broke an opening, and Corporal Dunley is said to have been first in, the others following quickly, as man after man sprang down through the dust with knees bleeding and bayonet ready.

The rest of the regiment entered through a breach in the main building, and were soon hard at work, with their good comrades the 4th Sikhs, in the awful slaughter that took place.

There was no quarter for the mutilators of women and children: in every sense of the word it was a death struggle, and, as such, it recalls that terrible moment when the French gained the courtyard of La Haye Sainte and exterminated the remnant of Baring's Hanoverians.

In the fury and rush Private Mackay took a colour, not without a hard tussle for it; Grant killed five of the sepoys in defence of an officer who had

CHAPTER XXI

A Lancer's Story

CORPORAL GOATE

IF you go, almost any morning, to the north-east corner of Trafalgar Square, where a strip of flag pavement runs along the end of the hideous National Gallery, you will see ten or a dozen martial figures, more or less gorgeous according to the condition of their uniforms, strolling aimlessly up and down as if the world were excessively pleasant and belonged exclusively to them.

The long legs with the broad yellow stripe under a scarlet shell jacket* indicate that one of His Majesty's gallant dragoon regiments could do with "a few likely lads," as the old notices used to have it; the two narrow stripes down a similar long leg that jingles a musical spur on its heel, tell one that if you have any sneaking fondness for a hussar saddle, or would like to don the heavy lancer helmet, you can be obliged, provided the doctor will pass you; and mingling with these cavalry men are a few representatives of the Line, or, possibly, a guardsman or two, and they are all on the look-out for recruits.

Formerly their great rendezvous was Charles Street, Westminster, when the Hampshire Hog was in all its glory, and thither in the grey November days of 1853 came a smart lad of eighteen, who had

* The handsomest garment ever worn by our cavalry; since done away with, except in the Household Regiments.

grown tired of his quiet life in the sleepy old city of Norwich, where he was employed as groom.

"Taking the shilling" was not a mere figure of speech in those days, and in a short time William Goate found himself richer by that important sum, which had been handed him by a smart sergeant in the handsome blue uniform with scarlet facings of the 9th, Queen's Royal, Lancers.

Accustomed to horses, Private Goate soon found himself at home in the ranks, and was lying at Umballa with the 9th when the Mutiny broke out.

His first taste of fighting was at Delhi, and he had an exciting adventure when on dispatch duty at an advanced post, where a picket of lancers had orders to bring up reinforcements when the enemy came out of the city.

Seeing six rebels creeping by the river towards the British camp, he asked the officer commanding the picket to let him take a couple of men and interview the rascals; and leave being granted, the three troopers had a rough scramble to get their horses down the rocks to the water side, the rebels showing fight on their approach.

Three pistols cracked, and three of the mutineers fell, the troopers unslinging their lances and making at the others from the saddle, a battery of the enemy meanwhile opening fire on them.

Goate tackled one of the swarthy fellows, who dodged nimbly round him, and although the corporal declares that he prefers the lance to the sword, he could not get into the scamp at close quarters, charmed he never so wisely, and after slightly wounding Goate's horse, the rebel bolted for the river.

Swinging out of his stirrups, he followed him into the water, and the lance went home through the

mutineer's body, which floated away, reddening the ripples.

When Goate waded out again he found that his comrades had each killed their man, and being sent by the picket officer with a note to his colonel, the ex-groom was made lance-corporal on the spot.

I cannot stay to tell of all his fighting; he helped at the taking of Cawnpore from the Gwalior rebels, and crossed the bridge of boats under a fire that emptied many a saddle; but it was at Lucknow that he gained his Cross.

Sir Colin Campbell, with 30,000 men, was determined to make an end of the rebel resistance there, and on the 6th of March, 1858, Corporal Goate found himself, with his regiment, the 9th Lancers, the 2nd Dragoon Guards, or Queen's Bays, who wore their scarlet European clothing, and two native cavalry corps, on the racecourse, about to charge a host of rebels that had sallied boldly out of Lucknow to destroy the hated *Feringhees*.

It was the hot season—the time of blazing sky and sudden sunstroke, when fields and gardens were scorched and brown, and Europeans usually lay panting and prostrate during the day; but now they had to fight for their lives in the glare, and not only their own, but for those of delicate ladies and children, whose fate was truly awful when they fell into the hands of the mutineers.

The enemy, who did not lack bravery, and who had, unfortunately, considerable military knowledge, made a motley show, the silver-grey of the revolted cavalry blending with the brilliant turbans and sashes and the barbaric splendour of the Irregular troops and wild fanatics; but our fellows thirsted to get at them, and reluctantly held in their horses, whose

eager plunging swayed the slender brigade as the order was given to charge.

A few rounds from the Horse Artillery heralded the short trumpet note, and while the smoke was still curling along the sward and dissolving into air, there came the heavy thunder of the hoofs, the low murmur of the men, mad to be hand to hand with the fiends. The dust cloud gathered as they tore straight on, and then in the cloud came the shock of the meeting, the flashing of sabres and lance points, and a hoarse roar above the clash of steel, honest English shouts of vengeance that drowned the native yells, and as the mutineers' guns began to play on the mêlée, the trumpet's voice sounded the order to return.

It was short, but sharp; the host was broken, and our disordered squadrons came back, sadly weakened, under a heavy shower of round shot and matchlock balls.

Corporal Goate, his gory lance left on the field, was returning close to Major Percy Smith, of the Bays, who had formerly seen service with the 16th Lancers, when a ball passed through the major's body, and he reeled heavily.

Goate tried to catch him, but he fell, and the corporal—who was only a little over twenty-two, remember—pulled up his charger and sprang down.

Raising the wounded man on to his back, and slipping his arm through the bridle rein of his smart little Arab, he ran along with his heavy burden beside the horse, and had traversed several hundred yards when he heard the enemy's cavalry close behind him.

There was nothing for it but to drop the major, and, what—ride for his own safety? Not a bit of it. Shortening his reins, he vaulted into the saddle, and, facing the enemy, shot one, felled another with the

"HE RAN ALONG WITH HIS HEAVY BURDEN BESIDE THE HORSE"
(*see page* 182)

empty pistol, drew his sabre, and was in the middle of them.

Knowing that a false move meant death, the gallant fellow kept his head and parried the fierce blows aimed at him from all sides; one man against a crowd, trusting to his superior swordsmanship and nerve to pull him through; turning and twisting his horse this way and that way; knocking a sabre up and getting a neat thrust at a brown throat, in time to ward off a tulwar slash and topple another sowar over with six inches of sharp steel through his cummerbund.

To use the corporal's own words: "I cannot tell you how many saddles I must have emptied; the enemy didn't seem to know how to parry; taking advantage of this, I settled accounts with a jolly lot."

Determined not to be taken alive, he fought desperately, and when his arm was growing weary and his horse white with lather, some of his comrades luckily came up and finished the business for him.

Even then Goate had not apparently had enough of it, for he went out to look for the major, hoping to find him alive. Alas! that officer had passed beyond all chance of rescue, his headless corpse being brought in next morning by Captain Dillon, Lieutenant Eyre, and ten men of the Rifle Brigade.

After the action, Sir Colin Campbell, Hope Grant, and several others shook hands warmly with the corporal, and there was joy in the 9th Lancers when Goate was deservedly gazetted to swell their roll of honour.

CHAPTER XXII

Some Cavalry Crosses Won in the Mutiny, and the Story of the 7th Hussars

BLAIR, WATSON, GOUGH (H. H.), BANKES, HENEAGE, WARD, HOLLIS, PEARSON, GOUGH (C. J. S.), CHAMPION, EVELYN WOOD, FRASER, ANDERSON, AND MONAGHAN.

OUR cavalry, both European and native, accomplished great things during the suppression of the sepoy rising.

The Guides, in khaki, with indigo-blue turbans, were ubiquitous, and struck terror wherever they went; the name of "Delhi spearmen," won by the 9th Lancers, was sufficient in itself to create a panic among the rebels; the 2nd Dragoon Guards, with scarlet tunics and white trouser stripes, made themselves felt, Corporal Anderson and Trumpeter Monaghan saving their colonel with such gallantry that they won the Victoria Cross; and Lieutenant Blair sabring four men at Boolundshuhur, in a magnificent charge there, which also included *him* in the Victoria Cross roll.

The Carabineers, put into blue two years before the Crimea, and wearing brass helmets in the hottest months, to the great discomfort of the troopers, did well when they were allowed to go in; and a legendary charge is recorded of the 8th Hussars, at Gwalior, where four brave fellows of the regiment, Captain Heneage, Sergeant Ward, Farrier Hollis,

and Private Pearson, were selected, with difficulty, from a host who had done wonders there.

The 8th wore their blue European clothing all through the Mutiny, with wicker helmets.

Troop-Sergeant-Major Champion, of the 8th, was also recommended for his conspicuous bravery in the rocky gorge at Gwalior, and he should by rights have had half a lac of rupees, as the famous Ranee of Jhansi, for whose capture a large reward had been offered, was killed there; but a Bombay staff-colonel disputed his claim, and the money was withheld.

Less than three months afterwards—then acting regimental sergeant-major—when both his officers were wounded and he himself badly hit in the chest by a bullet, he led the troop in hot pursuit of the rebels at Bejapore for three hours, on a fine bay Herat horse, 16 hands high; killing 450 of them with his forty men!

Faint from loss of blood, he brought his party in, losing one killed and eight wounded. They lifted him, reeling, off his horse, and laid him under a banyan tree, where the surgeon, finding that the ball had gone clean through his chest and out at the back, dressed the wounds with the sergeant-major's own shirt-tail, as there were no bandages to be had!

"Never mind, sir," said Champion to his major, who came to commiserate him, "we've given them a good doing!" And so thought Colonel Robinson, who recommended him at once for the V.C., saying, "There never was a better little action fought, and you shall have the order of merit!"

Few men saw more fighting than Sergeant-Major Champion, whose face, the very ideal of a fine old hussar, was well known at Aldershot, where he rested on his gallantly earned laurels, for, besides the V.C.,

he had the Crimean, Turkish, Mutiny, and Meritorious Service medals, having, moreover, refused a commission on four separate occasions.

The 7th Hussars have furnished us with two stirring Victoria Cross episodes, out of many more that were not rewarded with the decoration; and the officers of the Native Cavalry Corps that remained loyal, swell the list to considerable length.

Hodson's Horse, now 9th and 10th Bengal Cavalry became wellnigh as famous as their magnificent leader, and carry "Delhi" and "Lucknow" on their standards to-day, as do also the dark green 5th Punjab; but this is not a history of regiments, but of actions.

The brothers Gough would occupy a long chapter if space allowed it.

At Khurkowdah, near Khotuck, Captain C. J. S. Gough cut in to the assistance of his brother, who was wounded, and slew two rebels; following up his bravery three days afterwards by leading a troop of the Guides full tilt at the enemy, and killing two more, with one of whom he had a terrific encounter.

Yet again, at Shumshabad, in January, 1858, he tackled the rebel leader in the charge, leaving his sword in him, and was, consequently, reduced to his revolver, with which he shot another couple.

He seems to have dealt with his foes by the brace as a rule, and at Meangunge he cut down a rebel who was carving at Brevet-Major Anson (not the V.C. of that name), and slew another directly afterwards.

What a record of individual pluck! And, indeed, his brother, Hugh Henry, was not far behind him.

At Alum Bagh Mr. Gough took his party of Hodson's Horse splashing through a swamp, and captured a couple of guns, hotly defended, getting

his turban slashed to pieces, and his horse twice wounded, when surrounded by three sepoys.

Near Jellalabad, this gallant nephew of the famous Hugh Gough of other days, headed his men for the guns again, and fought sowar after sowar, until wounded in the act of charging two sepoys with fixed bayonets.

He was severely wounded on that occasion; had two horses killed under him, and received a ball through his helmet, and another through his scabbard.

Strange coincidence that "number two" all through the record of these two brave brothers—two guns, two horses, two bullets, twice wounded, and all those rebel sowars slain by twos.

On the 14th of November, Lieutenant John Watson, with a troop of the 1st Punjab, and Lieutenant Probyn, with his troop, both wearing red puggarees round their spiked helmets, came upon a body of rebel cavalry, under a stalwart Mussulman ressaldar, or native captain of Irregular Horse.

A scene worthy of the days of chivalry followed, for the ressaldar, picking out half a dozen of his bravest, rode out to meet the Feringhees, Watson, nothing loth, spurring forward towards him.

Within a yard, the rebel fired his pistol at Watson's breast, luckily without effect, and the lieutenant ran him through and dismounted him.

Up he sprang, drawing his keen tulwar, and with his sowars, attacked the solitary officer, who, before his party could reach him, received a tulwar slash on the head, one on his right arm, that slit the jacket sleeve, and lost him the use of the limb for some time; another, which severed the chain gauntlet glove that protected his left wrist, a bullet through his coat,

and a blow on the leg, that made him limp for several days. One man against seven or eight, and the marvel is he lived!

But in a moment more the ground shook under the hoofs of the Punjab sowars; there was a circling of sabres, a plunging of dark-skinned men with the lust of slaughter in their eyes, and the rebels, trampled under foot, were utterly routed.

Few cavalry regiments saw more fighting and hard marching during the Mutiny than the 7th (Queen's Own) Hussars.

The first of our Light Dragoon regiments to be numbered and equipped as Hussars in 1805, it has always prided itself on its smartness, and founded a lasting reputation during the Peninsular and at Waterloo.

Its officers to-day share the privilege with those of the 2nd Battalion Oxfordshire Light Infantry, the old 52nd, of wearing linen collars when in full uniform, a little regimental "quiff" which is jealously guarded.

When the Mutiny broke out they were lying in huts at the North Camp, Aldershot, and at the close of a cavalry brigade field day the K.D.G.'s and the 15th Hussars were sent off the ground, the 7th formed up in three sides of a square, the officers called to the front, and the Duke of Cambridge told them they were to proceed to India at once.

There was no burst of wild enthusiasm, although every man was as keen as mustard, for discipline was discipline in those days, especially with a Royal Duke on parade—unlike the Greys, who got their Crimean route in Nottingham church, and cheered to the echo.

The 7th were then 350 strong—the usual strength

at that time for a regiment on home service—and volunteers were called for from other regiments.

One of the Dragoon Guard regiments—the 1st K.D.G.'s—volunteered to a man, and those who were selected to go with the 7th promptly began to sell off their scarlet tunics and heavy kit for any price they could get.

No sooner had they done so than their own regiment was under orders for the front, and they had to learn, when they tried to get their things back again, that buying and selling are two very different things.

The 7th had lost their slung pelisses and handsome Hussar jackets the previous year, and were then wearing the new German tunic, and the blue overalls, with one broad yellow stripe, in which they started for India, for in those days regiments took the field in their ordinary European dress, with no allowance for a change of country or climate.

The only alteration made by the 7th was to do away with its plumes—at that time red and white—and to put a white linen cover over the absurdly heavy busby of those days, with the scarlet busby bag worn outside the covers.

Their sabretaches, valises and busbies were sent into store when in India, and on their arrival there they were fitted with the new saddle and the new sword; they travelled light, only carrying head and heel pegs and a feed of gram in the corn-bags.

Their firearms were Sharp's breech-loading carbine, an American weapon sighted to 600 yards, and the officers provided themselves with Colt's revolvers, then just coming into fashion.

Later on, after Lucknow, when Sir Hope Grant did away with busbies and tunics, the regiment

fought in a slate-coloured jacket, their ordinary overalls, and a puggaree wound round the forage cap, which had no peak in the 7th.

The regiment was quickly brought up to a strength of 512, receiving a good many volunteers from the 4th Light Dragoons—Paget's Irregulars, as they were then called, and well they knew it—and marching from Canterbury to Gravesend, they sailed on August 27th, 1857, in the clipper ship *Lightning,* Black Ball Line, then considered one of the fastest sailing vessels afloat.

The 1st Dragoon Guards sailed at the same time in the steamship *The City of Manchester,* and there was heavy betting which would arrive first, calms, however, settling it in favour of the steamer.

The 7th landed at Calcutta under the command of Colonel Charles Hagart, who was accounted a smart officer, and they travelled by bullock dak in hackeries to Raneegunj, 120 miles up-country, where they encamped for about a week, and then went on again by dak to Allahabad.

There they waited to be mounted, taking their turn at foot duty in the fort meanwhile.

The Queen's Bays had already been supplied with horses from native cavalry regiments that had mutinied, and at the beginning of December the 7th Hussars received theirs from the Remount Depot—mares and geldings for A, B and C troops, entire horses for the remaining five.

In three weeks they were ready to take the field, and, marching to Cawnpore, were employed in escorting convoys between that place and Lucknow.

Their first action was at Lucknow, with Outram in command, covering F Battery, R.H.A., when

45,000 mutineers came out against the Alumbagh, under the Begum and Nana Sahib.

And now comes the short, sad story of a young cornet. The scene was laid on the outskirts of blood-stained Lucknow, its glittering mosques dazzling in the fearful March sun-glare.

Cornet Bankes, an old Westminster boy, and son of the Right Hon. George Bankes, M.P., of Kingston Lacy and Corfe Castle, had joined the regiment the previous April.

He was a tall, fair youngster of twenty-two, standing about five feet ten, and belonged to D troop.

On March 19th, 1858, a strong force of cavalry, horse artillery and some infantry, under Brigadier Campbell of the Bays, was sent from the Alumbagh in the direction of the Moosabagh to prevent the enemy escaping on that side of the city.

Cornet Bankes was temporarily attached to H troop, escorting the guns, and the force left its encampment about two a.m.

They had some skirmishing here and there as they passed various villages where the ground was wooded and broken, and about one o'clock in the afternoon they halted to rest and feed.

Not far away was a small fort or *rezai,* apparently unoccupied, but a vidette approaching it was fired upon.

The brigadier sent Lieutenant-Colonel James Hagart, brother of the 7th's colonel, with H troop—then not more than half its proper strength—some of Hodson's Horse, a few men of the 78th Highlanders, and two of Major Tomb's guns, to see about it.

We unlimbered and fired a couple of shells, when, to everybody's astonishment, about fifty villagers, maddened with bhang or opium, and led by the

daroga, or headman—an enormously tall fellow—rushed out, straight upon the guns.

Hagart ordered the 7th to charge, and one of the first men down was Captain Slade of H troop.

With the greatest gallantry, Cornet Bankes led on the troop, and shot three of the rebels at the same moment that Lieutenant Wilkin had his foot nearly cut through.

Wilkin's horse—a stallion—would not leave the ranks, and everything devolved on the young cornet.

Unhappily, his bravery was unavailing. A young mutineer, a mere boy, dropped on his knee and hamstrung Bankes's horse with a slash of his tulwar, and, the cornet's revolver being empty, he went down at the mercy of fiends who did not know what mercy meant.

Men who were there say that had he trusted to his sword he might have saved himself, but, as it was, he lay to be hacked almost out of semblance to a human being.

Hagart spurred to his rescue, followed by the wounded lieutenant and some of the men.

Three times Hagart fired; three times he plunged through the raving horde; one man he felled with his sword hilt, which he dented in the process, and when he came out his saddle and horse were cut and torn, his martingale dangled about his charger's forelegs, and the silk handkerchief he had used as a sword-knot was cut clean in half, some of the skin going with it.

Two Sikh sowars had also dashed in, one of them attacking the daroga, his companion facing another powerful rebel; but, finding they were getting the worst of it, the Sikhs dismounted and fought on foot.

Three times the daroga floored his antagonist,

who defended himself with his shield, and at last managed to give the maddened man a back-handed cut across the throat which killed him.

The rebels fought like demons, but in the end every one of them was slain.

But what of the cornet. How had he fared?

One leg was lopped off above the knee, the other was nearly severed; one arm was cleft to the bone, the other had gone entirely; and all over the body were hideous slashes—eleven in all.

Yet, when Dr. Russell, the *Times* correspondent, went to see him afterwards, the brave youngster was quite cheerful.

"They tell me if I get over this I can go yachting," he said. "We'll have some jolly cruises together."

But his last voyage was done, and though the Victoria Cross was provisionally conferred upon him by Sir Colin Campbell, he died on April 6th, after lingering eighteen days.

The colonel was also recommended for the Cross, but Sir Colin had no desire that officers of his rank should receive a decoration which he himself never seems thoroughly to have understood or to have appreciated, and he refused to forward the recommendation.

It seems hard, and it was hard, but Sir Colin Campbell was cast in an iron mould, and could be very awkward when he liked.

When in England, not long returned from the Crimea, he was asked to take the post of Commander-in-Chief in India, on the death of General Anson at Kurnaul, and the question was put to him: "When will you be ready to start?"

"To-morrow!" was the startling reply of the

veteran who had begun his soldiering at the commencement of the Peninsular War; and sure enough he kept his word.

Mr. Wilkin—one of the "600," by the way—who had come to the 7th from the 11th, was mentioned in dispatches for his attempt to rescue Bankes.

Lieutenant-Colonel James M'Caul Hagart, C.B., had served with the 7th Hussars in the Canadian Revolt of 1838, was repeatedly mentioned in dispatches during the Mutiny, and eventually retired from the service by the sale of his commission.

After Lucknow had fallen the 7th found themselves under the orders of Sir Hope Grant, and had a busy time.

They had been on the move ever since they took the field, their uniforms were in rags, the once smart Hussars were bronzed and bearded, and lousy to a man, officers included.

It is one of the most disagreeable features of active service, but nevertheless perfectly true.

Not long before they came out, the 7th had lain in York, where they had been deservedly popular, and the Yorkshire ladies sent out to them a consignment of white flannel jackets, and oilskin capes of all colours of the rainbow. This was the only new kit they got during the whole campaign, and the effect when they wore them can be better imagined than described.

Their services during the Mutiny were:

1. Meangunge.
2. Repulse of the attack on the Alumbagh.
3. Siege and operations against Lucknow.
4. Actions of Baree and Sirsee.
5. Nawabgunge.
6. Advance to and occupation of Fyzabad.

7. Repulse of the enemy at Sultanpore.
8. Affair of Doudpore.
9. Pursuit from Pandoo Nuddee to Paleeghat.
10. Attack and pursuit from Hyderghur.
11. Attack on enemy's position at Churda, taking of Fort Meejeedia and Bankee.
12. Pursuit to the Raptee.

At the end of 1858 the 7th Hussars formed part of the column that had pursued the broken and flying rebels with such relentless vigour in the clearing up of Oude.

They had fought and marched through appalling heat and, at times, torrential rain, and it became known with tolerable certainty that the execrable Nana Sahib, and his even more execrable brother, Bala Rao, were with the mutineers.

Sir William Russell, a big, black-bearded man, was commanding the 7th at this time, and from one who rode as his orderly through the whole campaign I am able to give some hitherto unpublished details of the action at the Raptee, where the regiment gained its second Victoria Cross.

The regiment, with the 2nd Battalion Rifle Brigade (the Fighting 2nd), halted for the night—and a bitterly cold night it was—in a Mussulman graveyard at Naupara.

Next day—the last of the old year—when the advance was resumed, the Rifles mounted on elephants and gun limbers, the enemy were sighted at dawn about a mile off in a mango tope, with several guns, with which they opened fire.

The 7th and the Carabineers advanced, the 7th with F Troop R.H.A. to the left, to cut off the rebel infantry.

Retiring into the jungle, the enemy now opened

with eleven guns, and we had to fall back about a thousand yards by half-batteries.

As we were retiring through a tope of mango trees a round shot struck the trunk of a tree which Sir William Russell had just passed, striking it within a few inches of his orderly's thigh, and rolling into the battery.

"Orderly, are you hit?" cried Sir William; and, on receiving a reply in the negative, he exclaimed, with an oath, "You'll never have a closer shave than that!" sending to the battery for the shot, which he afterwards took back to England as a memento.

An officer was sent back to bring up the Rifles, and, advancing in their green puggarees and black belts, they pursued the enemy through a mile and a half of bamboo jungle, Sir Colin Campbell arriving, with a broken collar-bone, on an elephant, accompanied by the Carabineers and the battery.

"Sir William Russell," he commanded, "send your orderly with the Rifles, and find out whether there is room for the guns to get through." The orderly spurred off on his brown mare, to find a magnificent spectacle awaiting him, for the whole of Nana Sahib's army were drawn up in line, with a fine panorama of jungle and mountain behind it.

It was a bright day, and the sun glittered on the sabres of the rebel sowars and the bayonets of the sepoys.

But the orderly had no time to admire picturesque effects, even if he had been in the mind to, and, galloping back with his news, he reported that cavalry might thread the narrow paths, but not the guns.

When the regiment was formed up, Sir Colin said: "Now, 7th, advance; there's a prize before

you!" and they penetrated the bamboo brake in single file, no trumpets sounding, for the enemy knew our calls as well as we did.

When the pioneers had widened the path the artillery followed, with the cavalry and the staff, and found themselves at the edge of an almost perpendicular nullah, or ravine, at the bottom of which the water from the monsoons came up to a mounted man's knee.

Leaving G and H troops, under Captain Stisted, to take charge of the guns, the rest of the 7th, with the 1st Bengal Cavalry (under a fine old soldier, Colonel Hughes), went down into the nullah by threes, scrambling up the other side, which was very slippery, and advancing in column of troops.

It was then seen that the enemy would not stand, and were already retreating hastily, and another surprise awaited us when we saw the River Raptee in their rear.

The rebel guns were firing to cover the Nana's retreat; already the mutineers were crossing the river, the presence of which we had not suspected, and, wheeling into line, Major Horne's squadron went cheering down the side of the jungle.

Major Horne—"Cocky Horne," they called him—was an old and not very popular officer, who had come to the 7th from the 15th.

"Gallop to Major Horne, orderly, and tell him to wait until we can support him!" cried the colonel. But one might as well have attempted to stop an express train.

The squadron plunged through a narrow river, and then spurred across 300 yards of heavy sand and silt, until they came to the main channel of the Raptee, which runs swift and deep there.

The enemy's horses were blown, and the "Saucy 7th," as they were known in the Peninsula, overtook them as they entered the stream.

There was a tremendous mêlée, swords flashed in the sun. The water was up to the horses' bellies, but just beyond it suddenly deepened, and the avenging squadron found itself in difficulties.

Sir William Russell, sitting on his big, white-faced bay, saw the danger.

Men and horses were being whirled away on the swift current, and Captain Stisted was clinging to the branch of a tree, overcome with exhaustion, while Major Horne was also in trouble.

"Orderly, can you swim?" demanded Sir William.

"No, sir, but I'll go in," was the prompt reply.

"What the —— is the good of going in if you can't swim?" roared Sir William. "Gallop over to Major Fraser, and give him my compliments, and ask him if he can swim."

Major Fraser, of F troop, still suffering from a severe wound in the thigh which he had received at Nawabgunge while leading a squadron against a body of fanatics, and for which he had received the brevet, was with his men about 600 yards off, and to him the orderly sped.

In answer to the orderly's question, he replied:

"Swim? Yes, like a —— duck!" and the pair galloped back together.

"Hold my clothes!" he shouted, taking in the situation at a glance, and, true to the old French motto of his house, "*Je suis prest*" ("I am ready"), hastily stripped and plunged in, under a heavy fire from the opposite bank, without regard to his own safety, saving the lives of a good many men.

Unfortunately, Major Horne was dead when he was recovered, but he was found with a mutineer clutched in each hand.

It is said that he wore armour under his clothes, and that the weight of it took him down.

Although Fraser is generally credited with having saved Captain Stisted, that officer was rescued by a brave sergeant of G troop, who had been a midshipman before he enlisted.

A pathetic story is his, and we will leave him nameless.

He had been a wild blade and a heavy drinker, but had pulled himself up, and displayed such gallantry at the Raptee that it was proposed to recommend him also for the Victoria Cross.

Unfortunately, they gave him a commission in the regiment instead, and he was made so much of that he returned to the old drink habit.

In vain they transferred him to Calcutta as riding-master to the Governor-General's bodyguard there; over-fêting had done its work, and when my informant last heard of him—now years ago—he was a barrack-sweeper at Aldershot.

For his gallantry and self-devotion, Major Fraser received the Victoria Cross, and also the gold medal of the Royal Humane Society.

He was an excellent horseman, and, although a very strict officer, was affectionately spoken of as "Charlie" Fraser in the regiment, dying a lieutenant-general, K.C.B., in 1895.

The affair at the Raptee was short but very sharp, and the enemy's fire very severe.

A shot from one of their batteries passed just above the orderly's croup and bowled over the horse of Sergeant Castle, nearly a mile off.

The 7th, after entering Nepaul, remained in camp there for some time, and, their work done—although, unfortunately, the Cawnpore fiend had escaped them—marched to Umballa, a regular Falstaff's army, in rags and tatters, a column of mounted scarecrows, Hussars only in name.

The 27th (Inniskilling Fusiliers) had prepared to play them in, but Sir R. Garrett, an old Peninsular officer, who commanded at that station, would not permit it on the absurd grounds, "That in the whole of his service he had never heard of an infantry band playing a cavalry regiment into quarters!"

And yet there are some who object to an age limit!

At Umballa the 7th received the booted overall and wicker helmet for the first time.

Few of those Mutiny men returned home with the regiment in 1870, but Sam Shawyer, the orderly, who rose to be regimental sergeant-major, and to win the D.C.M., still survives, respected by all who know him, a fine type of an old cavalry man, with a wonderful memory for the incidents of those old fighting days.

It may not be generally known that the flag on the British Residency at Lucknow, shot down and replaced ten times during the siege, is the only colour which is not lowered at sunset, but still floats proudly night and day, a tribute to those gallant souls who kept it flying against such fearful odds.

"All comes to those who know how to wait," is an excellent saying in its way, but some things, to quote the old Scottish song, are "ower lang o' comin'," and Sir Evelyn Wood's Victoria Cross was one of these things not so much in matter of time, but in regard to a number of irritating delays connected with its final bestowal.

As is well known, he served under Peel as aide-de camp in the Crimea when only sixteen, and won the highest praise for his gallantry there.

His commander wrote of "his beautiful courage in battery," adding "but his conduct and his manners are as exemplary as his courage."

On the 18th of June he received a grapeshot in the arm, but continued to help with the ladders, and remained before the Redan, having the shot cut out when he returned to camp.

Lord Raglan had him sent to Razatch in his own carriage, and mentioned him in dispatches, writing also to his uncle, Captain Mitchell, R.N., a very sympathetic and eulogistic letter.

Captains Peel and Lushington were loud in his praise, the latter recommending him for the Victoria Cross for bravery under a murderous fire, but it was not granted, although Lushington actually remonstrated with the authorities for the omission.

Returning to England in consequence of his wound, young Wood left the Navy, and in 1855 became cornet in the 13th Light Dragoons, purchased a lieutenancy in the same regiment, and afterwards exchanged into the 17th Lancers in 1857.

He was then nineteen, and, embarking for India, he knew more of the native languages in eighteen months, according to General Beatson, than most officers who had spent ten years there; at any rate, he passed the examination for interpreter in Hindostani during his stay, and yet for more than a year out of the time he was fighting against the mutineers.

Coming as he did from Essex, a hunting county, he was at home in the saddle, and became a dashing light-cavalry officer, volunteering to lead a troop of the 3rd Bombay.

At Sindwaho he went into the enemy almost single-handed, with all the gallantry of the Watsons and the Goughs of the Indian Army, and routed him, winning golden opinions from Brigadier Somerset; but a more romantic and almost as hazardous an experience fell to his lot in the depths of the jungle of Sindhara.

The mutineers, beaten on every side, retreated into the dangerous wilds, and lived in freebooter fashion by sallying out and plundering the villages on the outskirts.

A band of them had seized a potail, named Chemmun Singh, and carried him off to be hanged at their leisure, and as the man was loyal to the British rule, Lieutenant Wood determined to rescue him, if possible.

Obtaining the services of a villager as guide, by the promise of £5 and a written pardon for past offences, he selected a corporal and nine men of the Bareilly Levy (Police) and a sergeant and four sowars of Beatson's Horse, with which corps he was then serving.

Riding a chestnut Arab named "The Pig," he marched at nine o'clock with this little force through the intense darkness to attack the band, whose numbers were reported to be about twenty-five.

At midnight the guide, who had been fortifying his courage by taking bhang at every halt, pointed to a distant light deep in the Sironj jungle, and, the ground being very rough, they left their horses in charge of three men, and proceeded on foot.

The place was weird and mysterious, the lemon grass sighed as the breeze played through it; they were stalking men who had played their last card, who knew that they had no mercy to expect if they

were taken, and it wanted a strong nerve to face them in their lair.

For three exciting miles they crept forward, the jungle lying lone and melancholy around them; and for the last mile the guide refused to lead, following the lieutenant, who held his hand to prevent him taking any more opium.

Between one and two on the morning of the 29th Wood crawled to within twenty-six feet of the hollow, and from this point we will quote from his own narrative, only adding that he found the numbers much greater than he had been led to suppose, and that he saw the potail and another prisoner tied to a tree, and awake.

"I stepped forward a little, and looked on the crowd of men, who, to be out of the wind, were lying asleep in a dry pond. In the depression forming the pond the jungle was less thick than outside it, but there were trees in it with branches three feet from the ground, against one of which the sentry was leaning, when the click of the men's hammers as they cocked made him look up, and the firelight fell on my white Bedford cords. He asked, without raising his voice, 'Who is that?' I replied, 'We are the Government,' and, turning to my men, shouted, 'Fire! Charge!' Having given the word, I ran at the sentry, without perceiving there were two men sleeping immediately under my feet, in the cummerbund of one of whom my foot caught, and I went headlong into the hollow. The ground was so rough that the cavalry sergeant and private also fell as they ran forward. The rebels jumped up, scuttling away unarmed, the sentry and four or five brave men covering their flight. I rose as quickly as I could, with my left hand over my neck to save

it from the sentry's sword, and attacked the nearest rebel—a Brahman wearing a sepoy's coat. We cut at each other three times in succession, the boughs intercepting our swords, and as he drew his hand back the fourth time, I, going close to him with the point of my sword behind my right foot, cut upwards, wounding him in the fleshy part of the thigh. He staggered to my left, which brought him before Burmadeen Singh (the cavalry sergeant), who twice cut in vain at him, his sword catching in the trees, when I shouted, 'Point! Give the point!'

"Burmadeen Singh now disappeared, and I ran after him, tumbling into a natural drain from the pond, on top of my sergeant and the rebel Brahman, whom he was killing, using vituperation like that with which John Balfour of Burleigh addressed Sergeant Bothwell ("Old Mortality"). Scrambling up, I ran after the last fluttering white clothing I could see, for I was apprehensive that if they once stood I might yet be beaten. Failing to overtake them, I turned back, and found the prisoners had escaped, the corporal and men of the Bareilly Levy were still on the edge of the pond (where they had stopped to reload), and four or five rebels, whom they had wounded when they fired into the sleeping mass, had crawled away out of the firelight. The Police compensated for their want of activity in charging by the noise they made, which was perhaps more effective, shouting, 'Bring up the Horse Artillery! Bring up the cavalry!' until I commanded silence. The private cavalry soldier behaved well until, having wounded a rebel, he saw blood flow, when he became idiotic at the sight, falling on the guide, whom he mistook for one of the enemy. Eventually, to save the guide, I had to knock the soldier down

with my fist by a blow under the jaw. . . . When we rejoined the horse-holders, I left the non-effectives to find their way back to Sindhara, which I reached at daylight, the three prisoners, including the goldsmith held for ransom, having got back a quarter of an hour sooner, of which fact I was apprised by Chemmun Singh's wife kissing my boots as I re-entered the village. I rode into Bersia rapidly, suffering from faceache. I had ridden 86 miles since I had left the dinner-table on the 27th, and Nature declined to answer any longer to the demands made on my constitution."

Such is the modest account given by Sir Evelyn of an incident which in many ways recalls that of Kolapore Kerr; and as he understated the number of rebels in his report, lest he might have been accused of rashness, it is doubtful that he would have received the Cross even then if Lieutenant Bradford had not returned their strength at 83!

Sir Richard Shakespeare had something to say about that night adventure in a dispatch, and Lieutenant Wood had already found his way into his comrades' hearts, there as in the Crimea, but still the V.C., for which he was again recommended, came not, and shortly afterwards he resigned his position in the Indian service through a disagreement with Colonel Shakespeare, who had praised him so highly.

On his arrival in England, however, he found that he had been gazetted, September 4th, 1860, and since then he has made a reputation for magnificent soldierly qualities second to none in the service.

Many of us who witnessed the review after the Egyptian campaign can remember the shouts of "Evelyn Wood!" as he rode down Parliament Street in his white helmet.

CHAPTER XXIII

Pluck!

S. Shaw, Butler, Davis.

Three actions rewarded by the Victoria Cross must close the record of Mutiny heroes, for we have the fortunes of our troops to follow in many other lands.

Sir Colin Campbell was besieging Lucknow, and one by one the strongholds of the mutineers were falling into his hands, for the last time.

Part of his force had crossed the Goomtee, a brave rush had been made on the rebels' guns that commanded our advanced position, and they had been spiked, but our skirmishers were not aware of it.

From the white houses and quaint, grotesque kiosks, the lane ends, and the palaces, a heavy musketry fire dimpled the brown river, and kept our surgeons busy as man after man was wounded. The skirmishers had to be informed of our success, and a young lieutenant named Butler, of the 1st Bengal Fusiliers, made up his mind to do it.

Throwing off his blue jacket, and appearing in a shirt, the colour of which had not been improved by action, he entered the river and swam for the opposite side.

Corpses floated on the current: most of the Indian rivers had their burden of dead at that time. The risk was great, but he reached the bank in safety, and,

scrambling on to the parapet, waved his arms for a signal.

For some time he stood braving the bullets that pinged by him, until our men saw him and understood, and for that deed he was mentioned in general orders and got the V.C.

Action number two reveals a different phase of valour, and was performed by a private of the Black Watch, at Ruhiya, in April, 1858.

The affair was sadly bungled by the commanding officer there, but James Davis had nothing to do with that; he was a simple private in the light company, and was lying down under one of those magnificent trees that covered the country about the frowning fort.

When there, two engineer officers asked for some men to accompany them while they went forward to find where a breach might be made for the artillery, and Davis was one of the party, under Lieutenant Alfred Jennings Bramley, of Tunbridge Wells.

Behind a garden ditch, under the fort walls, the little knot of Highlanders stayed, until the rebels came out to cut them off in force, and, shouting, "Pick off the leader, while I run down and tell Macleod," the lieutenant bolted away to the captain of the company for supports.

The mutineers fired heavily, and a bullet entered Bramley's temple, stretching him senseless on the ground, and though one of the Highlanders shot the leader of the sortie, they had to fall back in haste.

"We can't leave him," said Macleod sorrowfully, looking down on the wounded boy, brave to a fault, and a great favourite in the regiment; "who will take him out?"

Private Davis volunteered, asking another man

named Eadie to "give him a hand," and, as he was doing so, Eadie was shot in the head, his blood pouring down Davis's back.

A comrade dragged the poor fellow away, and Captain Macleod, seeing the red stain, asked Davis if he were wounded.

"I don't think I am," was the reply, the party all the while under heavy musketry.

"Then will you still take him out?" said the captain, and the private answered "Yes."

"Clutch tight round my neck, sir," he said, getting the then conscious officer on to his back again, and starting to run; but on the way the lieutenant's watch dropped out, and though the bullets were flying about, raising dust clouds and ripping off the leaves overhead, Davis sat down gingerly until he managed to reach it, and then continued on his way until he met a man named Dods, who carried Bramley in, only to die during the night.

Returning through the fire, Davis helped to bring Eadie back to the company, and, after that, to get his rifle, the party firing a volley before they abandoned their perilous position.

I do not think I have come across a more striking instance of perfect disregard of danger in the whole course of my researches.

Last comes a hand-to-hand business after the action at Nawabgunge; one of the good old "cut and come again" combats that one scarcely ever hears of now.

In a tope, where the shadow of overhanging branches made the shade more intense, from the fierceness of the sun outside, there stood a ghazi, or fanatic, one of the most dangerous class of rebels our men ever came to close quarters with, and with

his back to a tree he was flourishing a tulwar, keen as a razor's edge, and defying us.

Someone shot at him; the blood spurted, and his fury increased, until Sapper Shaw, 3rd Battalion Rifle Brigade, stepped into the lists to tackle him, armed with the short sword carried by his rank.

Men round about stood still and looked on. Sam Shaw was a resolute fellow, and if he did not kill the ghazi, the ghazi would kill him—that much was certain; and at it they went, Shaw, in his green, European clothing which the Rifles were wearing in India at that time, the ghazi a waving mass of drapery and black, lean limbs, active and lithe as a serpent.

Sparks were struck out of the blades; round they circled, hewing and thrusting, Shaw breathing hard, and the fanatic hissing curses.

A heavy blow on the head brought the blood streaming down the pioneer's face, and he was ugly to look upon; then, thoroughly exasperated, he flung himself on the ghazi, grappled him in his strong arms, and literally sawed the life out of him with the serrated back of his sapper's sword.

CHAPTER XXIV

A Short Outline of the War in New Zealand, and the Story of some Crosses Won there in the Bush and the Pahs

LUCAS, MACKENNA, J. RYAN, MITCHELL, MCNEILL, MANLEY, TEMPLE, PICKARD, F. A. SMITH.

DURING the year 1860, and for several years afterwards, we were engaged in a series of remarkable campaigns against a brave race of natives, the Maoris of New Zealand, and though in the end we were victorious, the war was protracted from two reasons: the determined resistance of the enemy, and the difficult nature of the country itself.

If we would believe the reports of our colonists, in no matter what quarter of the globe, the particular race of aborigines they have to cope with are always the vilest and most bloodthirsty set of wretches unhanged, and after foolishly embroiling themselves, generally from their own faults, they appeal to the Mother Country to help them with arms and men, and we are drawn into unfortunate wars which never ought to arise.

So it was in New Zealand. The Maoris are a fine people, whose natural cruelty is very capable of being toned down if properly handled; but it was the old story of the settler and the savage, and the actual cause of the war was a small piece of land, one mile square, at the mouth of the Waitara River,

Taranaki, North Island, purchased from, and paid for to, one Taera, the whole tribe afterward claiming a vested interest in it, which led to serious complications.

A handful of troops went out to settle matters, and after some minor operations, met with an irritating reverse at the hands of tattooed warriors armed with fowling-pieces and double-barrelled guns, but without a single bayonet or a piece of cannon.

People in England could not understand why our men did not follow through the bush and exterminate the Maoris; but that bush constituted one of the principal difficulties we had to surmount; for, as an officer who knew it well, says, "a European, going into it about twenty yards, and turning round three times, is quite at a loss to find his way out again, unless he is somewhat of an Indian pathfinder, and can judge of the points of the compass by the bark of the trees, sun, etc."

Magnificent forests covered part of the land, where among the luxuriant tropical foliage parrakeets and grey warblers abounded, and the wood pigeon had its nest.

These forests alternated with vast tracts of waving fern and tall green flax, five feet in height; supplejacks and other creepers lying in wait to trip up the unwary; our men held on by each other's coat tails at night time to guard against straying from the path, for to such as did so there often came a cruel death among the thick undergrowth and swamps, some being found without heads, and Captain Ross with his heart cut out.

In the volcanic region of Taranaki, or New Plymouth, as it used to be called, the war was first waged; and, after some desultory fighting, there

happened an incident which might have ended very differently but for the action of one man, Colour-Sergeant John Lucas, 40th Regiment, a fine, well-set-up fellow with eighteen years' service, and a native of the South of Ireland.

Some thirty men went out, on a March morning, 1861, near the Waitara River to look for the enemy; and when they had filed across an open space and plunged into a ravine clothed with bush and fern, a heavy fire was opened on them from a mysterious and hidden foe.

Captain Richards threw his party into skirmishing order, and they fired wherever a puff of smoke rose from the Maoris' concealment; but they were at a great disadvantage, while the enemy potted them one after another.

Lieutenant Rees picked up the rifle of a wounded man, and was aiming coolly, when a ball struck him in the right groin, a most dangerous and most painful spot; and the colour-sergeant sent him to the rear in charge of one of the men.

Three wounded lay groaning on the ground; and to cover them until help arrived, the gallant fellow took post behind a tree, and kept up a brisk fire for fifteen minutes with two men who remained with him, the Maoris taking careful shots at thirty yards' range whenever he showed himself, one bullet severing a trailing creeper six inches above his head.

Many of the enemy fell before his deadly rifle, and it is recorded that of the wounded of his party one only survived; but he was eventually relieved by a force from the redoubt, and the moral lesson was not lost upon the foe.

He was made sergeant-major not long afterwards,

and presented with the Cross at Auckland by General Cameron in person.

Isolated parties were not always so fortunate in that war; and we read of another sergeant, with twenty-five men of the 40th, who piled their arms in charge of the sentry, and were so busy bush cutting that the Maoris crept up and captured all the rifles except one stand.

Possessed of great imitative powers, the Maoris fired a rifle at sunset each night, after the example set by our gun; and, like the Cossacks, who discharged their pieces to show the enemy how remarkably wide awake they were, the native sentinels could be heard the night through calling at intervals, for the same reason, "I see you, you dogs! Come on and fight! Come on!"

Sergeant Mackenna, a Yorkshireman of Irish descent, had been seventeen years in the ranks of the 65th Regiment, when he found himself suddenly called upon to take command of a party at a very hazardous moment, his officer, Captain Swift, being mortally hit when attacking a large body of the enemy, who had just murdered three whites and several women and children.

"Are you wounded, sir?" he exclaimed, as he saw his officer and friend lying in a heap among the trees.

"Oh, yes, Mackenna—very severely! Never mind loading; take my revolver and lead on the men!" whispered Captain Swift. And shouting:

"Men, the captain is wounded; charge!" the sergeant, mad with grief, ran out at the head of his slender thirty-seven, and drove the Maoris up a hill until they disappeared in the bush and began to fire from a host of secret hiding-places.

There were a couple of hundred of them to be

held at bay until the four men under Corporal Ryan, left to guard the captain and Lieutenant Butler, should be rescued by the advance guard somewhere away among the brushwood; and Mackenna trusted to the reports of their rifles to give warning of the deadly peril they were all in.

Chancing upon a deserted camp of the enemy, they made a breastwork of potato kits and sacking, and held their ground with great determination, picking the Maoris out of the tree tops and from their lairs in the fern, until about six o'clock in the evening, when, as darkness was at hand, retreat became absolutely necessary.

Many wild suggestions were advanced by different men of the party; and when they began to retire by the way they had come, a heavy fire showed that the path was occupied.

Several had been wounded, and one or two killed outright; but Mackenna did not lose heart, and at a quarter past six he led his little band, carrying the sufferers tenderly, down the hill into some dense scrub on the other side of the valley, finding the splay-footed tracks of the savages on the bank of a clear stream there, in whose tranquil bosom the stars were reflected brightly.

Soon afterwards they lost the path, and, ordering them to put on their greatcoats, after a strict caution not to light a pipe, he and his men sat down in square to spend the night in perfect silence—all but two, who had wandered away, and were lost.

Meanwhile Corporal Ryan, with Privates Talbot and Bulford, lay beside Captain Swift, who stifled his own moaning until seven in the evening, when, after saying to the corporal, "Give me your hand," he pressed it, and fell into the sleep of death.

An Anxious Night

At daybreak they covered the body with leaves to save it from the Maoris, and, luckily, met the rescue party, who never expected to find one of them alive.

The night wore on, and grew bitterly cold; the fern fronds rustled suspiciously, and the toé-toé grass moved at times as if the stealthy savages were gliding through it; but still Sergeant Mackenna sat motionless, listening to the faintest sound, having done all that was possible, and content to leave the rest in the hands of Providence.

Away in another place Privates Thomas and Cole watched beside Mr. Butler, whose wound was very painful; and not only did they wrap him with their greatcoats, but Thomas added his blue serge frock, and spent the remainder of the time shivering in undershirt and trousers.

It behoves regimental officers, if from only selfish motives, where no higher ones appeal, to win the respect and affection of their men; for, once gained, there is nothing Tommy Atkins will not do for them; while on the other hand, if they render themselves unpopular and obnoxious, they run a good chance of being shot from the rear when in action, the fate of far more in the past than is generally supposed.

At daybreak they all continued their retreat, and arrived in sight of a search-party of the 65th soon after eight; afterwards rescuing one of the missing men, Whittle, who had been sixty hours without food, and finding the body of the other, a private named Bryne, stone dead, with five bullets in his body.

Sergeant Mackenna received a commission and the V.C.; Corporal Ryan was gazetted, but was drowned near Tuaken before he got the Cross, when trying to save a drunken comrade; while Bulford,

Talbot, Cole, and Thomas gained the Medal for Distinguished Conduct in the field as a reward for their long night vigil beside the wounded and dead.

"In all this desperate affair, Mackenna," said an interviewer to the gallant sergeant, "did you ever think of your wife and children?"

"Not once, sir," he replied. "She asked me the same question the first time we met, and seemed a little put out when I gave her the same answer; but she understood it afterwards. In the excitement of an engagement a soldier can only think of immediate duty. When danger is past, he feels how grateful he ought to be to Him who has preserved his life for those who are dearer to him than life itself."

Captain Swift had been instrumental in organising a corps of Forest Rangers, who did good service under a very brave German named Von Tempsky, himself destined to be shot.

In one action a Maori, hidden in the branches of a tree, fired at a man of the 13th, the ball piercing his Crimean ribbon, and tearing its way to his heart. Von Tempsky brought the native down by a good aim; and, seeing that he was not dead, drew the bowie-knife he always carried, and finished him, saying: "There; you vill never kill anoder Englishman!"

At Rangiriri fifty men of the Royal Artillery were called upon to storm the Pah with swords and revolvers, led by Captain Mercer, a magnificent soldier, whom every bombardier would have followed had he taken them to certain death.

Unhappily for the service, a bullet carried away his lower jaw; and he lay exposed to a terrific fire, enduring agonies too awful for description.

Everyone who attempted to cross the opening in

the parapet was instantly shot, except Lieutenant Pickard, R.A., who won the Cross for his devotion to the wounded, and Assistant-Surgeon Temple, R.A., who, with Pickard, went out and rendered every possible attention that skill and friendship could suggest, the onlookers breathing a sigh of relief as they saw the doctor gain the captain's side, and kneel to dress the ghastly wound under the same fire that had inflicted it.

Temple's action gained him the Victoria Cross, but Mercer was beyond all earthly aid when he reached him, and after it was over, and they brought Mrs. Mercer to him to take a last farewell, he wrote in pencil, for he could not speak, "Do not grieve for me, I die contented, and resigned to God's will."

Resignation and determination were also to be found among the Maoris, and on one occasion, when Captain Greaves had fired at a brown head that peeped above a parapet, he searched for the man inside when the Pah had been taken, and discovered him with a ball between the eyes, his leg broken in a previous engagement having been roughly bound up with flax and a tent peg by way of splint, so that he might go on fighting to the end.

Death was certain to any who fell into the Maoris' hands, and it chanced that Lieut.-Colonel J. Carstairs McNeill, of the 107th Regiment, with his orderly, Private Vosper, of the Colonial Defence Force, came suddenly upon fifty of them on the road from Te Awamuta.

When the ping ping of the bullets began, and their numbers were seen, the officer and his attendant turned to gallop back; but Vosper's horse went down and rolled him into a potato-pit hidden among the

fern, and the Maoris ran towards him with cries of triumph destined to be short.

Colonel McNeill rode after the horse, and caught it, which Vosper himself could not have done in time, and helping him to mount, they saved themselves with difficulty by a mad gallop, with the dust clouds from the bullets all round them, until they eventually reached an English party levelling an abandoned pah.

Our troops, after sailing round the fine coast of the North Island, were landed in Poverty Bay district, in the Province of Auckland; and across the peninsula of Te Papa the Maoris had built a stockade, known as the Gate Pah, with a long rifle pit extending from their left almost to the sea beach.

April, usually so bright and sunny there, showed a dull grey dawn on the 29th, mist shrouding the distant hills and a drizzly rain falling.

From half-past seven until four o'clock in the afternoon our artillery poured a heavy fire upon the Pah, the Maoris seeking shelter in the holes and tunnels with which the place was riddled; and, taking advantage of low tide the night before, the 68th Regiment and some men of the Naval Brigade, had moved silently round to their left rear unknown to them, with orders not to open fire until the enemy had been driven past them by our storming column.

The Maoris remained so quiet that we thought the shells had slain them all, but a breach having been made, the Fighting Forty-third and a party of Blue-jackets set out at four o'clock, and as they neared the Pah, a brisk fusillade upon them showed that some of the natives, at any rate, remained alive.

With a rousing cheer we sped on to the breach, stormed it gallantly after crossing the ditch, and with

flashing bayonets drove the foe helter-skelter out at the back of the Pah, which they left by its right rear.

So far, all went well. Tars and light infantry mingled in pursuit, and the Maoris were streaming away across the front of the concealed 68th, under Colonel Greer, when suddenly the latter began to blaze away without waiting for the enemy to pass them, as General Cameron had commanded.

The 68th's bullets fell not only into the flying foe, but among our own men, and seeing the loss we were suffering, a naval officer shouted to his party, "Retire," which they did back into the Pah. The Maoris, caught between two fires, and perceiving the momentary confusion, returning and following us in.

Then from holes and hidden rifle-pits other natives sprang, tomahawk in hand. The place seemed alive with them, and taken unawares, the storming column rushed out again and tore through the breach back to our lines.

The supports were ordered up, but the tide had turned and everything was in confusion.

Commander Hamilton, of the *Esk*, sprang forward, crying, "Follow me, men!" and fell dead; Booth, of the 43rd was down, shot through the spine and arm; two brothers named Glover, the sons of a clergyman, were killed, almost in each other's arms, as one was trying to carry the other away when he was shot, and the only glory gained there that drizzly evening was by a seaman and a surgeon; the former being Samuel Mitchell, captain of the foretop of H.M.S. *Harrier,* doing duty as captain's coxswain.

When Commander Hay fell mortally wounded, Mitchell refused to leave him, in spite of the dying man's orders and entreaties, and though the danger

was terrific, he carried him away in his strong embrace, and eventually brought the breathless body safely into camp, to be reported by Commodore Sir William Wiseman, and to be gazetted to the Victoria Cross the following July.

Assistant-Surgeon William G. Nicholas Manley, R.A., proved himself worthy of the name he bore, for he not only risked his life with Mitchell to save Commander Hay, but voluntarily returned to the stockade again to dress the wounded, being one of the very last to leave the Pah.

He was also awarded the Victoria Cross, and the Humane Society's medal for another deed of mercy later in the war.

As for General Cameron, afterwards most unjustly abused by the English papers, he flung his field-glass on to the ground, and strode away to the tent to hide his sorrowful indignation.

Seven officers of the 43rd and some of the Navy remained in the enemy's hands that night, the Maoris yelling and shouting for some time, until a deathlike silence fell over the Pah, and Major Greaves, of the 70th, stole up to find it abandoned.

At daybreak we entered, and one of the first things seen was the tall figure of Colonel Booth, leaning, dying, against the wall.

To save himself from mutilation, he had whipped his fingers into his mouth and drawn off the rings, which were found between his teeth, and a dark whisper was current among the 43rd that the enemy had set him up there for a target.

He was a fine, handsome man, yet very unpopular in the regiment by reason of his unbending severity and the freedom with which he inflicted the lash; but before he died he said to the general, "I endeavoured

to carry out your orders, sir. I am sorry I have failed. I at least tried to do my duty."

"And you have done so nobly," was the general's reply.

That is the true story of the disaster at the Gate Pah, and its cause, though many attempts have been made to gloss it over by blaming the 43rd for the disobedience of another regiment.

Not long afterwards, the 43rd had an opportunity of retrieving their prestige, on the edge of a ravine at Tuaranga, where in half an hour they left 150 dead Maoris to be buried, and Captain Smith, A Company, won the V.C. by springing into a rifle-pit and engaging single-handed among the active foe.

He was colonel of the regiment some years later, but, discipline growing lax in the Light Bobs, he was soon succeeded by a sterner hand.

When Sir Trevor Chute entered into command in New Zealand, the war assumed a very different phase, and his bush fighting was masterly.

He routed the rebels out of one place after another, and was here, there, and everywhere in splendid style, so that, though now and again there have been isolated cases of murder and disturbance, the Maori power was finally broken, their red flag, emblazoned with cross, crescent, and star, hauled down, and the settlers live at peace.

A few years since I met and chatted about that war with a general who had commanded the 50th Regiment out there, and shortly afterwards there came to me from some relatives in New Zealand a tarnished button belonging to the "dirty half hundred," which button had a history.

For twenty-seven years it had lain in the earth on the mouldering uniform of a dead man; I believe he

had been buried on my friends' estate, at any rate they lighted on him after a lapse of time, and it was not a little strange that there should come into my possession a relic of one of the very men whose actions their old colonel had described to me, while relic and man were lying in that lonely grave so many thousands of miles away.

A species of Colonial V.C. was struck after the war: a silver Maltese cross, with a gold star on each limb, and "New Zealand" in a gold laurel wreath. Only twenty were issued, and they are worth considerably more than their weight in gold to-day. One, granted to a trooper of the Taranaki Mounted Volunteers named Antonio Rodriquez, for great gallantry and devotion to the wounded, was sold in London, April, 1910, for £235.

CHAPTER XXV

A Chapter of Incidents, in Action and Out

O'Hea, Hodge, Gordon—Douglas, Murphy, Bell, Cooper, Griffiths, 24th Regiment.

On the 19th of June, 1866, an action was performed by a private of the Rifle Brigade which, although not happening in war-time, was of such gallantry that a Supplemental Warrant was enforced, and the V.C. most deservedly awarded.

On a siding at Danville Station, near Quebec, a railway van was standing, with smoke curling lightly away through some chinks in the woodwork, and the awful part of it was, the van was laden with several tons of powder and ammunition, thus imperilling the lives of everyone within reach, and threatening any minute to explode and shatter half the town.

While others were helpless and dismayed, Private Timothy O'Hea, with the noblest self-devotion, set to work to break in the door, and those who saw him and realised the chances stood speechless, expecting momentarily to witness his annihilation.

The flames, confined inside the van, were heating the cases; death was very near to that brave Irishman, and he knew it; but after a little time he wrenched the carriage door open, and procuring water, eventually got the fire under.

The action was not performed in the presence of the enemy, but it was accounted so plucky, and the

service he had rendered was so incalculably great, that Timothy O'Hea broke the record, and became a V.C. man. I am not sure whether his valour does not even exceed many a thing done in the heat of battle.

The second man of colour to receive the Victoria Cross was a coal-black negro named Samuel Hodge, a native of one of the West India Islands.

He belonged to the 4th West Indian Regiment, now disbanded, and went on a punitive expedition with his corps against one of the African tribes, on the River Gambia, in 1866.

Led by the Governor of Gambia, Colonel George Abbas Kooli D'Arcy, the 4th stormed a blockaded town, in company with the Gambia Volunteers, and had a very warm quarter of an hour, for the natives fired so vigorously from their palisade that Lieutenants Kelly and Jenkins and four privates were killed, and sixty more badly wounded.

Left almost alone in the breach, the colonel raged and roared, and would not retire, and Hodge, who was badly hit, handed him muskets, with which he kept up fire until his men rallied and stormed it again.

Once inside, the negroes had to face several barriers, which Hodge broke down one after another; the big West Indian was in his element, and he is an awkward animal to encounter when his blood is up.

The stockade was full of smoke from end to end, and through it, dimly seen, the black zouaves swept their way with fierce low shouts.

Many such a long-forgotten hand-to-hand fight has the swampy mangrove-fringed coast of western Africa witnessed, brave actions only to be unearthed to-day in musty old Army Lists and mildewed memoirs no one ever reads.

Three hundred of the enemy lay dead and dying

after the 4th had done, and as they left the place, Colonel D'Arcy presented Samuel Hodge to his comrades, telling them that he was the "bravest man in the corps," which produced a loud cheer.

To the colonel the merchants of Bathurst presented a sword of honour, valued at 120 guineas, inscribed on the shining blade: "For his devoted bravery at the stockaded town of Tubabecolong, and to mark their appreciation of his government," while Hodge received the Victoria Cross, which he wore with true negro pride to the day of his death.

As recently as March, 1892, another coloured man won the same honour at Toniataba on the Gambia, when the 1st West India were battering down the gate of the town with a heavy beam.

Major G. Colquhoun Madden, who joined the regiment as sub-lieutenant in 1875, and now wears the gold-and-white enamelled Distinguished Service Order, was superintending the work, and had turned his head for a moment, when from a row of masked loopholes the enemy protruded their rifle barrels, some of them only a few feet from the major.

Corporal Gordon saw the danger, and throwing himself in front of his officer, cried, "Look out, sir! look out!" receiving a bullet through his lungs, which stretched him at the major's feet.

His noble devotion saved that gentleman from almost certain death; and, by tender nursing, the corporal was pulled round, and is alive to-day, as proud of his V.C. as Hodge, his black predecessor.

Another display of gallantry was deemed worthy of the Cross, although it could hardly be said to have taken place in action; and a surgeon and four privates of the 24th Regiment were decorated under peculiar circumstances.

A force had been sent to the Andaman Islands to inquire into the supposed murder of the captain and seven of the crew of the *Assam Valley*, whose graves, in fact, they discovered there.

The Andamans lie in the Bay of Bengal, wild, surf-beaten islets, on whose shores the waves are always booming with a thunderous roar, rendering the landing dangerous to a degree, and when the party tried to regain their vessel, they could not, Assistant-Surgeon Douglas and the four privates manning the second gig and pulling in to help them.

The boat soon filled, and they had to bale for their lives; but, nothing daunted, they set her nose for land again, and rowed hard.

Huge curling breakers foamed on the shingle, sending up clouds of spray to a great height; but they managed to drag five men into the gig and get out with them through the surf in safety.

Standing in the bows, to mark the exact moment when to pull, the surgeon worked his boat with great coolness; and, drenched to the skin, they landed within the line of surf a third time, and took the remaining party on board. Heavily laden, they put her round again, knowing that to capsize meant the drowning of most of them; but so great was their leader's judgment, and so well did they second him, that, after an exciting battle with the furious sea, the boat rode once more in smooth water outside the surf, and the five brave men saved in all an officer and seventeen soldiers.

So great was the risk, and so gallantly did they encounter it, that each of their names now swell the roll, which places their regiment at the head of the list, as the possessor of sixteen Victoria Crosses, one of the five, Griffiths, being killed at Isandhlwana!

CHAPTER XXVI

Some V.C. Men of the Afghan War

COOK, HAMILTON, MULLANE, COLLIS, REV. J. W. ADAMS

FROM November, 1878, to September, 1880, with the exception of three months' peace in the summer of 1879, we were engaged in a fierce hill war with the Afghans.

The causes of that war are too complex to enter into here. Russian aggression and the supposed safety of our Indian Empire were really at the bottom of it; and we tried to foist a British resident envoy on the Ameer in his capital.

Shere Ali objected, and welcomed a Russian representative; whereupon we attempted to establish our envoy by force of arms, and succeeded up to a certain point.

Shere Ali practically abdicated in favour of his son, Yakoub Khan, whom he had previously imprisoned for years, and died in February, 1879, after a painful illness.

Relations were not much improved with the new ruler; but eventually he allowed us to settle Sir Louis Cavagnari in his dominions, with a small escort of Guides under Lieutenant W. R. P. Hamilton.

The mission was unpopular both with Ameer and people. One September day Cavagnari was attacked in the Residency, and, after a brilliant struggle, every man of the party was slain.

To avenge this, Major-General Roberts, V.C., left

Simla, and took command of a not very strong force, with which, however, he did such great things in one of the most trying lands in which we have ever fought, that his name is now a household word with us, and wellnigh as popular as was Wellington's to a former generation of Englishmen.

We cannot follow him through all the winding valleys, among the stern snow-clad peaks and passes, and over the icy streams that rush madly down their stony beds. Suffice it that he fought his way to Cabul, passing through forests of ilex and sombre woods of pine, by red and yellow cliffs, and gorges whose turf was gay with many flowers, storming the ridges with his kilted Highlanders and active Goorkhas, and eventually standing sorrowfully among the ruins of the Residency at the Bala Hissar.

Yakoub Khan abdicated as his father had done, and was taken prisoner; and the general prepared to winter up in the high land of Afghanistan, isolated from all assistance, and to quell the various Sirdars who were turning the country upside down.

After much exciting work, and a stirring march from Candahar by Sir Donald Stewart, the English Government decided to appoint an Ameer to the vacant throne, who should be able to rule his people and be loyal to British interests as well. The choice fell on Abdurrahman, who was formally accepted by the friendly chiefs, and the British army was withdrawn; a short period of calm ensued, to be rudely broken by the terrible affair of Maiwand in the summer of 1880.

A weak British force occupied Candahar, then recently acquired by us, and the native Governor sent to Brigadier-General Burrows, commanding there, for help against the banished Ayoub Khan,

who was coming from Herat to disturb matters once more; and the Governor's army mutinying, Burrows marched out with 2,300 men, and reached the left bank of the Helmund on the 11th of July.

General Burrows had received orders to attack Ayoub, if he felt strong enough to beat him; but, from a delay in leaving Kushki-i-Nakhud, and a combination of mistakes, we got one of the severest thrashings on record on an arid plain, near the village of Maiwand, losing 964 out of 2,476, several guns, and a multitude of followers, being, moreover, pursued in disorderly retreat, and besieged in Candahar.

Then began the renowned march to Candahar, when General Roberts led his relieving column of 10,000 men from Cabul to Robat, 303 miles in twenty days, the thermometer registering 84° to 92° in the shade, the general suffering from fever during the last long leagues.

On the 31st of August he reached Candahar, and fought a battle there next day which ended the war, as far as we were concerned, Abdurrahman settling Ayoub Khan the following year on his own account, and driving him into Persia.

And now, after this long preamble, we will glance at some of the deeds that were afterwards rewarded by the Victoria Cross.

But first let me mention an instance of coolness, under fire, of one who lived to gain the V.C. in another war, Lord William Beresford, then aide-de-camp to the Viceroy of India, who had obtained a month's leave, and spent it in accompanying Sir Samuel Browne, V.C., up the Khyber Pass; about as lively a holiday as mortal man could wish.

Browne led his brigade against the Ali Musjid along the right-hand side of the defile, high up on a

rocky ridge; Appleyard led *his* brigade up the left side, along another elevated path, and between the two lay the gorge, deep down below, with a rushing torrent at the bottom, and a different rushing in the air, for the Afghans in the fort were firing along its length, their shells bursting repeatedly beneath the marching columns.

General Browne wanted to communicate with his confrère over on the other ridge as they neared the fort, and Beresford volunteered.

"Very well," said the general. "I want you to get over as quickly as possible; but you'd better make a detour to the rear before you cross the valley."

"All right, sir."

And the aide-de-camp dismounted; but, instead of the detour, he clambered down the almost perpendicular cliff among the exploding shells, as calmly as if he were deerstalking—more so, in fact; and, though frequently hidden by the dust and smoke, sat down on a rock by the stream, took off boots and stockings, waded through, and replaced them on the other side, relacing his boots under a rattling shell hail, and, lighting a cigarette, climbed the opposite hill, remaining to fight there with Appleyard's men after he had delivered his message!

It was a dark December morning as the Kurram Field Force wound into the ravine of the Spingwi Khotal, whose rocky sides were thickly clothed with pine-trees, the 5th Goorkhas leading, under Major Fitzhugh and Captain Cook, expecting every moment to fall in with the enemy, and coming all at once on a stockade of felled timber from which a fire was opened.

"Front form company!" was the cry, and with

a Goorkha howl, they stormed the barrier in the barely visible light of dawn.

Out of the first stockade the little black men cleared them, and, stimulated by the two officers, who were hewing and slashing in the middle of the Afghans, chased them for eighty yards to another stockade, where the same thing was repeated, amid such a babel of shouts and rifle reports, and screams and scrimmages as has seldom rung through those lonely regions, so solemn in their almost unknown grandeur of primeval deodars and scented pines.

A splendid fight took place at the second barrier, and during its progress Major Galbraith, Assistant-Adjutant-General, was attacked by a powerful Duranee Afghan, who aimed at his heart.

Knocking aside the rifle, the major attempted to shoot him, but the revolver failed at the critical moment, and, if Captain Cook had not sped up, the major would have been slain on the spot.

Cook instantly closed with the man, who sent his bayonet at his breast, but the officer was too quick for him, and, dashing it aside, seized the muzzle with his left hand and plied his sword with the other.

With a grip of iron the man seized the captain's sword arm in *his* turn, and there followed a struggle in the grey of the December morning between two well-matched brawny antagonists.

Suddenly clutching him by the throat, Cook threw him on his back, and over they rolled many times, until the Afghan bit Cook's sword arm with his teeth, and, hurling him over, shortened his bayonet to give the final stroke, but—there is luckily often a "but" in these cases—a Goorkha came to the rescue and blew out the foeman's brains.

Captain Cook became Major Cook, V.C., but just

a year later he was wounded mortally in the leg, and died five days afterwards near Cabul.

His last act was to write a few pathetic lines to the Indian Government, asking them to continue to a dearly loved sister the small annuity he had allowed her out of his pay, which they did, to their honour be it said.

At Kujja, near Futtehabad, Brigadier-General C. J. S. Gough, V.C., whose valour we have seen in the Mutiny, fought a very smart action, highly creditable to his skill as a commander and to the bravery of the "Invincibles," as his men were called.

During a charge of the Guides, Major Wigram Battye fell, shot twice in the left thigh and then through the heart.

He was one of five brothers, all in the Service, and the Chitral expedition completed the roll of four out of the five who have been killed in action.

Greatly beloved by his men, a wild cry of rage went up as his body was seen to fall out of the saddle, and Lieutenant Hamilton of his troop shouted to the sowars to avenge him.

There was a stern rush, and the dark faces grew savage and remorseless under their blue turbans as the khaki line swept into the Afghans.

As Hamilton and a Guide, named Dowlat Ram, bore down on a group of brown-uniformed foemen, standing together in a bold attempt to resist the rush, one fired, and the sowar's Arab fell, rolling over and over in agony, the man's leg getting entangled in the bridle and stirrup-leather.

With a whoop the knot of Afghans were upon him, but Hamilton pulled round in time to jump his charger into their midst and sabre the first within reach of his strong young arm.

Another he killed with his point as he was about to stab the sowar, and a third fired at him point blank, but another Guide chanced to knock up his rifle, and Hamilton got in again with the reeking blade.

Up they hauled the sowar from his dead horse, and, catching a riderless one passing at the time, Dowlat Ram joined Hamilton in the charge again, when they pursued the enemy far over the plain, the 10th Hussars, also in khaki, with khaki-covered helmets, and blue puttees, clearing those who had gathered beyond a ravine.

Although recommended for the V.C., Lieutenant Hamilton was refused, and it was only granted after he had fought the murderous hordes in the Bala Hissar, and been barbarously slain, with Cavagnari and the rest.

It is a startling chapter, that of the burning Residency, and of the little garrison driven by the flames from room to room until they reached the courtyard, beyond whose gates a howling mob, more cruel even than the fire itself, clamoured for their blood.

It is thrilling to read of the gate burst open, and Hamilton, with sword and revolver, trying to cut his way through the throng—for what?

Freedom he could not have hoped to win; not one in that city would be a friend to him; they were alone and they had to die, and they wished to die in the open where there was room to breathe for the last time, to strike a last good British blow, and finish bravely.

With sword and revolver he was in the middle of them; a shot, a thrust, another shot, two of the rascals down, and a third for company.

It was over in an instant, one against a hundred, but he stretched four dead, and in the last rush some others must have dropped; then he staggered and sank, slashed in almost every part of the body; and when he was dead and gone he was gazetted V.C.

He was an old Felstead boy, and a few years ago my permission was asked to reprint the above account in the school magazine.

It is good that the memory of one of the finest fighters the Service ever had should be kept green in his old playing-fields.

The Reverend James William Adams, B.A., was one of the most deservedly popular chaplains that ever accompanied a British force into action, and there have been many, though somehow very little is heard of them or their deeds outside the Service itself.

He was a muscular, fresh-complexioned gentleman, and a keen sportsman; and he went up with the avenging column after the assassination of Sir Louis Cavagnari and the others at Cabul.

At a place called Killa Khazzi we came in contact with a force so strong that there was something very like a rout at one portion of the day, and, among others, the gallant 9th Lancers were badly cut up, losing their colonel, Cleland, and several officers.

Again and again they went into the fierce Afghans, but so irresistible was the tide that it was not possible to stem it, and our men were seen fighting in groups for their lives, the gay lance flags torn and bloody, as the flood surged closer and closer to our abandoned guns in the rear.

Chaplain Adams dismounted on seeing a young wounded lancer staggering towards him, and while

he was assisting the man, his own horse bolted, and left him to retreat on foot.

After getting the lancer on his way, Mr. Adams returned towards the front, and saw a terrific splashing at the bottom of a deep nullah, where two more lancers lay under their horses, being rolled and crushed to death as the poor brutes struggled to rise.

The Afghans were very close, their shouts were not only heard, but grew louder and louder in an increasing roar, mingled with firing and the busy noise of conflict; it was only a question of minutes before the men in the nullah would be pitilessly slain, so the chaplain sprang into it, waded waist deep in the water there, when, by dint of pulling and hauling, he got them both clear of the frantic horses, and they managed to crawl, drenched and exhausted, up the bank. Mr. Adams (the "fighting parson" they called him out there) was the only clergyman to whom the Cross has been granted, and, as such, was altogether a unique personage indeed.

He had been chaplain at Peshawur three times, and it was his favourite station.

In 1868-70, when he was first there, he received the thanks of the Government for his services during the terrible cholera outbreak, and in 1909 a brass tablet was erected to his memory in the church, the Viceroy being among the subscribers.

The portable altar which the padre used during the Afghan campaign was presented by his widow to the church at Stow Bridge, Norfolk, where he ministered after his retirement from the army, and Lord Roberts also erected a memorial to him there.

We have all seen Caton Woodville's grand picture "Saving the guns at Maiwand," and the recollection

of the tremendous "go" in the galloping horses, the ghastly wounded on the jolting limbers, the sergeant reeling with a frightful gash across his brow, and the dramatic slaughter going on in the background, brings us to a couple of Maiwand heroes, and the part they played.

One was Sergeant Patrick Mullane, Royal Horse Artillery, who, seeing Driver Pickwell Istead bleeding on the ground, took him up and placed him on the gun (where he died a few minutes later), at great personal risk to himself, afterwards going into the village during the retreat, and bringing water to the dying men under a heavy fire.

An interesting romance is connected with Mullane's Cross, which was included in the sale of Captain A. W. Buckingham's collection at Sotheby's on June 29th, 1904.

Mullane himself appeared in great tribulation. During his absence from the country, and under the belief that he was dead, his relatives had sold the decoration; but now, hearing the circumstances, the gallant officer withdrew the lot from auction and generously restored it to its rightful owner.

The other, Gunner James Collis, whose own account I shall quote in places, was also a wearer of the jacket, and when he left the army was for a time in the Corps of Commissionaires.

He belonged to E Battery, B Brigade, and was limber gunner when they went into the fatal plain.

"Action front!" was the command, and after a few rounds of common shell had been fired, the Afghans replied briskly, their first ball striking the near wheel of Collis's gun, killing one gunner, wounding another, and injuring Lieutenant Fowler, by way of a start.

A little later the limber-box was smashed by a shell, which also killed a wheel-horse, and the battery suffered severely, for at the spot where Collis was working, a sergeant and four gunners were killed, several riding-horses destroyed, and two other men so badly hit that only three were left at the gun.

About half-past one there was a slight panic among some of Jacob's Rifles, and a throng clustered round the battery for protection, some even crawling under the piece itself, but the enemy ceasing to fire, we did the same, and as they had worked round rather too close on our left, General Nuttall led the 3rd Scinde Horse, raised during the Indian Mutiny, in a charge against them, Gunner Smith mounting and riding with them.

When within 200 yards of the Afghans the dark green coats of the native sowars were seen to waver and go about, deliberately shirking it, and leaving their officers and the general alone.

Crying with rage, the general returned, but the gunner, evidently overcome with excitement, went on alone, and met his death, brilliantly, but uselessly.

Some hours after that, when things were going badly with us, the battery was charged by Afghan infantry, in brown with red facings, and there was a tussle among the guns, our fellows using handspikes and anything they could seize hold of, until Major Blackwood gave the word to retire.

Lieutenant Maclaine cried, "Retire be ——! Give them another round!" and whilst the rest limbered up and galloped back about 2,000 yards, Major Blackwood and Lieutenant Osborne, with the plucky Maclaine, remained in front, and after a few minutes the latter galloped back, leaving two guns in the hands of the enemy and his comrades dead beside them.

"Action rear!" he shouted, and two rounds of shrapnel were sent at the foe, but another officer who rode up said very wisely to Captain Slade, who had taken command, "If you stay here you'll lose those two guns, as Maclaine has lost his."

Again it was "limber up," and away they went at a rattling gallop, Collis on his limber, and such of the mounted men as survived riding close round the bounding cannon, as the enemy's cavalry tore down in pursuit.

Half hidden in the huge dust-cloud they raised, the sun blazing down on them, dripping from their violent exertions and lashing the teams furiously, they made for Candahar; a thundering flight, all regardless of the crowd of fugitives that blocked the way, or the sickening bump as a wheel passed over a fallen, perhaps still breathing, man.

There was no time for sentiment. The Afghans were close behind, and every nerve was strained to save the guns.

A flash like lightning, and a sabre has grazed Collis's left eyebrow; the bearded trooper wheeling round to come at him again.

There is a ready carbine tucked away snugly beside him, and Collis fires as the man dashes up within a few yards, knocking him clean off his horse, his money falling out of his turban into the dust, to be picked up by Trumpeter Jones, who dismounts in a moment, and lives to wear the Distinguished Service Medal and a corporal's stripes on his sleeve.

The pace slackened when the enemy had been left well in the rear. The remnant of the troops that stood firm were dying almost to a man, and there was no help for it. The 66th suffered cruelly, and one is obliged to admit that the British army had been

out-numbered, out-generalled, and severely beaten there.

The pursuit came up with the guns again after the dusk drew down, and Collis, who had gone to a village well for a much-needed drink, was obliged to attach himself to No. 2, his own gun having got ahead in the crowd.

With No. 2 he stuck all the way to Candahar, and several wounded did he place upon it, until it was heavily loaded with ten of the old brave "Berkshire," and a colonel whom the gunner did not know.

No food, no water, all through the weary night, and dawn did not improve matters, for there were still long miles to traverse before the city walls could give them shelter.

Many died of fatigue along the road, and if they stayed to rest a while, the clatter of hoofs behind in the darkness made them rise and stagger on; it was a lamentable business, disastrous alike to our honour and our arms, but there were many who, like Jim Collis, kept their wits about them and did good service to those who could not help themselves.

About four o'clock in the afternoon of the day following, No. 2 gun reached Kokeran, seven miles and a half from Candahar, and Collis procured some water at last for his wounded men, but when returning to the village a second time he saw some dozen of the enemy's cavalry approaching at a slow pace.

While the others whipped up the jaded team, he lay down in a little nullah with a rifle belonging to one of the 66th, and opened fire between two and three hundred yards.

The group halted and returned bullet for bullet, believing as Collis thinks, that there were several men concealed there, and giving him time and opportunity

to kill two of their number and a horse, and expend thirty-five cartridges in all.

When they were close to him, General Nuttall arrived with some native cavalry and sent them off, saying to our gunner, "You are a gallant young man. What is your name?"

"Gunner Collis, sir, of E of B, R.H.A.," was the reply, about which there was certainly nothing cut to waste, and it was entered there and then in the general's notebook; after which, Collis followed up the gun that his voluntary action had saved, and arrived with it at Candahar about seven that night.

That was not the only thing he did, though, out of the common; for again, in August, he volunteered to carry a message from the besieged garrison to General Dewberry, in the village, two hundred yards from the ditch. His offer being accepted after some hesitation, the plucky fellow was lowered some thirty or forty feet down the wall, being fired at meanwhile by the enemy's matchlock men not far off.

Landing unhurt, he ran into the thick of it, delivered his message, and was once more a living target as he shinned up the dangling rope, a ball cutting off the heel of his left boot before he reached the parapet, and had a drain from Colonel Burnet's flask, while the officers congratulated him warmly.

Unknown to him, General Roberts recommended him for the Victoria Cross, and, strangely enough, he received it on the first anniversary of the day when, all alone, he stayed behind in the nullah to draw the Afghans' fire on to himself, and give the wounded men on the gun a chance for their lives.

It is painful to record that this man has since been twice convicted, and he is now an inmate of Cambridge workhouse.

CHAPTER XXVII

The War in Zululand and the V.C.—The Dash with the Colour

MELVILL, COGHILL, WASSALL

THERE is not a page of England's military history, from first to last, more full of stirring heroism and heartrending sadness than that which tells of Zululand and the war of 1879.

All that is best and bravest is to be found there, side by side with appalling disaster; and while it is impossible here to trace every feature of the campaign, I shall attempt a short outline, introducing at their proper places some of the twenty-nine incidents for which the Victoria Cross was worthily awarded.

Separated only by the rushing Buffalo river from our colony of Natal, Zululand was tenanted by a martial race, whose whole organisation was a military one, every man being trained to arms and subjected to the severest discipline.

Black or brown in colour, stalwart and powerful, armed with assegais and clubs, and in some cases rifles—they were justly feared by the colonists; an old Boer farmer remarking at the outset of the war, "God save you, sir, from ever seeing a camp or homestead sacked by Zulus!"

Cetewayo, their king, enlightened in some ways, but nevertheless a bloodthirsty tyrant, assumed an aggressive attitude, and was known to be making

great preparations, which boded ill for the inhabitants of Natal.

Certain Zulu women fled for protection into British territory, and were followed by the sons of a chief, Sirayo, who dragged them back, and put them to death, it is said, with horrible tortures; Cetewayo was informed that he must send the offenders back to be tried by the laws of the colony.

An evasive answer was returned and fifty pounds offered to us as compensation; but a series of aggressive acts followed one on another, until the Governor, Sir Bartle Frere, submitted a much-criticised ultimatum, again demanding the delivery of Sirayo's sons, and certain fines for the various offences.

The thirty days allowed for compliance elapsed on January 10th, and at daybreak on the misty morning of the 11th one of the four columns destined to invade Zululand forded the Buffalo, and began its disastrous march.

It was the 3rd, or left-centre, column; and with it rode the Commander-in-chief, Lord Chelmsford, who had been at the fall of Sebastopol with the Grenadier Guards, in the Mutiny with the 95th, and at the capture of Magdala as Deputy-Adjutant-General, when he was mentioned in dispatches for "great ability and untiring energy."

Next day they had a brush with the foe, burning Sirayo's kraals and killing one of his sons among the rest; after which the column marched slowly on, over ground sodden with recent rains, winding its way farther and farther into the country, among stony valleys and grass-grown mountain spurs, until a halt was made on the 19th at the base of a sphinx-shaped hill, known as Isandhlwana, or "the little

hand"—about eight miles, as the crow flies, from the Buffalo—and in the native district of Isandula.

There a camp was formed, on a spot which Archibald Forbes says "seemed to offer a premium on disaster, and asked to be attacked"; and soon the white tents clustered, and the ox-wagons were ranged in a row behind them; the cheerful business of cooking began, and there was nothing to show that in less than three days that camp would be a "camp of death."

After a personal reconnaissance on the 20th, the general sent out two parties on the 21st: one of the Natal Native Contingent, under Lonsdale, the other of Mounted Police and Volunteers, under Major Dartnell, to examine the country still further; and during the afternoon a staff-officer came into camp from them with a request for two or three companies of the 24th, as a large force of Zulus had been seen on the hills to the east.

A ration of biscuit was sent out to the bivouac; and next morning, after being roused without noise or lights, six companies of the 2nd Battalion 24th mustered in light marching order, with one day's provisions, and set off silently in the gloom at 4 a.m., under Lord Chelmsford himself, towards the Izipezi Hill, followed by the bandsmen with stretchers, and accompanied by four R.A. guns, some mounted infantry, and a corps of Natal Pioneers, leaving the camp in charge of Brevet-Lieutenant-Colonel Pulleine, who had ridden post-haste to join the regiment a few days before.

The force at the camp consisted of 30 Mounted Infantry and about 8 Mounted Volunteers and Police; 70 men of the Royal Artillery, with two guns; five companies of the 1st Battalion 24th Regiment, and G

Company, 2nd Battalion; two companies of the 1st Battalion 3rd Natal Native Contingent, two companies 2nd Battalion, and 10 Native Pioneers; the feeling there being expressed by Lieutenant Melvill (of whom more anon) to a staff-officer, when he said, "I know what you are thinking of, sir, by your face; you are abusing this camp. You are quite right. These Zulus will charge home, and with our small numbers we ought to be in laager, or, at any rate, be prepared to stand shoulder to shoulder."

The same staff-officer afterwards said, "Never before in my lifetime did I experience such a strong presentiment of coming evil as on that day and the following morning, when I left the camp for the front."

The tragic sequel sent a thrill of agony through the length and breadth of every English-speaking land, and although the meagre facts gleaned from the one or two that survived are harrowing in the extreme, there are among them some details of British pluck which could ill be spared, and which gild the red page of Isandhlwana with a never-fading lustre for all time.

Colonel Durnford, R.E., who had been summoned from Rorke's Drift, about a quarter of a mile on the Natal side of the Buffalo, to come up to the camp and take command, with all his mounted men and the rocket battery, reached it about 10.30; but before he had arrived, and about 9 a.m., an orderly rode up to the general with a dispatch from Brevet-Lieutenant-Colonel Pulleine, saying, "Report just come in that the Zulus are advancing in force from the left front of the camp," whereupon Lord Chelmsford sent Captain Symonds and a naval officer to the top of a hill, with a telescope, from which they could

see the white tents; when, as they reported all quiet, no return was ordered. The men, however, were greatly excited, the orderly having told them, "The camp is being surrounded and attacked!" and, to calm their fears, Lieutenant-Colonel Degacher said, "Don't let him chaff you; if it were true, we should all be marching back as hard as we could."

Alas, the report *was* true! And when Lieutenant-Colonel Harness, with four companies and some guns, retraced his steps, regardless of the general's orders, he was brought back.

Brevet-Major Gosset, 54th Regiment and aide-de-camp, was present when a message arrived from Commandant Browne, Native Contingent: "For God's sake, come back with all your men! The camp is surrounded, and will be taken if not helped."

"I'll bet a hundred pounds to a brass farthing the camp is all right," said Gosset. And away he went to Lord Chelmsford, as Lieutenant-Colonel Harness and Major Black persisted in returning to their comrades' help.

When they had covered a mile and a half on the way to Isandhlwana, the aide-de-camp overtook them with a command that there was no disobeying: to halt, and proceed in the opposite direction. So, with heavy hearts, they turned their backs on the camp, where even then the death struggle was going on.

A little later, about two o'clock in the afternoon, Chelmsford set off for Isandhlwana himself, with the Mounted Volunteers, and picked up the Mounted Infantry on the way, a message being received soon afterwards from Browne that "there was a large body of the enemy between him and the camp." But still they did not hurry themselves, and, being joined by

Browne's battalion farther on, marched calmly and gently through the grassy land, the mounted men in front.

Then, about half-past three, when five miles or so from the slaughter-ground, Commandant Lonsdale dashed up on the spur with appalling intelligence.

He had gone back on duty, and, arriving within ten yards of the tents, found them in the hands of the foe, who, dressed in the red jackets of the slain, fired on him, the commandant escaping by the merest chance.

Sending Gosset back instantly for the others, the general advanced, and waited three miles off until his weary infantry joined him, about ten minutes past six, having covered the last nine of a twenty-three mile march in less than two hours.

After filling their water-bottles at a small stream that wound through the low ground, Lord Chelmsford said—

"Men, whilst we were skirmishing in front, the Zulus have taken our camp. There are 10,000 in our rear and 20,000 in front. We must win back our camp to-night, and cut our way back to Rorke's Drift to-morrow."

"All right, sir; we'll do it," was the reply, given with a cheer. And some twenty minutes later they were on the march again.

Had things been as bad as he thought, not one of them would have lived to see the brown torrent of the Buffalo.

It was growing dark, and there was no moon; but when half a mile from the silent camp they saw the outline of the hill against the sky, and halted, the guns opening with shrapnel, to which no reply was made, for there was no living soul to make it!

The dead lay where they had fallen, the Zulus had gone; and, after Major Black, with the left half battalion, had occupied a large stone kopje, and cheered as a signal, the rest of the weary, anxious troops, and the timid native levies, who were more trouble than they were worth, stumbled over the corpses and broken debris, and lay down in line between the kopje and the high hill, on the way to the river, where they had several alarms, and saw the Natal border lit up here and there with blazing farmsteads; and another sight, which filled them with foreboding, a great flame bursting out from the spot where the Rorke's Drift post was thought to be, and where, though they did not know it, their comrades left to guard the stores and the ford were battling with three or four thousand Zulus.

Meanwhile, on his arrival at the camp, Colonel Durnford, a brave and gallant officer, had detached a portion of the slender force, and proceeded with it for five or six miles up the valley in the direction of the enemy, then said to be retiring; when he reappeared, it was before an enormous host, whose overwhelming flood he was striving valiantly, but in vain, to stem.

Retiring, in good order at first, before a dense phalanx ten or twelve deep, with supports behind that, he found the rocket battery behind him broken up, and the few remaining men fighting for their lives, Major Russell, R.A., commanding them, having been killed; and, collecting the fragments, he continued to fall back to a donga or stream half a mile in advance of the camp, where he made a stand.

About noon our guns, under Major Stuart Smith, were pounding the enemy; but in a short time all was over, and the major, disdaining to fly, remained

to spike them, and was slain. The huge Zulu horn overlapped us, and in the end got round to the rear, and closed in on every side.

Colonel Durnford, whose left arm had been rendered useless by an assegai wound in the elbow in 1873, was cool and collected through it all, laughing with his troopers, and even dismounting to rectify the jamming of their rifles, saying, "Fire away, my boys!" and sending for fresh ammunition, which never came.

After some time, when he had been watching intently, he suddenly ordered them back into camp, where in a few moments the Zulus, who had worked round behind the mountain, broke in and destroyed everything before them.

Few of the men of the first battalion of the 24th had time to fix their bayonets before a surging mass of savages was upon them. And there was no mistaking it, it was no longer a struggle for life, but a matter of dying with as much honour as possible.

Officers, bandsmen, Basutos, Natal Carbineers, Mounted Police, Buffalo Border Guard, privates of the two battalions of the 24th, a few gunners and engineers, fought and fell, the Zulus themselves telling us how came the countless assegai wounds in our men's backs: they were fighting face to the foe, when their rear was stormed, and *that* was how it happened!

Then it was that the old quartermaster, James Pullen, who had 'listed in the regiment as far back as '51, cried: "Come on, my lads! Follow me, and let us turn their flank!" But neither he nor his twenty men lived to see the sunset.

Then it was that Lieutenants Pope and Godwin-

Austen, with eyeglasses fixed and revolvers in hand, met their fate, as described by a Zulu induna.

One fell by a gunshot; but the other grazed the induna's neck on the left side with one bullet, the right side with another, and wounded his leg with a third before an assegai quivered in his breast.

He had almost wrenched it out, when the Zulu fell on him, and, with another assegai, finished the business.

On the spot where Mr. Pope fell there is an iron cross, the place having been marked by a sergeant with a meat scale.

Of Captain Younghusband they tell a gallant story.

A bandsman of the 24th who escaped said he saw him making a desperate stand; with three men of his company he held a wagon, and held it as long as a cartridge lasted.

Their ammunition done, he shook hands with his comrades—an eternal farewell it was to be—and then tried to cut his way out.

A son of Sirayo supplied what are believed to be the final details, when questioned as to the scene at the wagons.

"A very brave man was killed near one of them," he said. "I don't know whether he was an officer or not, for when I saw him after he was killed his coat had been taken off him, but he had a red stripe on his trousers, and he had brown gaiters. He was a very tall man, and as we were rushing over the camps he jumped into an empty wagon, with a gun, and kept on firing, first on one side and then on another, so that no one got near him. We all saw him, and watched him, for he was high up on the wagon, and we all said what a brave man that was. I think he

was an officer. All those who tried to stab him were knocked over at once or bayoneted. He kept his ground for a very long time. Then someone shot him."

Then, too, occurred that stirring incident which has brought the affair of Isandhlwana within the scope of the present work—the heroic dash with the colour.

The Adjutant of the 1st Battalion was Lieutenant Teignmouth Melvill (frequently, but improperly, spelt with a final *e*), an old Harrovian and B.A. of Cambridge, who, having passed the entering examination for the Staff College, was under orders to return home to join that establishment when war broke out.

He served through the Kafir War, and on the advance into Zululand accompanied the 24th to that fatal camp from which he escaped alive only to fall covered with glory on the Natal bank of the Buffalo River.

An English review, in execrable taste, commented severely on his riding away from his regiment, but the facts of the case are these :

Seeing how things were going, Colonel Pulleine called to him, saying, "Melvill, as senior lieutenant, take the colour, and make the best of your way," and then, turning to the remnant of the battalion, after he had shaken hands with the lieutenant, "Men of the First Battalion 24th Regiment, we are here, and here we stand, to fight it out to the end."

Melvill, with the Queen's Colour cased, pushed his horse out of the press, and spurred for the river, across country, with a handful of fugitives, hotly pursued by the enemy.

The way was full of holes and ridges; streams

crossed it here and there, and boulders strewed it; it was rough going even at a walk; to gallop was to risk one's neck at every stride, but gallop they did, the handful growing smaller and smaller as the fleet-footed Zulus came up behind and stabbed them with their assegais or dropped them off here and there by chance shots.

Meanwhile, his brother officer, Lieutenant Nevill Josiah Aylmer Coghill, an old Haileybury boy, who had an injured knee, had been sleeping quietly in his tent when Lord Chelmsford left the camp; his part in the attack is not known, and never will be, but in the afternoon he was seen by Captain Young, well mounted and fighting desperately to break through the enemy.

He reached the river, and swam his horse across, in spite of the force of the water, which swirls and eddies among large rocks there, between high banks difficult to mount; but Lieutenant Melvill, who had plunged into the stream with him, was not so fortunate, and as Coghill scrambled his dripping charger up the Natal side he looked over his shoulder and saw his comrade, who had lost his horse, being washed down-stream, with the cumbersome oilskin-covered standard in his hand.

An officer of the Natal contingent, who had been badly kicked, was clinging to a rock in the middle, and as Melvill shouted to him to "lay hold," he grabbed at the pole and they were both whirled away to where a patch of still water reflected the afternoon sky, as the Zulus arrived in force on the other bank, and opened fire, especially on Melvill's scarlet patrol jacket.

Coghill was comparatively safe; a few bounds and his horse would have carried him out of danger on

the long road to Helpmakaar, but he turned round and went down to his comrade's aid, and to death!

Hardly had he splashed into the stream again when his last hope was taken from him; his horse plunged wildly, struck by a bullet, and floated away dead, and in spite of all their efforts the colour which Melvill had struggled so hard to save was wrenched by the merciless current and whirled out of sight.

Exhausted and spent, the three men managed somehow to reach the Natal bank, and had breasted a hundred yards of the hill, when Coghill, limping along with his strained knee, shouted, "Here they are after us."

Both he and the adjutant had revolvers, and they turned to face the enemy, firing at thirty paces and killing the two first.

"I can go no farther," said Melvill, who was very much done up. "Nor I," said Coghill; and they went no farther.

Higginson, who tells the tale, being weaponless and maimed, made a last effort and got away. He could have done nothing had he stayed.

The history of the next few moments can never be penned; perhaps, years hence, some ancient Zulu —when the cattle are safely housed in the kraal, and the shadows of the African night have shrouded the dreary veldt—will tell his children how the white men died; perhaps there are none alive even now who know the story, for round a boulder some three hundred yards from the river they found a dozen black corpses in a circle, and within it the two heroes sleeping the sleep of death.

Did Melvill think of the young wife he was leaving, I wonder, far away in the Cornish home, and the little son he was never to see again?

Two months after there came another boy to the widow, who was not yet twenty-one.

Coghill, had he but lived three days longer, would have reached his twenty-seventh year. His comrade was ten years his senior.

When the search party under Major Black rode out to the place, they recovered Coghill's ring and the adjutant's spurs, and Mr. Harbour, of Lonsdale's Corps, picked up the battered colour in the stream.

Farther down, two more of Lonsdale's men found the gilt lion and crown from the pole, and the colour case out of which the silken embroidered folds had been washed by the turbulent river.

The *London Gazette* announced that the Cross of Honour would have been theirs; now a cross of granite marks their last resting-place, and as the wandering horseman draws rein beside that lonely grave he reads the simple legend: "In memory of Lieutenant and Adjutant Teignmouth Melvill and Lieutenant J. A. Coghill, 1st Battalion 24th Regiment, who died on this spot, January 22nd, 1879, to save the Queen's Colour of their Regiment," and on the other side, "For Queen and Country—Jesu, Mercy."

But of the rest, away yonder, when the last Martini had rung out, and the Zulu horn closed round them?

What did we find when the battle-ground was searched, and the dead hastily buried?

Eight hundred men, lying for the most part on their backs, with arms extended and their hands clenched. One had seven assegai stabs in him; another a bayonet jammed to the socket in his open mouth; Durnford's long moustaches still clung

to his withered face; Scott was hardly decayed at all.

Colour-Sergeant Wolf, of the 1st Battalion, lay with twenty of his men around him; farther to the right a hundred and fifty, mostly of the 24th, had fallen there, shoulder to shoulder; in one spot a wagon hung almost on end, the horses still dangling in their harness, speared in many places, reminding one of that artillery team found by the divers in Sebastopol Harbour, with the skeleton of a driver held together by his uniform, one foot still in the stirrup-iron.

There was Shepstone, shot dead; another, headless; Swift, who had died hard, battered with knobkerries; all—with a few exceptions, and those principally colonials—who had marched into the camp and stayed behind when Chelmsford left it, had fallen—and of the few who got away, most lay dotting the broken ground between that and the river.

Four men of the 2nd Battalion of the 24th alone escaped; and beside some were their sixty rounds of spent cartridges, proving the truth of the Zulus' words, "We could not make way against the soldiers, but suddenly they ceased to fire; then we came round them, and threw our assegais until we had killed them all."

The 1st Battalion lost 411, all told; the 2nd, 176—a roll of death, but also one of honour.

In the private records of the 2nd Battalion, to which I owe some of the foregoing details, there is one touching little story which I have not met with elsewhere.

As is well known, the regiment had suffered terribly before the guns at Chillianwallah in 1849; and when at Helpmakaar, just before the passage

of the Buffalo, the officers of the 1st Battalion invited those of the second to dine with them, and crack their few remaining bottles of wine.

It wanted only a few days to the thirtieth anniversary of that old Sikh battle, and Captain William Degacher and Lieutenant Porteous proposed as a toast, "That we may not get into such a mess, and have better luck this time," which was laughingly drunk by all present.

A few days more, and not one of those officers of the 1st who sat at table that night was alive, five of the 2nd having also fallen with them in the fray.

Somewhere about the moment that Melvill and Coghill were fighting for their lives, Private Wassall, 80th Regiment, attached to the Mounted Infantry, rode down to the Buffalo, worn and weary, with the enemy at his heels, and when about to dash into the river saw a comrade, Private Westwood, drowning before his eyes.

Leaping from the saddle, he tied his horse to the Zululand bank, and plunging in, swam out to his assistance and brought him back.

Already the fleet-footed savages had appeared on the high rocks; already they were pouring down with shouts of anticipated slaughter towards the panting horse below them; but Wassall mounted under a dropping shower of bullets, and, supporting the exhausted man he had rescued, began to cross the wide stream doubly burdened—keeping his seat, and landing safely on the Natal side.

It was a great deed; a truly noble action, and well worthy to rank with the foregoing dramatic heroism, for the knowledge of his probable fate must have been present with him when he turned back to

face the foe. Honour, then, to Private Wassall, V.C., for unto him most certainly is it due!

To my mind there are few more melancholy spectacles than an old standard slowly falling to pieces, dusty and forlorn, in the interior of a cathedral. Inch by inch it crumbles away; the colours fade; the moth breeds in its folds; the shot-holes merge into yawning rents, and soon nothing but the bare pole remains.

Often enough it hangs too high for one to read the glorious names of victory that emblazon it, or even the number of the regiment to which it belonged; yet men have died to protect it, and have rallied at its waving. Has England no museum where her old "red rags" could find a final home, secure from swift, inevitable decay?

CHAPTER XXVIII

How they Won their Crosses at Rorke's Drift, Ulundi, etc.

CHARD, BROMHEAD, WILLIAMS, HOOK, JONES (W.), JONES (R.), ALLEN, HITCH, BULLER, LEET, REYNOLDS, BROWNE, BERESFORD, O'TOOLE, DALTON, SCHIESS, BOOTH

SOME quarter of a mile or so from the ford of Rorke's Drift, and under the shadow of a conical hill named the Oscarberg, stood a Swedish mission-station, to which large stores of corn, biscuit, and tinned meat had been conveyed from Helpmakaar, a place twelve miles farther into Natal.

The post—used as commissariat depot and base hospital, and held by B Company, 2nd Battalion 24th Regiment, under the late Lieutenant Gonville Bromhead—consisted of a single-storey dwelling, fronted by a veranda; another building, originally the church; two stone cattle-kraals, and a small cook-house, the whole standing on a rocky platform, and surrounded by a straggling orchard, some black poplars, aspens, and gum-trees, a mealie—or native corn—field, and patches of thick scrub; facing a wild, rolling plain, through which the river wound, hidden by undulations, on its rapid course to the sea.

Tents were standing behind the storehouse; the outspanned wagons from Helpmakaar were disgorging their heavy loads, and the scene was a

bright and busy one on that January 22nd, while their comrades were fighting the death fight at Isandhlwana.

Down at the Drift, where the army had crossed on the 11th, Lieutenant Chard, R.E., was engaged with a few men among the ponts, when, shortly after 3 p.m., two horsemen galloped on to the opposite bank and shouted loudly to be ferried across.

The clumsy pontoon was pulled over the river, the engineer officer learned the terrible news of the disaster that had befallen our camp, and that the Zulus were coming on for the Drift, and once on the Natal side, the two horsemen—Lieutenant Adendorff, without coat or hat, his revolver strapped to his arm, and a carbineer, both of Lonsdale's corps—dashed round the mountain and drew up in the centre of the mission-station, where Private Henry Hook was making tea for the hospital patients, in his shirt sleeves.

After a few breathless words, the carbineer went off at a gallop for Helpmakaar, to warn them there, while later the lieutenant who remained to assist the defence rode out along the hillside to watch for the enemy.

Hook ran to the camp some yards away, and the little garrison fell in; Lieutenant Bromhead sending down to the Drift for Chard, who commanded the post in the absence of Major Spalding, the two rows of tents being hastily struck by pulling up the centre poles.

At first it was thought to inspan, pack the wagons, and retreat for Helpmakaar, twelve long miles off, with a stiff rise at the end of the journey; but, happily, that idea was abandoned—thanks to the advice, I believe, of Assistant Commissary Dalton—

and the fortification of the place was instantly commenced.

While anxious eyes were strained on the hillside in the direction of Isandhlwana, hands were busy among the mealie-bags, and a long wall, four feet high, was built from the corner of the kraal to the further angle of the hospital.

The hospital was the living-house of the mission, and contained a number of small rooms, its ends being of stone, the outer walls of brick, and the partition walls of sun-dried clay; while both it and the other building, which was church, barn, store, and stable all in one, were roofed with thatch, and had originally been whitewashed.

It is necessary to state further that while some of the rooms of the dwelling-house communicated with each other, others were entered by a door from the outside only, and had no connection with the rest, notably two that opened on to the veranda, of which we shall have more to say.

The distance between the buildings was about thirty yards; and two wagons, once intended to carry the sick, were utilised to help in a barricade, also four feet high, across the space, a water-cart being dragged into the centre of the square.

When the alarm first reached the post there were forty-five men in the hospital; but as many were not severe cases, they pluckily took their rifles and their places among the defenders, leaving only twenty-three unable to fight, to guard whom six men were told off.

There were present at that time, besides B Company, about a hundred of Durnford's Horse, who had bolted from Isandhlwana, and some of the Natal Native Contingent; but the bulk of these "brave

fellows" cleared off when the enemy appeared, our men sending some balls whistling after them, one killing a European non-com of the contingent, whose body lay just outside the wall all through the action.

Captain Stevenson, of the contingent, also bolted, but a few remained to throw in their lot with the others, notably Sergeant Duncan Campbell Francis Moody, who has since published a very valuable history of our wars in South Africa, and whose rifle did good service behind the mealie-bags.

The Rev. Otto Witt and a man in spectacles went up the hill and remained there for some time, but when the Zulus came in sight they mounted and rode away, Witt afterwards bringing a claim against the British Government for the destruction of his mission-station, which he had not the courage to help defend. A Natal paper tells us that he was convicted subsequently for pointing a loaded gun at a Kaffir woman who refused to do his family washing.

The windows of the hospital had hardly been barricaded by blankets and mattresses, and much still remained to be done to the walls and barriers, when the scouts came in with the news that the enemy were upon us, and round the end of the mountain there, about half-past four on a dull afternoon, twenty black figures appeared, followed by many more, who, led by two fat mounted chiefs, began an attack on the wall between the two buildings, and were received with a heavy fire, half of them swerving round the back of the hospital and trying to rush the bags in front of it.

Private Dunbar picked off one of the chiefs and eight men by as many consecutive shots, but taking possession of a rocky ledge on the hillside above us,

they poured in a rattling hail of bullets on our rear, and the post was soon surrounded on all sides.

Luckily the Zulus fire high, but when they hit the wound is a terrible one, as their bullets are large, and, being roughly cast, have a jagged projection at one side.

There was no shouting among us; the officers simply went round with a "Do your best, men!" and everyone there did his best without flinching.

Few recent conflicts have had a more truly British aspect, for the 24th were dressed in thin red jumpers, the regulation blue trousers, and helmets which had once been white, but were then soiled by service, and minus spike and chin chain.

A grey horse, which among others stood tethered to a tree near the hospital, was soon shot, and there were also fowls there, one hen having a brood of little chicks which were nestling under her after it was all over.

But they had little time to notice these things, for there were less than a hundred and fifty behind those flimsy walls, and outside, in the scrub and the trampled garden, and among the rocks and caves, between three and four thousand Zulus to be kept at bay.

A whisper went round among the Warwickshire men, "Poor old 'King' Cole is killed." A ball had gone clean through his head and struck another man on the nose at the front wall, as the enemy swarmed along it and stabbed furiously with their "bang-wans," or thrusting assegais, or tried to wrench the bayonets from the Martinis, succeeding even in a few cases, only to be shot for their pains.

A hospital patient named Schiess, of the 3rd Natal, a short, fair man and a Swiss by birth, had his

broad-leaved hat blown off by a ball, and springing on to the sacks, he bayoneted the Zulu, jumped back and shot another, and leaped on to the wall again and bayoneted a third, although he had been struck in the instep before that, and refused to leave his post.

It was hand to hand at the front wall, the air rent with cries of "Usutu," and more than one charge with the "cold steel" did Lieutenant Bromhead lead to save the hospital; but fearing that the enclosure was too large for the tiny garrison to hold, an inner line of defence had been formed of biscuit boxes, two boxes high, from the front angle of the store-house to the mealie-wall, and within it a huge pyramid of sacks was afterwards built up to serve as a last resource.

Behind the inner rampart the men retired, through a gap left for that purpose in the centre, about half-past six, and the wounded occupants of the hospital building had to be entrusted to the exertions of the handful who defended them.

Not long after the main body were concentrated in the inner square the enemy fired the thatch of the hospital, and it was that flame which the column away at Isandhlwana saw bursting out into the night.

In a small room at the back far end stood the two Williams, Joseph and John, with two wounded men under their charge.

From a little window Joseph Williams blazed steadily away, and they found fourteen dead Zulus in his line of fire next day; but he, poor fellow, met his end before long, for their ammunition done, they had to keep the door with their bayonets, and the enemy, making a sudden rush, dragged Joseph Williams out

by the hands and put him to death in sight of the three remaining, who managed to get through a hole in the wall into another room, where they found Henry Hook.

Hook, a short, sturdy, Gloucestershire man, with a fair moustache, who had served five years in the Royal Monmouth Militia before joining the 24th, had meanwhile been having his hands full.

We left him running to camp in his shirt sleeves, but he had since got into his red jumper, and occupied a small room at the front far corner of the building in company with "King" Cole, who, after bolting an enormous quantity of tea and grub generally, took himself off to the mealie-wall, where he was probably the first man killed, as we have already described.

Left to himself, Hook turned his attention to a loophole, through which he saw the Zulus in great force, taking advantage of the ant-hills and bush as they approached.

He was a good shot, and was fortunate in having a splendid Martini, a very light weapon, then numbered 152, and with it he picked off several savages, opening at 600 yards.

At 400 yards he hit a Zulu somewhere about the middle of the body as he ran from cover to cover, and, stopped short in his earthly career, the savage turned a complete somersault and then lay still.

At 300 yards he noticed another popping up from an ant-hill every now and then to fire, and after sending a ball just above his head, Hook saw his second bullet spurt up the sand ten yards short, so, sighting a little fuller, he waited for the black spot to show above the ant-heap again, and next morning found the Zulu there, shot through the skull.

Soon, however, the swarm closed round the devoted building, and a fierce crackling overhead told that the thatch was burning. Driven out by the heat, he was obliged to leave a wounded man to his fate, and his charred remains were seen there next day; he was a tall private of the 24th, who had broken his leg by falling from a wagon.

In the other room were several patients, and he was soon joined by John Williams, a sandy man, of two years' service, who proceeded to smash a hole through the clay wall into the next room and get the patients out.

While he was doing so the door burst in, and in a twinkling Hook was at one side of it, lunging with his bayonet, and slipping a cartridge into the block when he could manage it.

It was impossible in the heat of the moment to see everything, but he owned to four or five dead Zulus in the doorway, and several more just outside.

An assegai pierced his helmet, grazing the parting in his hair, and several more stuck in the wall at the end of the room behind him; one savage clutched the muzzle of the rifle, and he was fortunately able to press in a cartridge and pull the trigger before another rush was made, and the Zulu sank down, dead, his blood trickling over the pile already heaped up there. But so wary was the private's grey eye, so strong the arm that plied the reddened steel, that seven out of the eight wounded were safely through the hole and into the third room, and one only remained, a tall man like the other, and also suffering from a broken leg.

"For God's sake, don't leave me," he wailed, as Hook, panting from his work, slid backwards into the opening, and, grasping him by the collar of his

overcoat, the brave fellow pulled him after him not a second too soon, and broke his leg again as he did so!

Several touching things happened in their progress through four apartments in succession: in one a wounded Kafir lay with a shattered thigh, who began to untie the splints when he found himself about to be abandoned; Hook could not save him, and afterwards heard the Zulus talking to him from the next room before they killed him.

Here let me remark that all the wounded in hospital were dressed. There is no truth in the pictures we have seen of stalwart privates gently leading out suffering comrades with thin bare legs and well-starched nightshirts!

While Hook and his comrade were struggling with their helpless burdens, pausing every now and then to keep a door, a window, or a hole in a partition with ball and bayonet, two others were battling bravely at the back of the burning house—William Jones, a dark-complexioned man, with twenty years' service, and a light-complexioned namesake, Robert Jones, who only counted some three or four years with the colours.

When Robert Jones reached the front of the hospital with a wounded volunteer named Mayer, and joined the other, he found a crowd of Zulus there breaking in, and crying, "They are on top of us," the two crossed bayonets at the door, and piled up the dead as fast as they came on.

Robert was wounded three times by assegais, twice in the right side, and once in the left, and, after fighting desperately for some time, unaware that any more remained within the walls, they got away and crossed the open space between the build-

ings under a heavy fire, to join in the defence of the square, the roof falling in with a crash as Robert Jones left the hospital.

Volley after volley rolled across the veldt; by the glare of the blazing roof our men directed their fire, and, above some steps leading to a granary, Private Hitch and Corporal Allen kept their post, and by their well-directed aim cleared the ground to some extent for the patients to cross.

One by one the wounded had scrambled out of the end of the dwelling-house, dropped several feet, all maimed and shattered as they were, and while some ran, others crawled painfully over the intervening space, exposed to the bullets of the yelling enemy.

One, Trooper Hunter, Natal Mounted Police, a very tall young fellow, was killed as he ran; some were seized by the Zulus and speared there and then, but others, more fortunate, were helped in by the men behind the biscuit boxes, while one or two managed to get away and lie concealed till morning, among them Gunner Howard, R.A., who hid himself in the grass, where four dead horses and a pig afforded him a shelter.

Several pigs ran wildly about during the night, and there was pork enough for the men afterwards, as one of them has told me.

As the official report says, the odds were nearly thirty to one, but not a man flinched as the night wore on, and the Zulus, after drawing off at intervals, and dancing until the earth seemed to tremble, renewed their ugly rushes from time to time.

Conspicuous for their exertions and the fearless way in which they exposed themselves, were Assis-

tant-Commissaries Dalton, Dunne, and Byrne, the last of whom met his death in a tragic manner.

Corporal Scammell, N.N. Contingent, was shot through the shoulder and back, and, crawling a short distance, handed up his cartridges to Lieutenant Chard.

"I should like a drink of water," said the corporal, through his clenched teeth; and Mr. Byrne, who had been using Dalton's rifle after that gentleman was wounded, got him some, and was holding it to his lips, when a ball struck him in the head and he fell lifeless.

It is hard to pick out individuals here and there, when every man was a hero; but the thin, spare form of Parson Smith, his red beard shining in the wavering light, was seen and well remembered afterwards: busy with the water-bottle, helping the surgeon, ministering to the last moments of more than one who fell, and escaping the V.C. by a miracle.

The mountain side was tinged with the lurid glare; smoke rose in a heavy cloud, and the crackling sparks would have formed a magnificent display but for the stern reality of that struggle in front of the storehouse.

Dalton, hit through the right shoulder, still assisted to direct the fire on each side of him, as did Chard and Bromhead, cool and collected, though perhaps realising better than any there the true hazard of their position; had the Zulus been as good shots as they were spearsmen, Rorke's Drift would have been another Isandhlwana.

Hitch, badly wounded, and Corporal Allen, also hit, when no longer able to use their rifles, braved the danger all night long and served out cartridges to those at the barricades; but still Hook and Williams

and several of the wounded were in that blazing charnel-house out of reach of aid.

As the gallant hospital-cook (who, by the way, had taken that historic tea to the patients ten minutes before the attack began) was hauling his broken-legged man along the floor, an assegai pierced the overcoat, between Hook's hand and the man's neck, and another that stuck in the coat-tail dangled between his legs all the time—two narrow shaves for one or other of them.

At last Williams, by dint of pushing and lifting, got *his* men out through the window into the open air, and they made the best of their way for the biscuit tins, Hook still sticking to his charge, who must have been suffering untold agonies, until he helped him into the inner line of defence, and quietly took his place there at a spot where three others had just before been shot.

Again and again did No. 152 dart out its tongue of flame; cartridge after cartridge flew back, to be replaced by others; the ground was littered with brown ammunition paper among their feet; and beneath him, shot through the thick part of the neck, lay a soldier in great pain, who kept entreating him piteously the whole night through to turn him first this way and then that, adding to the horror of it all by his screams and cries.

Presently the Zulus were seen mustering inside our first line for a final, overwhelming rush. The fire had burnt itself out by ten o'clock or so; there had been short pauses, and more terrific stampings; and charge after charge had been driven back by the splendid volleying of our men, whose green cuffs were black with smoke and sweat, and who were getting exhausted by the protracted struggle.

Dead at his Post!

Brave as the Zulus were, our still bold front impressed them; the rush resolved itself into more desultory firing, which, to the inexpressible relief of every man there, gradually died away about four o'clock; and, as morning dawned slowly, the defeated impis were out of sight round the south-west corner of the hill.

A patrol went out, and collected some 400 assegais and about 100 guns and rifles, and men had time to look around at the slaughter.

Red coats dotted the space, but they were few in comparison with the black corpses lying among their shields and spears beyond the mealie-bags.

Between the storehouse and the smoking end of the hospital building a few of the unhappy wounded lay where they had been shot in that last sad crawl for life; and one man of ours, named Horrigan, still knelt at the barrier of sacks, his rifle pointed at the plain outside.

Hook went up to him and took his helmet off, his brains falling down over his face—he was dead at his post.

Even then the alarm was not over, for when they were removing the thatch from the roof of the storehouse another large body of Zulus appeared to the south-west again, and a friendly Kafir was sent to Helpmakaar for assistance; but about an hour later the column under Lord Chelmsford came in sight, greeted by a wild waving of hats and helmets, and the foe retired.

We had lost fifteen killed outright, and two of the twelve wounded died afterwards; but about 350 of the enemy lay round the post, and when they buried them some were not quite dead.

Chard and Bromhead, Surgeon Reynolds, the

two Joneses, Williams, Hook, Hitch and Allen were granted the Victoria Cross, the brave Schiess and Assistant-Commissary Dalton being gazetted five months afterwards.

Chard received his decoration at Fort Elizabeth; Jones and Bromhead theirs at Utrecht; Williams at Gibraltar; and Private Hook almost on the ground where he had won it.

At Fort Melvill, by the river, there was a parade of the Queen's Bays, some companies of the 24th, and troops of Dutch and Basutos, on August 3rd; and there, after a few stirring words and a hearty handshake, Sir Garnet Wolseley pinned the Cross on the broad breast of our gallant hospital-cook amid tremendous cheering.

One little item is worthy of record. Hook was a teetotaler at the time, but when the affair at the post was over, and the grog was served out, he went up to the sergeant, who, surprised to see him, said, "What? You here!"

"Well, I feel I want something after that," replied the brave fellow; and he had it, too—good measure, brimming over—returning to his temperate habits for long enough to come.

After long service in the British Museum Library, Hook retired through ill-health, and died in 1905, a month before he should have received the increased V.C. pension! He was buried with full military honours, and seven brother sergeants of the City of London Fusiliers followed him to the grave at Churcham, near Gloucester.

On the same day that Isandhlwana was fought, the 1st Column, under Colonel Pearson, inflicted a crushing defeat on the Zulus at Ingangane, near Ekowe; but on March 12th a shameful disaster befell

our men on the Intombi River, where a British officer left his men to themselves while he rode away, it was said, for help, Lord Chelmsford signifying pretty plainly *his* view of the case by his subsequent remarks on the officer's acquittal by court-martial.

It led, however, to another V.C. being granted; for Sergeant Booth rallied his men, fought the enemy for three miles of anxious retreat, checked their furious rushes, and got off without losing a private.

After a long wait for reinforcements, the war proceeded with varying results; sometimes we got into a hole, at others we upheld our ancient name and fame.

Many fine officers fell among the kloofs of that difficult country, and the well-known Redvers Buller won the V.C. for magnificent gallantry and total disregard of self after the affair at the Inhlobane Mountain.

Descending the mountain, practically the last man to leave, he had reached the foot when, seeing some men almost surrounded by the Zulus, he rode back, rescued Captain D'Arcy, who was dismounted, carried Lieutenant Everett on his horse out of danger, and Trooper Rundall, whose mount could go no farther. These are only three recorded incidents, but he is known to have saved at least six men by his own personal exertions, in the midst of assegais and flying bullets. The troops, who worshipped the very ground he trod on, called him "Red Jacket," from the dress he wore.

Lieutenant Browne, 1st Battalion, 24th, also rode back twice and brought out a dismounted man, and the gallantry of Major Leet, of the 1st Battalion, 13th Regiment, was very conspicuous.

He had served with distinction in the Indian

Mutiny, South Africa and Mandalay, and six weeks before the Inhlobane he had met with a nasty accident.

During a tug-of-war between the officers of the 13th and 90th Light Infantry, captained respectively by Leet and Sir Evelyn Wood, Leet wrenched his knee out of joint as the 90th pulled the 13th over, and had been told to remain in camp on the 27th.

Disobeying these orders, however, although only able to hobble, he found his way to the top of the mountain, and managed to ride down the western end closely followed by the enemy.

Disabled as he was, when he saw Lieutenant Smith, of the Frontier Light Horse, dismounted and about to be assegaied, he galloped back under fire, took the officer up behind him, and brought him out.

The painful story of the Prince Imperial came as another shock to the people at home; Evelyn Wood proved himself as brilliant in command of his "flying column" as he had done as a subaltern in India, and as a middy before that in the Crimea; but at last things approached a successful climax, and a powerful square, accompanied by cavalry and guns, drew near to Cetewayo's kraals at Ulundi.

Many Crosses had been gained before that, but did I stop to narrate them in detail I should require another volume; and consequently I must close the Zulu campaign with the mention of a dashing thing which happened before Ulundi, when Lord William Beresford, 9th Lancers, had gone into the long grass with his scouts of the Irregular Horse, and had to fall back before a sudden fire from a Zulu ambush.

Two men were killed outright, but a third lay stunned; and as Beresford looked over his shoulder —the last to retire, as he was ever the first to en-

counter risk in every form—he saw the wounded non-com. sitting up, dazed and helpless, at the mercy of the savage enemy, who came pouring out of a watercourse towards him.

Turning his horse—an active Irish chestnut, I believe—the lancer galloped back to him, and, flinging out of his saddle, told him to mount.

The man, as gallant as his preserver, demurred; why should they both be slain? *one* might be saved —but the Zulus were close upon them.

Clenching his fist, the impetuous Irishman swore a great oath, and roared, "If you don't get up, I'll punch your head for you!" and lifted him on to the horse and mounted after him.

To that horse's strength and cunning they both owed their lives, and to a splendid fellow—Sergeant O'Toole—who rode out to them and shot Zulu after Zulu with his revolver as they came up, and then helped his countryman to support Fitzmaurice, who was weak and reeling.

I hope I am right, and I think I am, in saying that horse was Irish, too; it would complete as gallant an Hibernian quartette as has even been handed down to fame and posterity!

Lord "Bill" Beresford had not long before slain a fine Zulu induna with his sword, in a short but sharp personal encounter, running him through, shield and all, straight to the heart. We have already seen another of his countless deeds of derring-do, in our chapter on the Afghan War, while, to his further credit be it written, he is reported, on good authority, to have said that he could not in honour receive the V.C. for that afternoon's work at Ulundi unless Sergeant O'Toole received it as well. And in the end they both got it.

CHAPTER XXIX

Majuba Hill

FARMER

IT has been my misfortune to touch upon more than one British defeat in this book, and there yet remains another to be briefly described: the baffled attempt of General Colley to surprise the Boer camp at Laing's Neck, and the almost total annihilation of the 600 men under his command.

To criticise the action of one who has done his duty to the utmost of his ability and died in the doing of it, always seems to me to be very much after the principle of "kicking a man when he's down," and I have endeavoured to refrain from such a course.

On a dark night—Saturday, February 26th, 1881—Sir George Colley, a veteran of the Cape Frontier wars, China, and Ashantee, marched silently from our camp at Mount Prospect, with men of the 58th, 60th, 92nd Highlanders, and Naval Brigade, carrying three days' provision, filled water-bottles, and eighty rounds of ball cartridge; and, led by a trusty guide, reached the foot of the hill at daybreak, worn by a tramp of six hours in making a long detour over loose and stony ground.

Once on the top—after leaving 200 men to keep up the communication on a commanding point—they could look down into the Boer entrenchments that

stretched away to the Buffalo River, and from an elevation of 2,500 feet could see our own camp, four miles off as the crow flies.

For an hour the troops lay down to rest, while some were helping the sailors to haul up the Gatling gun, and soon after sunrise the enemy's mounted vedettes trotted out towards them, all unconscious of their presence upon the mountain top.

Then the pickets fired, and in an instant the Boers' laager was in an uproar, making preparations for a retreat; but the tumult suddenly ceased, and a large body advanced instead to attack us, opening on our position somewhere about seven a.m.

Trained to use the rifle as only those who live in constant contact with raiding Kafirs and wild beasts can, they were foes to be feared as much as the trappers of the American War had been, but our men kept under cover, and only five were hit until eleven o'clock.

At first we reserved our fire, the Highlanders picking off a few now and then, but after a lull they began again with great fury, and, making a rush, drove in our front line on to the main position, in an oblong basin about 200 yards long by 50 yards across.

Our men hurled them back each time with the bayonet, but the shots told, and, among others, Commander Romilly was hit by a long-distance ball as he stood by General Colley; then, having mustered strongly at the edge of the slope, the hardy frontiersmen forced a weak spot in our line, and in a moment were pouring into the basin into the middle of us.

To re-form was impossible, and the fire became murderous at a few yards' range; in vain officers

shouted, "Rally on your right," for, though they did rally, and clustered about the general, the bullets mowed them down by dozens, and there was no shelter for the wounded.

"Don't forget your bayonets, 92nd," cried Major Frazer; Colonel Stewart shouted to the 58th, and Captain Macgregor to the bluejackets, but after a stand of ten minutes in a semicircle, the ammunition gave out, and after that they were practically powerless.

Barely a score held our rear, and a like number the front of the plateau; forty men holding the true front charged with their bayonets, and were all shot, save three or four, before they reached striking distance; we were done for, and many broke and fled to the rear down a drop of thirty feet, the Boers still firing on them.

Sir George Colley remained calm and collected; he knew the game was up, and disdained to ask for quarter from a foe who were firing on the wounded. Some say he died by his own hand—surely there was death enough there, quick and inevitable, without *that!*

Then it happened that Lance-Corporal Farmer, of the Hospital Corps, tried to protect his men by a means ever respected by all but savages.

He was busily engaged with another man, assisting Sir Arthur Landon, A.M.D., to dress the wounded, and when the Boers made their rush was in the act of bandaging a soldier. His comrade, the surgeon, and the man he was helping were all three hit at the same moment, and, springing to his feet, Farmer flourished the bandage in the air, naturally supposing that the enemy would respect the fallen; but he was mistaken, and with a ball

through the right wrist, his arm fell powerless at his side.

"I've got another one," he said, and up went the flag again, until another cowardly ball dealt out the same fate to it also, the second bullet passing through his left elbow joint.

After that he could do no more, and, being in great agony, the surgeon, himself mortally wounded, injected morphia.

Not very long ago Farmer held a situation in Bond Street, and still suffers from the effects of his heroism, the left arm being very much wasted, and the action of the other hand impeded.

Our fellows had died hard, for against three officers and eighty-two men or thereabouts slain, there were 150 Boers lying in the hollow and among the rocks outside; but we lost many prisoners and a host of wounded, and men shake their heads to-day when they speak of Majuba Hill.

It is interesting to note that during that Boer War our 58th, then the Rutlands, and now the 2nd Batt. Northamptonshire, was the last British regiment that carried colours into action, at Laing's Nek; Lieut. Hill winning the Cross there, and Private Osborne gaining his later in the year at Wesselstroom. (*See* alphabetical list.)

CHAPTER XXX

In the Desert Sand

W. M. M. Edwards, Corbett, Wilson, Marling, Marshall, T. Edwards, Smith

The Egyptian War of 1882, against Arabi Pasha, striking as it was with its bombardments, its night rides, and the battle of Tel-el-Kebir, only produced three incidents deemed worthy of the Victoria Cross —one at Alexandria, where a sailor won it, as described in a previous page; another at Kafrdour, when Private Corbett, 60th Rifles, stuck to his wounded officer, and would not leave him; and the third on the long entrenchments which we stormed and carried at Tel-el-Kebir, when the Highlanders and the Royal Irish disputed the honour of being "first in," and will continue to dispute it until the end of all things, and where Captain Edwards, of the old 74th, sprang almost alone into a battery and slew the officer there.

There must have been many a gallant deed performed, nevertheless, in the land of the Pharaohs which never came to light, before the cowardly Egyptian troops were sent flying, and their brave leader, who was worthy of a better following, found an exile in Ceylon.

The Soudan campaign, so fierce and so deadly, and the Nile Expedition, brought five heroes to the front: a gallant officer of the King's Royal Rifles,

now Colonel Marling, C.B., late 18th Hussars, and who gave up his horse at a critical moment to save a wounded private; a young quartermaster of the "Dumpies," Marshall, who rescued his badly injured commanding officer at El-Teb; Captain Wilson, R.N., who at the same engagement defended his guns heroically, and saved many men, though armed at one time with nothing but the hilt of a broken sword; Gunner Smith, who protected his officer in the square at Abu Klea; and Thomas Edwards, a private of the 42nd, whose pluck we are able to chronicle more fully from his own account.

Private Edwards was on transport duty at the battle of Tamai, in charge of two mules loaded with Gatling ammunition for the left half battery; and when at No. 4 gun, with Lieutenant Almack and a bluejacket, the "Fuzzy Wuzzies" made a rush and surrounded them.

Wearing the well-known kilt of the brave "Black Watch," with their familiar red hackle in his pith helmet, he saw the sailor fall under the gun with a spear in his stomach, and at the same moment two fierce Soudanese came at him, and were promptly spitted on his bayonet.

Lieutenant Almack, sword and revolver in hand, charged another savage, and ran him through, but ere he could disengage, a tremendous cut nearly severed his right arm, and he reeled up against the gun.

Edwards loaded and shot the Soudanee, but before he could interpose to save him, three more leaped upon the helpless naval officer and speared him, his revolver dangling empty from the lanyard that fastened it to his wrist.

Edwards received a wound on the back of his right hand when lunging at a native; but one man

against a score could do little, and, seeing that Mr. Almack's case was hopeless, he retired with his mules, loading and firing repeatedly on the enemy to keep them back.

He did what he could, and was fortunate in being able to save the ammunition, owing his life entirely to a cool head and a fine nerve, as never in any war had British troops a more desperate and fearless enemy to contend with than in the parched-up, thirsty, horrible Soudan.

The history of our disastrous attempt to relieve Gordon has been told so often that it is wellnigh threadbare now. You all know the glories and the losses of those desert columns, marching under enormous difficulties, attacked at every hand, sometimes proceeding in square with the worn-out camels inside, defending the rough zeribas against the fanatical rush of the Mahdi's wild troops; exposed to heat by day, and bitter cold at dawn; carrying their wounded, losing officers, correspondents, and rank and file innumerable, arriving too late, to find that a great man had already met his doom in the land of the rushing Nile and the prickly mimosa.

Abu Klea, Gubat, Mettemmah, and a dozen other names, recall memories of a very mingled nature, and the rosy morning breaking over the desert sand is streaked with a crimson glow that brings back the memory of Burnaby, Slade, Herbert Stewart, Earle, Hicks, Baker, and many more, whose suns set for ever on those desolate plains.

CHAPTER XXXI

Surgeon Crimmin's Cross — and the Hero of Manipur

CRIMMIN, GRANT

SERVICE in Burma was rough work. Dense jungle and plantations of palm-trees afforded splendid shelter for the enemy, and had to be forced by our men; swamps, waist deep, spread out in places, and what with jingal balls, and whizzing dahs or spears, with much beating of gongs, and shouting of "La hé, la hé, Kwaymaja!"—which, being interpreted, means, "Come on, sons of dogs!"—the sharp little campaigns were arduous and difficult, in spite of the vision of golden pagodas and ruby mines.

It chanced that in an action near Lwekaw, in the Eastern Karenni, when Lieutenant Tighe, 27th Bombay Infantry, charged with four men into a body of fierce Karens, who were moving off from the Karen left flank, two of his companions rolled over wounded and lay absolutely in the middle of the enemy.

Out went Surgeon Crimmin, attached to the Mounted Infantry, and Tighe presently saw him kneeling beside one of the men, the enemy firing at him as he dressed the wound.

A sepoy galloped up to the doctor, and he joined the fighting line which was soon clearing the Karens out of the bamboo patches, near one of which the

Lieutenant again saw Surgeon Crimmin helping a wounded soldier, under fire.

While busy with lint and bandage, the skirmish going on all around, mingling with shots and yells and the crashing of our fellows through the tall canes, several of the enemy sprang out upon him, expecting to find an easy prey.

Jumping up, he ran his sword through one of them and engaged boldy with another, the wounded man watching the contest with eager eyes—it meant so much to him, poor fellow!

Whether or no the doctor killed his second man, has not come down to us, but his determined attack, and a shot from the mounted sepoy which dropped another, struck fear into the hearts of the Karens, and turning tail, they plunged into the dense brake, and the wounded man was saved.

The medical officers have made perhaps more advance since the beginning of this century than those of any branch of the service.

In Wellington's time our men were terribly butchered by the rough and ready surgery practised in the field; nowadays, the ambulance goes to the front with many much-needed comforts; and the doctors themselves risk their lives in a way that calls forth the highest admiration for humanity itself and that most noble of all the humane professions.

After much heartburning in the matter of social status and the question of rank, a Royal Warrant in 1891 settled the substantive titles of army medical officers, which now carry precedence and other advantages, but with limited command.

Some three hundred miles as the crow flies, east of Calcutta, is the town of Manipur, situated almost

in the centre of the little-known tract of the same name, which has Assam lying to the north, and Upper Burma for its southern neighbour.

Few people ever heard of its existence until the spring of 1891; to-day it is remembered for a very brilliant feat which placed the Victoria Cross on the breast of Lieutenant Charles James William Grant, Indian Staff Corps (now Brev.-Col., retired, Indian Army), who, joining the army in 1882, had served in the Burma expedition three years later, and wore the medal and clasp.

The Maharajah of Manipur, Soor Chandra Singh, was a coward, and he and his seven brothers were divided into two factions, four a side, always quarrelling in the most unfraternal manner.

In vain the British Political agent there, the unfortunate Frank St. Clair Grimwood, tried to mend matters. The Maharajah, after being fired upon by his brother, the Senaputty, and his faction, fled to the Residency, and abdicated in favour of yet another brother, the Jubraj.

Everything was changed. Soor Chandra Singh departed for Calcutta, carrying his three friendly relations with him; the other four taking up the reins of government which they appear to have handled much better than the Maharajah.

It is rather complicated, but, to understand how things stood, all the remaining brothers seem to have "gone up one," the Jubraj becoming Regent in place of the abdicated monarch, and the Senaputty, with whom the late Maharajah had been most "at outs," becoming Jubraj, and so on.

Mr. Grimwood and his clever wife, to whose admirable pen we owe almost all our information about Manipur, continued to live in perfect harmony

with the new ruler, and were unconscious that a storm was brewing; but the voluntary exile began to regret the throne from which he had fled in abject cowardice, and to long for the rose-scented groves and gardens, where the heliotrope and a host of orchids grow in rich profusion, and mighty deodars cast a sombre shade across the valleys.

It is a wild land—a country of hill and gorge, with tiger-haunted jungles, and lakes on which the fowl cluster in great numbers.

The ex-Maharajah approached the Indian Government on the subject, and made much complaint of his brother the Jubraj (late Senaputty), with the result that Mr. Quinton, Chief Commissioner, wired to say he was coming to Manipur, without letting the Grimwoods know for what purpose.

When he came, it was to confirm the Regent on the throne, and to arrest the late Senaputty—which unpleasant task was to be performed by Mr. Grimwood himself.

A durbar was held, with all the red druggeting and solemn state possible in that remote quarter of the globe, but the Senaputty, or Jubraj, as he then was called, refused to appear, on the plea of sickness, which was really well founded.

Various means were tried to secure him, which, in the end, led to a Manipur rising, and a terrible massacre; Grimwood and many more being slain, and the rest obliged to fly.

Ignorant of her husband's fate, slightly wounded, and very heartbroken, Mrs. Grimwood tramped along with the slender sepoy escort, in thin patent-leather slippers, a white silk blouse, and a blue serge skirt, by mountain paths and ways where in the old happy times she and that handsome fellow who was lying

dead at the palace behind them had ridden so often together.

Gently had she tended the wounded in the cellar of their ruined home under fire, mourning over the fate of poor young Brackenbury, who a few evenings before had been singing comic songs to his banjo, with the crickets chirping in chorus and the scent of roses everywhere.

After tremendous exertions and great risk they reached security at last, and the brave lady was ultimately awarded the Royal Red Cross, many people still thinking that another Cross should have been hers, while the news of the affair drifted down to the pretty little Burman station at Tummu, where a certain Lieutenant Grant was lying with his men of the 2nd Burma Battalion Punjaub Infantry.

Nothing was said of any escape, and after wiring the intelligence all over Burma, Mr. Grant applied for leave to go up and rescue Mrs. Grimwood and the others, receiving the requisite permit at eleven at night.

At five next morning, March 28th, 1891, a little column left the village and pagodas of Tummu behind it, and plunged into the teak forests on its way up to the front—fifty of the Punjaub Infantry, each with 160 rounds of ball cartridge; thirty Goorkhas, with sixty rounds apiece, and three elephants; Mr. Grant in command, on an old Burmese steeplechaser named "Clinker."

Winding up among the lofty mountains, they fell in at last with the Manipuris, and drove 150 of them out of one hill entrenchment, and 200 more from Palel, at the foot of the hills.

There he learned further particulars of the disaster at Manipur; that all had either been killed

or had escaped, and that Mrs. Grimwood was in Assam.

Pushing on, the only white man in his party, he reached Thobal on the evening of the 31st, and found that a strong resistance would be made there.

A bridge was burning over the river, and, galloping up to see whether it would be practicable, he was fired on from the mud walls across the water, returning to his men at full speed, firing his revolver at the Manipuris as he rode.

After some rattling volleys, the column rushed the river, fixing bayonets in mid-stream, and helping Grant, who was up to his neck, to get across; the enemy bolting as the Goorkhas and Punjaub Infantry emerged, dripping and eager, to slaughter eight in the trenches and send the rest flying.

Suddenly the lieutenant halted, for before him stretched the Manipur army, more than a mile in length; most of them entirely in white, but some couple of hundred in scarlet jackets, with Martini rifles, the rest having an odd mixture of Sniders, Enfields, and Tower muskets, but still a formidable force of eight hundred lithe natives, to face Grant's tiny handful, isolated up there away from any hope of succour.

The son of an old Indian general who had served for more than forty years, the bold fellow, who had taken this spirited step on his own initiative, now displayed an admirable degree of caution; and, though his men were full of courage, and would have asked nothing better than to go in again with the bayonet, he retired to fortify the compounds by the river, and hold them until he should be reinforced from Burma or the remains of the Manipur garrison should join him.

So far, only one of his party had been killed, and Grant himself slightly grazed. He had three days' provisions left, and had used eighty rounds of Snider per man.

Selecting his post (I am quoting from his graphic personal narrative, which I only regret I cannot give in full), they set to work and gathered all the rice and dhal they could, got hold of about a ton of paddy and a quantity of sugar-cane juice, brought the baggage over the river on their heads, and settled down behind the mud walls, which were three or four feet high, to stand what siege the Manipuris might think fit to offer.

The nights at that season were very cold, as Mrs. Grimwood had found during her flight; but everything remained quiet, and next day the young commander shot an enemy at 700 yards, to the great delight of his Goorkhas.

Then a surprise awaited them, as the Jubraj's guns opened fire with common shell and shrapnel, and Grant admits that he felt alarm, for, with the exception of a dozen or so, his men were eight months' recruits; but they one and all behaved splendidly, and, getting the range, sent the guns off after half an hour's firing.

When it grew dark the lieutenant withdrew his men, sending them one by one back into the compound, to find the walls had suffered a good deal; but their loss had been only one man slightly wounded and a pony killed, and tying white rags round the foresights for night-firing, they settled down again to wait for daylight, the Manipuris keeping up a useless long-range fire.

At 3 a.m. the garrison turned out and strengthened the walls; also constructing five parapets, by

filling the ration-sacks, rice-baskets, Grant's pillow-case, and everything they could lay hold of, with clods from the ploughed compound; and towards the middle of the afternoon a Goorkha prisoner came in with a piteous letter from several captive Babus, imploring the lieutenant to retire, as they, fifty Goorkhas and fifty-eight civil prisoners, would be murdered if he advanced.

He replied that he would retire with those who wished to come with him, and that the others might go to Cachar if they liked—writing to the Maharajah, with whom, and our old acquaintance, the Jubraj, he had quite a lively correspondence; the Senaputty also informing him, by the messengers, that he had 3,000 men in front of him and would cut him up.

Fertile in resource, Grant wrote all his letters in the name of Colonel Howlett, and even borrowed his subadar's rank badges to impress the envoys.

After a good deal of subterfuge and wily work, the Manipuris attacked once more; our ammunition being reduced to seventy rounds of Snider and thirty of Martini per man, and the lieutenant retiring into his fort in consequence, from which he made several brilliant sallies, and in one of them nearly found himself in bad case.

He had crept out with a havildar and six Goorkhas, under a hedge, until within ten yards of the enemy, and darting out, came on thirty or forty behind a six-foot wall.

Grant had a 16-bore shot-gun and twelve cartridges, six of them ball, and as a head popped up, so he fired until they were all expended, his men following his example to the letter; and then, with a shout, charging the barrier.

He shot one Manipuri clean through the head

with his revolver, and hit several more, and when they got back to the compound, after killing ten men, the only casualties they had suffered was a ball through the havildar's hand and their khaki rather the worse for wear.

On another day of that plucky resistance, the shells did much damage, wounding two of the elephants, and knocking half the house down; but at noon on the 8th, after a long week's work, a white flag appeared, a man laid a letter in the road, and, to Grant's disgust, he found that it contained orders from Burma for him to retire.

At half-past seven on a pitch-dark, rainy night they began their retreat, going a mile an hour with the wounded elephants, and only able to see each other when the vivid lightning lit up the road for a moment.

Grant himself had to hold on to a sepoy's coat, for he "could see absolutely nothing," and trusted to the eyes of the natives, who are keen-sighted in the dark.

Soaked to the skin, marching, perhaps, ten paces forward and then waiting for the next flash to guide them, that brave little band passed on through the silent country; by the dank strips of jungle, sodden and steaming under the rainfall; now through a grove of oaks or of deodars; now nearing a village, and closing up as they went cautiously by the houses full of troops, yet not one of them daring to show his nose on such a night.

It was a strange procession: the elephants shuffling solemnly; the sepoys, used to danger by that time, nodding as they went; and Grant, the guiding spirit of it all, with plenty to occupy his thoughts, both of past, present, and future.

At last the clatter of hoofs caught the quick ear of one of them, and he said, sleepily, "The party has come"; and at 2 p.m., Presgrave, with 140 men and 40 Mounted Infantry met them—to his own and their relief.

When the daylight came, and they neared Palel once more, about 300 Manipuris bolted off after a few shots, and Mr. Grant went forward with the Mounted Infantry at the trot until they came within as many yards, and the trot merged into a galloping charge.

Straight for a palki and umbrella, which denoted an officer's presence, he rode — the steeplechaser going well until a ball in the foreleg brought him down all of a heap, and sent Grant flying.

Jumping up—luckily unhurt—his first care was for the animal, whose wound he stanched with his handkerchief wrapped round a cleaning-rod; and refilling his revolver, he ran on, a savage spectacle, covered with blood that had spurted from his horse's limb.

The mounted men had left their saddles and were engaged; the palki was upset, and forty of the Manipuris lay dead up and down the side of the hill; the men returning after a three-mile chase to join the infantry, who had doubled two miles.

With evident regret, the lieutenant tells us that "Clinker" had to be shot, the large bone being broken.

Towards the end of the month, the hero of this startling narrative was once more to the front in a sharp affair at Palel, where we shelled the fort and then stormed it, the lieutenant meeting with his first real mishap, which might have proved his last.

At the head of his men, he went swarming up

the slope, the sepoys firing briskly, when, as they gathered on the edge of the fort ditch, a white flag was shown, and he sang out, "Cease firing!"

It was a cowardly ruse, for the moment the Sniders stopped, up popped the Manipuris over their parapet and let drive into them, Grant staggering from a tremendous blow in the neck, and falling for an instant rather under cover.

A moment he lay, feeling the spot, and ascertaining that the wound was not serious, went in again with his trusty revolver.

On examination, a bullet was found to have gone through the root of his neck, carrying part of his shirt and uniform collar right out at the other side—this man of steel soon recovering, to reach Manipur and learn from the Manipuris themselves that at Palel alone our men had killed over four hundred.

With a modesty worthy of him, the gallant young officer says in a letter home, "My luck all through has been most marvellous; everything turned up all right, and there was hardly a hitch anywhere."

But it was more than luck, if there indeed be such a thing, which I strongly doubt. Seldom, probably never, did one man undertake so hazardous an enterprise, and conduct it with the same degree of excellent generalship.

From first to last his behaviour was masterly, and for skill and courage combined he has had few equals. The V.C. and a brevet-majority were his, with the congratulations of past masters in the art of war; and it is with regret that we find him now on the retired list.

CHAPTER XXXII

The V.C. Hero of Chitral

SURGEON-CAPTAIN WHITCHURCH

THE campaign in Chitral is too recent and too well known, thanks to instantaneous photography, the telegraph, and the lucid dispatches of the commanders, to need more than the briefest outline of its cause and progress here.

Chitral is a mountainous state, tributary to the Maharajah of Kashmir, and lies, roughly speaking, north of India, between Peshawur and the much-talked-of Pamirs. Its general features may be summed up in a word, as snow-capped peak and narrow valley, the whole forming one of the most difficult countries in which British troops have ever been engaged.

The natives, who are Mohammedans, are not usually accounted warlike, but that they can fight gallantly upon occasion we have had abundant proof, family squabbles among the numerous descendants of Aman-ul-Mulk, who died in 1892, causing the war which produced this Victoria Cross hero, and conferred well-deserved honours on several other officers.

Aman-ul-Mulk's second son, Afzul, usurped the throne, the rightful heir, Nizam, flying to Gilgit for British protection. Their uncle, Sher Afzul, murdered the usurper and seized the chief rule himself. The uncle in *his* turn was driven out by Nizam,

assisted by us; but rather more than two years afterwards, Nizam was murdered by another brother—Amir-ul-Mulk, when Sher Afzul made a second appearance, and being joined by Umra Khan, a chieftain of the Hindoo Koosh, turned the whole country upside down, besieging our agent, Dr. Robertson, with his escort, in the fort at Chitral for forty-six days.

Built of wooden beams, filled in with stones, its walls twenty-five feet high and eight thick, enclosing a space eighty yards square with a tall tower at each angle and a fifth on the river bank before the northern face, the fort has something mediæval in its aspect.

Huge chinar trees cluster about it on two sides; sundry walls and outbuildings offer good vantage posts for the enemy; and, to crown all, it is commanded by hills and broken ground almost on every hand.

Our force consisted of six British officers, ninety-nine of all ranks of the 14th Sikhs, 301 of the 4th Kashmir Rifles, and sundry Punyalis, Chitralis, and servants, bringing up the whole number to 543, with whom Captain Townshend, of the Central India Horse, maintained a defence which, in the language of the Governor-General's official announcement, "will ever be remembered as forming a glorious episode in the history of the Indian Empire and of its army."

Two columns started to the relief of Chitral, and encountered tremendous difficulties *en route:* snow three feet deep, mountain passes and bridle paths at great altitudes, swollen rivers, bridges and roads to be constructed, and a determined enemy that took advantage of every inch of the wild region to oppose their advance—all these retarded the march and left

the little garrison to hold its own from the 3rd of March, 1895, to the night of the 18th of April.

At half-past four on the 3rd of March Sher Afzul approached Chitral, and 200 men of the 4th Kashmir Rifles went out to try to check them.

One section, under Captain Baird, dotted the slopes of a nullah and engaged with the white-clad Chitralis, while the rest, under Townshend, had very warm work among the stone walls, hamlets, and orchards, and retired to the fort at night with a loss of twenty-three killed and thirty-three wounded, after expending 15,935 rounds of Snider ammunition.

It was quite dark, and great anxiety was felt for Captain Baird, who had been wounded a mile and a half away, and for Surgeon-Captain Whitchurch, who had gone out to his assistance.

Isolated, and surrounded by a strong force of the enemy, the gallant surgeon did what he could for the unfortunate officer, and then tried to get him to the fort, by the aid of thirteen Goorkhas and Dogras of the 4th Kashmir Rifles who remained with him.

Putting Baird into a dhoolie, they made a start from the orchard, and carried him some distance until three were killed and another badly wounded, after which the surgeon took Baird on his own back and they ran the gauntlet of a heavy fire the whole way, the captain being hit again in two places before they gained shelter.

Several walls had to be charged: at one place they were completely surrounded and had to rush it with the bayonet, almost all the little party being wounded before they reached the fort; but the brave fellow, who, by the way, was formerly a student at St. Bartholomew's, brought his man in, though, unhappily, too late to save him.

Death of Captain Baird

Captain Baird died next morning, in spite of every effort that could be made, and the army lost a promising young officer who had already seen considerable service, and received his commission out of Sandhurst before he was eighteen.

Surgeon-Captain Whitchurch was recommended for the Victoria Cross in glowing terms, was the eighteenth army doctor gazetted, and received the Cross itself from the hands of Her Majesty at Osborne on July 27, 1895.

CHAPTER XXXIII

Valour on the Veldt

HENDERSON, BAXTER, NESBITT

THE time has not yet come when the true history of South Africa may be written.

There are too many interests at stake, too many wheels within wheels for its complicated machinery to be properly understood; too many conflicting aims and claims, both there and at home, for any writer to attempt the task without laying himself open to the charge of partiality.

Moreover, that history is far from being complete: there will be great changes, great battles, reconstructions of boundaries, possibly the disappearance of entire peoples, before the historian of that land may marshal his materials with any satisfaction to himself or his reader, and even then the inner workings may never be known.

Between the rivers Zambesi and Limpopo, to state it roughly, lies Rhodesia, the land of the peaceful Mashona and the warlike Matabele, a province but lately come under British rule, a province which has already given the Mother Country some anxiety and cost her many a gallant son.

The acquisition was a happening of yesterday, a mercantile speculation which will repay its promoters in time, when the iron horse, impervious to the tsetse fly, traverses the country from one end to the other.

Trouble with the Matabele

A pioneer expedition of the British South Africa Company practically founded a colony in Mashonaland in 1890, marching in, hoisting the British flag, and singing "God save the Queen" in its shirt sleeves. In 1893 the company overflowed into Matabeleland, "Doctor Jim" leading a force of 670 white men, and a few natives, with nine guns, machine and otherwise.

In the early morning of the 25th of September they were attacked by some thousands of Matabele, who are many of them of Zulu origin, and consequently fine fighters.

This attack took place in broken wooded country on the Tchangani, or, as we are accustomed to write it, Shangani, river, and the natives being repulsed with great loss, the column advanced on Buluwayo, the capital of Lo Bengula, and was again attacked in laager on the 1st of November in the open.

The Maxim guns proved too much for the assegais, and Lo Bengula, hearing of this second defeat, burned his kraal and fled.

The pursuit of the king led to the tragic slaughter of Major Wilson's patrol, which was cut off by the sudden rising of the river.

Lo Bengula dying soon after, the resistance came to an end, and during the next two years towns were built, stores established, farms undertaken, and the usual process of colonisation went merrily forward.

The Matabele submitted with fairly good grace, and, on the whole, they were well treated.

A native police force was raised, armed with Winchesters, and such was the sense of security that the various volunteer troops of British settlers gradually ceased to exist, the individual members

being widely scattered over the new country and busy with their own affairs.

Then came that incident known as the "Jameson Raid," the details of which must be fresh in the memory of every reader, and which we are not called upon here to characterise.

By carrying away the white police to participate in that raid, the smouldering Matabele were deluded into a belief that their time had come, and they rose, with the usual terrible accompaniment of murder and rapine.

It began with the doing to death of a native policeman on the night of Friday, 20th March, 1896, followed on the 23rd by the cruel extermination of the Cunningham family, three generations of which were barbarously slaughtered with knobkerries and battle-axes.

Mr. Selous, the well-known big-game hunter, took his wife into Buluwayo, and immediately set about raising a mounted force of thirty-six men, all that could be horsed and armed, with which he returned to Essexvale to prevent the other Kafirs from joining the rebels.

This formed the nucleus of what was to be known as H Troop, Buluwayo Field Force; hardy fellows in riding-boots and picturesque *terai* hats, turned up at the sides, but otherwise conspicuous for an absence of uniform, some being in their shirts, others wearing guernseys, with their bandoliers slung across their brawny chests, and their rifles gripped in hands that knew how to use them.

They were a fair sample of the several volunteer troops raised, or reunited on the spur of the moment, such as Gifford's Horse, Grey's Scouts, and the better known Rhodesia Horse, which latter, to the number

of about five hundred, were mustered at Buluwayo, but were sadly hampered by the dearth of mounts.

There were, according to Mr. Selous, to whose book we are indebted for many of these details, only five hundred and eighty rifles and carbines belonging to the Government in the whole of the province when the rebellion commenced, with a few machine guns at Buluwayo; the horse supply was very scanty, the food supply low, and there were ten thousand natives to face, many of them armed with Martinis and muzzle-loaders.

There were more than six hundred women and children in Buluwayo itself, to say nothing of those scattered over the land in lonely farms and isolated stations, and it will be seen that prompt action was very necessary for their defence and protection.

The war resolved itself into a series of little rides or expeditions into various parts of the country by handfuls of resolute men, who gradually drove the Matabele back and inflicted severe losses upon them.

The native police deserted to the enemy with their Winchester repeaters, telegraph wires were cut, and the rinderpest added considerably to the difficulties by strewing the pastures with putrefying cattle and lessening the provisions.

The country is varied in character, mountainous in some places, well wooded in others, with deep valleys and many streams; the veldt stretching for miles and bounded by lofty hills.

Rocky kopjes rise here and there, bush grows thickly, and wild beasts abound; altogether, a romantic land, with a burning sun and a rainy season, and often a sky of cloudless blue.

It was on one of these rescue rides that our first

Victoria Cross incident occurred, and it took place in this way :

A little party of eleven men under Captain Pittendrigh of the Africander Corps rode out of Buluwayo one Saturday at midnight to visit Jenkin's Store, and afterwards to relieve Mr. Graham, Native Commissioner at Inyati, about thirty miles farther on, who was in laager there with six other white men.

As all was found quiet at Jenkin's Store, the party, then raised to nineteen, pushed on through a wild country, where they soon came across the rebels.

After a sharp encounter in the bush, in which two men were wounded—one of them by a bullet striking his bandolier and exploding three cartridges—they regained the road, only to find the Cape boys, with the mule wagon, bolting.

Leaving the wagon, and putting the wounded before them, they started at a quick canter, pursued by about three hundred natives.

With seventeen miles before them, and the Matabele apparently closing upon them behind, the unpleasant prospect of running into another ambush at any moment, and two of the horses failing fast, they rode with their lives in their hands, until about eleven o'clock they saw Campbell's Store over the River Bembisi, and found the owner quite expecting an attack.

There they learned that the party they had come to rescue, eight miles away, had been murdered, and that an impi of from twelve to fifteen thousand natives lay at Inyati.

Then they fortified the store, laid dynamite mines, and sent two men back to Buluwayo by another route for help.

With the dawn of Monday morning came the

sound of firing, and thirty comrades swept up to the store as it grew lighter.

They were partly from the Africander Corps under Van Rensburg and Van Niekerk, and partly Rhodesian Horse under Captain Macfarlane, and having ridden all night with one short halt, had come on the enemy near the store in the pitch darkness.

Two of the advance guard, Celliers and Henderson, were missing, and thereby hangs this tale.

Trooper John Celliers was badly wounded in the knee and his horse hit when a sudden volley crashed out in the darkness.

A running fire was kept up for half an hour; the bush was dense and the rest of the relief patrol gradually passed on, fighting its way towards the store in ignorance that one of its number was helpless.

But Trooper Herbert Stephen Henderson stayed with his comrade, and Celliers' horse dying, he placed him on his own and led him back at the risk of his own life.

They had no food, the dawn was breaking, the whole country was swarming with the enemy, and it was thirty-five miles to Buluwayo.

Faint from loss of blood and intense agony, Celliers implored him to leave him to his fate and save himself, but Henderson would not, and for two days and a night he trudged by his side, hiding in the bush when danger threatened, and doing all in his power to help him to hold out over the weary miles of rough riding.

Making their best speed by night, and lying close during the daylight, they eventually got into the laagered town on the Wednesday morning.

There Celliers' leg was amputated, but he had been out too long on the veldt without surgical aid,

and he died in hospital on the 16th May, without the satisfaction of knowing that his staunch comrade would one day wear the just reward of his unselfish valour.

Another Victoria Cross episode which has a pathetic side was the heroism and death of Trooper Baxter.

The Kafirs had taken up a position on the Umguza River, north of Buluwayo and quite close to the town, and what was known as Bisset's Patrol went out on the 22nd April to dislodge them if possible—making the fourth of a series of attempts for that purpose.

The patrol numbered about a hundred and twenty horsemen with a Hotchkiss and a Maxim, and a similar number of Kafirs and Zulus, and they drove the Matabele through the river and over the scrub for a mile beyond it.

The attack was successful, but does not seem to have been continued as it ought, and several of our men had narrow escapes when their parties were recalled and the Kafirs pursued them towards the river again.

When Grey's Scouts were recalled they were suddenly fired upon by an ambush on their left.

Some of them galloped past in safety, but Grey and a handful in the rear halted and used their rifles for a few minutes.

Corporal George Wise was hit in the back as he was mounting, the ball traversing the shoulder-blade and coming out near the collar-bone; his horse stumbled at the same time, recovered itself, and breaking away, galloped straight for Buluwayo, leaving its master to shift for himself.

Then Trooper Baxter swung out of the saddle, the balls from the Matabele ambush humming about

them, and lifting the wounded corporal up, set him head for home.

Lieutenant Hook and Captain Grey, witnessing this self-devotion in the very teeth of the enemy, rode to Baxter's help and got him along between them as the Kafirs closed round.

A bullet pierced Mr. Hook from back to front, severing the sciatic nerve, but just missing the artery, and another grazing Captain Grey's forehead almost stunned him.

Then "Texas" Long, a well-known Scout, rode up to Baxter and, giving him a stirrup-leather, was getting him out when a ball struck the poor fellow in the side, and, letting go his hold, he rolled to the ground, and the Kafirs were almost instantly upon him.

Hard luck! But he has left a name which will be honoured by his countrymen, and a legacy of remembrance to Corporal Wise, who will have food for reflection each succeeding 22nd of April to the last year of his life.

As proof of the critical position they were in when Baxter gave up his horse, the wounded were only enabled to reach the patrol by a steady fire from some of the Scouts and a cross-fire from the Colonial boys, which checked the enemy and gave them breathing space.

Scenes like these were constantly recurring; the patrols rode out, and reverently buried murdered settlers in nooks and corners of the lonely veldt, came back with diminished numbers, and were off again.

Now capturing cattle, now taking stern vengeance on the authors of all this mischief, they went through a romantic campaign of isolated incidents by day and night, sometimes in the hot African sunglare, some-

times in the depressing chill of a drizzling rain—eye, ear, and rifle ever alert.

Captain Nesbitt's gallantry was of a high order, for the action was deliberately performed in the face of overwhelming odds. The Director of Telegraphs at Salisbury had tried to relieve the miners at the Alice Mine, in the Mazoe Valley, but, finding the enemy too numerous, had been obliged to remain in laager with them. On the 19th Mr. Judson sent a runner asking for help, and he fortunately met a patrol of thirteen troopers under Nesbitt.

The letter stated that a force of 100 men and a Maxim would be necessary to effect their relief, but without hesitation Captain Nesbitt read the note aloud to his *thirteen,* and asked them to go with him.

They instantly volunteered, fought their way to the laager, put the three women there into an armoured wagon, and fought their way back again through hordes of the enemy, who often got close up.

The skill and pluck of their leader brought the whole party safely to Salisbury with a loss of three killed, five wounded, eight horses dead, and seven hit; and the Mazoe Rescue Patrol will always be remembered in Colonial annals.

The son of Major Nesbitt, of Cape Colony, he was educated at St. Paul's School, London, and after four years in the Cape Mounted Rifles, served with the British South Africa Police in the Pioneer Expedition, and then in the Mashonaland Mounted Police, in which he was a captain when he won his V.C.

In the Boer War of 1899-1902 he commanded a squadron of the B.S.A.P. under Plumer and Baden-Powell.

His portrait shows a square-chinned, resolute face,

that goes well with the smart service cap and the little bronze trinket on the left breast.

How the war progressed, and finally terminated in the submission of the natives to the inevitable, must be looked for in the books of Mr. Selous and Colonel Plumer. The latter came up with a strong force to Buluwayo just before Major-General Sir Frederick Carrington took over entire command.

This does not pretend to be a history of the campaign, but rather a slight sketch of the conditions under which three Crosses were won for valour on the veldt.

Many will remember the little knot of Rhodesia Horse that rode in Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee Procession, led by the gallant Maurice Gifford with his empty sleeve; a group, by the way, hastily recruited from men scattered all over the British Isles by those who felt that Rhodesia should be represented in the most magnificent military pageant London has ever seen.

Much has been said about the ruthless slaughter of the natives in that rising.

There was such slaughter undoubtedly, but was there no justification for it?

I will cite one incident to show what kind of incentive to mercy the Matabele left behind them.

Dr. and Mrs. Langford, but recently married, and not three months resident in Rhodesia, were journeying from Buluwayo in their wagon with a Mr. Lemon to the Insiza district, when they were attacked.

The bodies of the two men were found close together, as though they had made a stand to enable Mrs. Langford to bring help from a farm a couple of miles away.

Unhappily, the farmer had left the day before, and I complete the story in Mr. Selous's own words :—

"The poor woman then probably waited at the house for the husband and friend that never came, and then, knowing that they must have been killed, took refuge under the bank of the river which ran below the house.

"Here she seems to have lain hidden for some days at least, as she had made a sort of bed of dry grass to lie on under the bank, and as a pie-dish was found beside her body, she probably visited the house at night to get food of some sort. The agony of mind this poor young woman must have suffered one shudders to think of.

"But at last the Kafirs found her, and then, poor soul, her troubles were nearly at an end, for they lost no time in killing her. They appear to have stoned her to death, as her skull was terribly shattered, and some large round stones, taken from the river-bed, were lying beside her corpse.

"None of her clothes had been removed, and two rings were still on her finger, on the inner side of one of which were engraved the words 'Sunny Curls, Mizpah.'"

After tragedies such as this it was hardly within the power of human nature to stay the hand.

One little incident of that war came under my notice which has not yet been published. It happened to a young fellow who was acting-sergeant at the time to one of the troops of Volunteer Horse.

Riding one day with a patrol, he chanced on a burned-out store, whose unfortunate inmates had all been murdered. In the long grass lay the body of a man shrivelled and ghastly, with a leathern wallet by his side, and all about him the mails he had been

carrying when he drew rein at the lonely house he was never to leave again.

Letters from home; and on the envelope of one of them the sergeant read his own name!

That letter came back to England with instructions to preserve it for the sake of the strange coincidence; but the sergeant lies, with many a good man and true, in that far-off land, and on his grave they placed these lines of Rudyard Kipling's:

"In the faith of little children we lay down and died.
On the sand-drift—on the Veldt side—
In the fern scrub we lay,
That our sons might follow after by the bones on the way.
Follow after—follow after! we have watered the root,
And the bud has come to blossom that ripens for fruit!"

CHAPTER XXXIV

Well Won!—North-West Frontier of India

COSTELLO, ADAMS, FINCASTLE, MACLEAN

WHEN trouble begins on the verge of our Indian Empire, a great many things have to be taken into immediate consideration, chief perhaps of which are the nature of the country and the time of year.

The wild, and to a great extent unexplored, region lying beyond the North-West Frontier is one of the most difficult campaigning grounds in the world.

Mighty mountains, dangerous passes, streams now dry now boiling among the rocks, on every side points of vantage for an active enemy, and Nature herself showering sudden avalanches of boulders upon the goat-track called by courtesy a road, it will be understood that an army carries its life in its hands in such a country.

Throw in fierce tribes of athletic mountaineers, some of them pagan, others whose creed teaches that death in battle means eternity in Paradise; often armed, by some mysterious agency, with rifles of the latest pattern. And the picture will be complete, if we add to the foregoing the trying transition from burning noon to nights of almost Arctic cold at certain altitudes.

Under such circumstances are our frontier wars conducted, and as the process of victory is a gradual one, and seldom the result of a big pitched battle,

many of them are won with far greater real glory to officer and man than others about which much more is said and sung.

On the 10th of June, 1897, an attack was made on our Indian troops in the Tochi Valley; in July the Swat tribes rose, followed by the people of Bajour, the Mohmunds, the Afridis, and several other warlike clans, many of them sworn foes to one another, but all uniting against the British arms.

After the Chitral Campaign of 1895 we had retained communication by a strong garrison at Malakand and an advanced post at Chakdarra, on the Swat River.

On the afternoon of 26th July, 1897, Brigadier General Meiklejohn, commanding at Malakand, was warned that a fakir had stirred up the Pathans in the Swat Valley; at seven o'clock he ordered his officers to be ready to turn out at a moment's notice, and telegraphed to Mardan, thirty-two miles to the rear, for the Guides Corps to come up at once.

Scarcely had he done so when his informant, Major Deane, came in with fresh news—the Pathans were on the march!

A strong detachment was thereupon detailed to leave camp at midnight to hold the Amandara Pass, the remainder of the force to start after them at three in the morning under the Brigadier himself; but again news came, this time by wire from far-off Chakdarra, that two bodies of the enemy were approaching from the east, one on each bank of the broad river, and a quarter of an hour later word was brought that the fakir, whom we called the "Mad" Mullah, had already passed Khor, and that the hills to east of the camp were covered with Pathans.

This meant a night attack on Malakand, and

almost before they had time to realise their position the glow of star-shells in the darkness showed them that the attack had begun.

We have no space to tell how Taylor, with the Sikhs, went off at the double up the Buddhist Road on the right flank, and held the gorge until the Pathans rolled down rocks upon them; how the Major was mortally wounded, but the enemy kept in check; how Lieutenants Costello and Climo, with two companies of the 24th Punjab, lined the enclosure and bazaar walls to resist the attack on the left, and fought all night.

How the Pathans penetrated to the Quarter Guard and were driven out, and were reinforced by another party which came up the Graded Road with tomtoms and pipes sounding; how they attacked us with great courage from half-past ten o'clock until half-past four next morning, when they only withdrew to muster for a fresh assault.

At 8.30 the Guides cavalry came in, having done thirty-two miles in eight hours under a burning sun, and at half-past seven in the evening the infantry of that corps arrived, exhausted but very fit, and immediately took up their position in the line of defence.

For five days and nights our force stood and fought with next to no sleep, and many were the acts of heroism performed.

Lieutenant Climo and Surgeon-Lieutenant Hugo were particularly prominent, and some surprise has been expressed that they were not gazetted to the V.C.

Hugo, on the night of the 28th, after striking a match—which the bullets put out—held on to the femoral artery of Lieutenant Ford, so says one

account, for three hours, a feat requiring great physical strength and endurance, and thinking the enemy had forced an entrance in the early dawn, he carried his man to a place of safety, still compressing the artery with his fingers and saving a valuable life.

"Jimmy" Hugo, as he was familiarly called, was an old Godolphin boy; captain of the school, and also of the Hammersmith Rugby Football Club; a thick-set, red-headed, and very popular fellow; as strong as a bull, a good athlete, and a steady worker at "Bart's." A question was asked in Parliament as to his reward, which, for the present, is the D.S.O.

Lieutenant Costello, a clean-shaven, boyish-looking young fellow of twenty-four, son of Surgeon-Colonel Costello, was greatly distinguished throughout the defence of Malakand, and won his Cross there.

Joining the West Yorkshire Regiment, he had been transferred to the Indian Staff Corps in November, 1892, and was attached to the 24th Punjab, though properly belonging to the 22nd.

On the night of the 26th he was posted with a company to line the walls of an enclosure facing the gorge through which the road to the North Camp passed, and during the fight saw a wounded lance-havildar (lance-sergeant) lying sixty yards away on the football field.

The ground was alive with swordsmen, and swept by a heavy fire not only from the enemy, but also from our own men, who were holding the sapper lines.

Braving all these odds, he left the hospital enclosure, and assisted by a couple of sepoys brought the man in.

On the night of the 27th he was badly hit, but

stuck to his duty, and was again wounded on the 28th, his hurts, both of which were dangerous, being officially given as "bullet-wound through back and right arm, and another through the left arm."

On the 1st of August Sir Bindon Blood arrived at Malakand and took over the command, and thoroughly approving Brigadier-General Meiklejohn's arrangements for the relief of Chakdarra, gave him charge of the column, which drove the enemy before it, and relieved the gallant little garrison on the 2nd of August.

How Lieutenant Rattray had been summoned from the polo ground to defend his post, of his sortie during which he was severely wounded in the neck; how Wright, with forty sabres of the 11th Bengal Lancers, rode up the valley under fire and threw himself into the fort; and Sepoy Prem Singh climbed out of the signalling-tower to heliograph under a concentrated rain of bullets from every side—all this "is another story," and we must return with Sir Bindon Blood to the Malakand, whence he again started with the Field Force on the 16th August in the heavy rain.

They cleared the enemy out of the Buddhist ruins on the Telala spur, and fought the smart action of Landakai, and as soon as the stone causeway which wound round the Landakai spur had been repaired, three squadrons of the Guides cavalry under Lieutenant-Colonel Adams started in pursuit.

The causeway, still very rough going, was nearly a mile long, and as the khaki-clad Guides, with their blue turbans and red cummerbunds, debouched from it slowly by twos and threes, Captain Palmer, commanding the leading squadron, was informed that the enemy were bolting for the hills across a plain hidden from his view by tall Indian corn.

With part of his squadron he pushed on, and reaching the open, saw the tribesmen about a mile away, scurrying for the high ground.

A few days before, the Guides and 11th Bengal Lancers had done some gory work with sabre and lance on the Khar Plain when they went up to Chakdarra, and here was another chance not to be missed; so away dashed Captain Palmer at a gallop, Lieutenant Greaves, of the Lancashire Fusiliers, on his pony to the left, and Lieutenant-Colonel Adams a little in the rear; the first squadron following over the heavy ground, the two others not far behind it.

Seeing a position, which if held by dismounted fire would command the hill for which the enemy were making, Adams ordered this to be done, but Palmer and Greaves, not hearing the word, kept on their way; in fact, Greaves's pony seems to have got the better of his rider, and to have run away with him.

Captain Palmer rode for a standard-bearer and cut him down, but a bullet striking his wrist, and his horse being shot at the same moment, he was saved with difficulty by two duffadars (sergeants) of the Guides.

Greaves, who was present as war correspondent for *The Times of India,* was shot in the body, and in an instant, as he fell from his pony, he was surrounded by a host of fiendish swordsmen, who began in the usual Oriental fashion to carve him with their tulwars and knives.

His brother correspondent, Viscount Fincastle, of the 16th Lancers, who was present as representative of the London *Times,* dashed off to his aid, followed by Lieutenant MacLean, the Guides' adjutant, Lieutenant-Colonel Adams and five men; but it was not to be.

They drove the horde away, it is true, and while Lieutenant-Colonel Adams interposed himself and his horse between them and the enemy's fire, Lord Fincastle and Lieutenant MacLean lifted the bleeding man from the ground, but as they did so another bullet entered his body and killed him, and MacLean also received a mortal wound.

Captain Palmer's, Lord Fincastle's, and two troopers' horses were killed, and Lieutenant-Colonel Adams's charger was wounded, and the sad procession had to run the gauntlet of a heavy fire from about five hundred tribesmen on the hill.

The incident bears some resemblance to the rescue of young Bankes during the Mutiny, but Adams was more fortunate than Hagart, of the 7th Hussars, on that occasion, being gazetted V.C., and enjoying the additional honour of having the Cross affixed by her Majesty at Windsor, 9th July, 1898.

Transferred from the Suffolk Regiment to the Bengal Staff Corps, he saw service in the Afghan and Chitral campaigns.

Lord Fincastle, eldest son of the Earl of Dunmore, joined the Scarlet Lancers in 1894, and was appointed aide-de-camp to the Viceroy of India the following year.

Poor MacLean, who by the way had been severely wounded on the 27th of July, was formerly in the Northumberland Fusiliers, and wore the medal and clasp for the Hazara Expedition, and but for that fatal gunshot wound at Nawa Kili, would have added to it the well-won V.C.

The Field Force continued its victorious advance, making reconnaissances into various valleys and passes, and receiving some Martinis which were brought in by the tribesmen, and on the 24th August

it returned towards Malakand once more to prepare for fresh operations.

In the meantime another Mullah (of Hadda) had been stirring up the Mohmunds to the west of Swat, and during their attack on Shabkadr, ten miles north of Peshawur, a brilliant charge of the 13th Bengal Lancers was delivered along the whole of the enemy's line, which brought the fight to an end.

Two of the lancers' officers had their horses shot under them, and the ride of the turbaned troopers will be long remembered in the annals of our Indian cavalry.

CHAPTER XXXV

Dargai Heights and Mamund Valley

FINDLATER, LAWSON, PENNELL, VICKERY, WATSON, COLVIN, SMITH

BUT while the Malakand force was successful in the Swat Valley against tribes whose fighting strength has been estimated at about 18,000 men, fresh trouble was brewing among the Afridis, a powerful tribe inhabiting the spurs and valleys to the west and south of the Peshawur district.

We paid these warlike gentry an annual subsidy, and in return they were supposed to keep the Khyber Pass clear for us.

Their levies garrisoned the serai at Lundi Kotal, at the top, or Afghan end, of the pass, and the Afridis themselves being fine athletic fellows, with a nominal strength of twenty-seven thousand, they were not enemies to be despised.

Presently down the Khyber they came in good earnest, and prompt action was necessary.

From Peshawur, our great military cantonment, where the railway terminates, to the "Wolf's Throat," where the pass begins, is about ten miles, a well-kept road traversing the level plain until it passes at the eighth mile Fort Jamrud on its right, a big, bastioned fortification, about a quarter of a mile square.

Between Jamrud the ground is rough, over low hills covered with scrub and camel-thorn.

High up from the road on the left, and half a league from the "Wolf's Throat," is Fort Maude, a small post with no water immediately handy, and nine miles or so farther on, Ali Musjid stands on its isolated rock, six hundred feet above the pass, rich in memories of its British capture in 1839, and again in 1878.

At the end of another twelve miles, the worst of them all, is Lundi Kotal, which, with Forts Maude and Ali Musjid, was garrisoned by the Khyber Rifles, largely Afridis, and armed with Sniders.

The enemy began by capturing both the latter posts and burning them, and soon after Lundi Kotal fell, the Afridis then dispersing for a time.

It was a complication, it is true, though the ultimate result was obvious; still, the authorities foresaw that it would be a trying campaign, and, appointing Sir William Lockhart to the chief command, mustered an army of sixty thousand men, having learned at length, after a superabundance of object-lessons, the folly of dispatching small bodies to be cut up in detail.

Sir William was formerly an officer of the Bengal Lancers, and in various capacities had seen service in Bhotan, Abyssinia, the Black Mountain Expedition, Acheen, Afghanistan, Burma, and several minor campaigns.

That he had no light task to undertake will be evident from the fact that the Afridis, the Orakzais, the Mohmunds, Mamunds, and the Waziris were all on the warpath, with the Swatis barely crushed, and the Tochi Valley in a tumult.

To follow every phase of the subsequent operations would fill a volume; suffice it that, having given out that our intentions were not annexation, but the

punishment of the Hadda Mullah and his adherents, a punitive expedition was sent against the Mohmunds, and another against the Afridis and Orakzais.

The two latter peoples combined to attack Gulistan, but were driven back with heavy loss.

Much anxiety was felt for the fate of Fort Cavagnari, where the commandant's wife and children were amongst the besieged.

Little Miss Des Vœux and her brother were kept from the ramparts with great difficulty, and the young lady—she was six years old—is reported to have said, "A horrid man crept up to burn the hedge. Daddy would not shoot till the hedge was burning and the man was creeping back again, then he shotted him dead. I think daddy should have shotted him first."

On the 24th of September, the Haddi and Suffi Mullahs were defeated, and fled, and the Mohmund Campaign terminated early in October, after a sharp three weeks, during which time forty forts and seventy-two towers had been demolished, heavy fines inflicted, and many arms captured or given up.

But the most dramatic action of the war was the storming of the Dargai Heights on the 20th October by the Tirah Field Force, for which four Victoria Crosses were awarded.

A mountain path wound up the Chagru Kotal, and at right angles to the Chagru crest stretched the high Dargai ridge, presenting about a mile of front.

On the 18th October a direct attack was delivered on this position by Westmacott's brigade, consisting of No. 9 Mountain Battery, R.A., 2nd Battalion King's Own Scottish Borderers (the old 25th), 1st Battalion Northamptons, 5th Bombay Mountain Battery, 1st Battalion 3rd Goorkhas, while a flank attack was made by Kempster with the 8th Mountain

Battery, R.A., and No. 4 Company, Madras Sappers and Miners.

The fighting was very heavy, and we lost several men, but eventually we cleared out the enemy, burned Dargai and several other villages, and then we retired again to camp at Shinwari, the Gordon Highlanders crowning the heights to cover the return, and having a little action all to themselves as the foe rallied for the moment.

Major Jennings-Bramley was killed (we have seen how another of his name fell during the Mutiny), but why the strong position was abandoned to the enemy again is not quite clear; certain is it, it was destined to cost us dear two days later.

The standards of the tribes—Afridis and Orakzais—soon appeared on the summit once more, the dark crest of Nasik Suk, a thousand feet high, and on Wednesday, 20th, we attacked it again.

The 2nd Division, Kempster's brigade leading, left the camp in the early morning, and found the enemy in force, holding the same ridge taken by Westmacott on the 18th.

The ridge, which on the left is sheer rock, can only be gained by following a zigzag watercourse, barely wide enough for a couple of men to climb abreast.

"From the valley upwards stretch three ridge nullahs, which converge to one about four hundred yards from the cliff on the left, where there is a low dip of from one hundred yards to one hundred and fifty yards. This dip exposed to a direct fire from the summit of the cliff—a fire which converges from three different points—and with the range marked down at two hundred yards, it is as fearful a passage as any troops could be called upon to face. And

it was in these few yards that the casualties took place."

A few minutes to ten, the gallant little Goorkhas—the Rifle Brigade of our Indian Empire—had accomplished the stiff climb of one thousand eight hundred feet and reached the edge of the dip.

At ten o'clock the three mountain batteries opened with ring and common shell to cover the advance, and the 1st Battalion 2nd Goorkhas, with the scouts of the 3rd Goorkhas, tried to rush the open space and gain the cover afforded by the steep cliffside.

Three companies doubled into the dip, and simultaneously a hurricane of bullets swept like rain from the mountain top, littering the ground with fallen men, whose comrades, after a moment's pause at some scattered boulders, darted on again and gained the cover.

Captain John Graham Robinson, who had joined the Goorkhas from the Warwickshire Regiment, attempted to return for supports, but was so badly hit in that death-trap that he ultimately died.

At two p.m. the 1st Dorsets went forward, and thirteen of them fell before they had got to the other side, the enemy firing on the wounded whenever they tried to rise.

The 1st Dorsets and 2nd Derbys strove in vain to make headway, but it seemed as though nothing could live under that storm of lead.

There was the rocky crest rising up against the sky, bristling with yellow tribesmen, there were the Goorkhas among the bushes near the zigzag path, but between them and our fellows lay the sunny hollow dotted with suggestive heaps and swept by the concentrated fire of thousands of juzails, Martinis, and more than one Lee-Metford, if report be true!

About noon the message was heliographed down that the thing could not be done, but Kempster, on the ridge, received his orders again. "I do not know the meaning of 'could not'!" flashed the General in reply—and then the brigadier went down in person to bring up the 1st Battalion of the Gordon Highlanders (the old 75th Stirlingshire) and the 3rd Sikhs.

It was close upon half-past two when the final attempt was made, and it was preceded by an incident which recalls the old days when the commanding officer, removing his hat, harangued his men before going in.

After message had been heliographed for a concentrated fire of guns on the peak, Lieutenant-Colonel Mathias, a gallant Welshman, turned to the regiment, and in words now historic, said, "Gordon Highlanders, the General has ordered that position to be taken at all costs—the Gordons will take it!"

Then Major Macbean sprang out of cover at the head of his company, and with a yell the Gordons swarmed from the protecting ridge into the zone of fire.

Led by Colonel Mathias, with Macbean on his right, and Lieutenant A. F. Gordon on his left—with the pipes skirling the "Cock of the North"—the irresistible mass of waving kilts and white helmets swept on for the first rush.

A murderous hail tore up the dust in the hollow; Macbean went down, but cheered his men on as they passed by him.

Piper Findlater fell, shot through both feet, but, struggling into a sitting posture, continued to play, like more than one Scottish piper in the brave Peninsular days.

The first rush was followed by a second, officers

leading, and then by a third, and in forty minutes they had done the business with a roll of three officers and thirty men either killed or wounded.

As the leading companies breasted the steep zig-zag path, the troops on the other side of the basin followed in support, and the enemy, terrified at all this valour, scuttled down the opposite slopes of the hill, leaving little for the British bayonet to accomplish when it gained the crest!

But many brave deeds had been done meanwhile, among them that of Private Lawson, who under heavy fire carried Lieutenant Dingwall out of danger, and then ran back to pick up Private McMillan, receiving two wounds himself.

Nor were the Gordons the only heroes.

Lieutenant Pennell of the Derbys had flown to help Captain Smith, making two attempts under "a perfect hail of bullets" to get him out, until he found him gone beyond all need of earthly aid.

Private Vickery of the Dorsets, as plucky a fellow as this or any other book bears record of, ran down the slope into the teeth of death and carried in his man—the first of two deeds which won him the V.C.

Now a good deal was said afterwards to the detriment of the Dorsets and Derbys, but, without wishing to depreciate the glory of the Gordons, which all allow to have been beyond praise, the official returns tell us that the first-named regiment lost twice the number of killed and had three more wounded than the Highlanders, and the second-named was only eleven behind them in their list of casualties.

The Highlanders alone, of all our Line battalions, have been allowed to preserve their *esprit de corps* unharmed, even their new designations bearing some

trace of former tradition, while the same cannot be said of the Line generally; and it might be well if the authorities were to keep the fact in mind that the Highland regiments, be they Celt or Cockney, never fail us in the time of need.

It was at first reported that Piper Milne had been the hero of Dargai—Milne was shot through the bagpipes in the Chitral campaign—but the official gazette settled the matter by awarding the Victoria Cross to Piper G. Findlater, No. 2,591, and for several months he was probably one of the most talked-of men in the British Isles.

His pluck was undoubted, and fine was the example he set; moreover, his act was of so dramatic a nature as to win the approval of everyone with an eye to effect, and when, at Netley Hospital, her Majesty, rather than allow her wounded soldier to stand, rose in her wheeled chair to pin the Cross on his breast, his triumph was complete.

I remember how he was cheered to the echo when, at the Military Tournament, he entered the arena, with the grey-coated pipers of the Gordons, a stout, short-necked man with a suggestive double limp that told of Dargai wounds but barely healed.

And then came a kind of sequel to his gallantry which his admirers would gladly have dispensed with.

The management of a music-hall offered him a magnificent salary to perform there nightly, and there, with the accompaniment of scenery and "supers," he fought his battle o'er again.

Few were surprised when the authorities interfered, very properly feeling that it was derogatory to the dignity of the decoration and the Army.

Questions were asked on the subject in the House

on the 13th June, and Mr. Brodrick's reply explains the situation.

He said—"The circumstances of this case are as follows: Piper Findlater received the Victoria Cross from her Majesty's hands on the 14th May, 1898, and was advertised shortly afterwards to appear at a music-hall. The military authorities requested that this appearance should not take place, it being repugnant to military feeling that an exhibition should be made at a music-hall of a soldier who had been so recently decorated by the Queen. (Hear, hear.) For the same reason they forbade the attendance of the officers and pipers of the Aberdeen Depot at his appearance in Aberdeen. There are no precedents for such an exhibition. Piper Findlater's financial position is as follows: He receives £10 a year with the Victoria Cross; he has also a pension of 2s. a day, or £36 10s. a year for his wound and gallant services; and I understand he has had an offer from the highest quarter of a permanent post with a residence, though I am not aware of the precise conditions and emoluments. An ample provision for a man in his position has thus been secured him."

The offer, it is believed, was the post of gate-keeper at Balmoral, with a cottage and eighteen shillings a week, from the Queen; which offer, with all its future possibilities, Findlater declined.

I know of one, and he was among the first to be decorated by her Majesty's own hand, who would view such an offer in a different light.

Dargai won, the 3rd Sikhs and the Derbys were posted there for three days, and a cold, starved time they had of it, until the Pioneers made a road and brought up their great-coats, with rum and corned beef.

Vickery, V.C.

The storming of the Sempagha and Arhanga Passes opened the way to the Maidan district, and though the tribes were not yet subdued the back of the revolt was broken.

Brigadier-General Kempster had some hard fighting in the Waran Valley, and it was during a night attack upon his rearguard that Private Vickery again distinguished himself.

He and four other men, getting separated from the column in the darkness, were set upon by the Pathans, and Vickery's rifle was wrested from him.

Grappling his opponent, the plucky Dorset recovered the weapon, and bayoneted two, and the bayonet wrenching away in the second man's body, he clubbed the rifle and felled another who had just wounded him severely in the foot, and after a fine smashing five minutes, such as Private Mulvaney would have delighted in, he got back to camp dripping with Pathan gore, leaving three dead foemen out there on the plain.

Although he received a tremendous ovation when he returned to England, Corporal Vickery has borne his honours with the modesty of a brave man, and it is gratifying to read that in July, 1898, the Mayor of Cardiff presented him with a gold watch and chain purchased by public subscription.

On the 16th September took place the last Victoria Cross episode of the war—or, rather, I should say, the last in point of date—for which the decoration was granted.

Brigadier-General Jeffreys had entered the Mahmund Valley to punish the tribesmen by destroying all defensible villages within reach. It was expected that one day would finish the business, and that the

troops would be free to march to Nawagai on the 17th.

As it turned out, there was some very hot work, and powerful resistance compelled us to retire to our entrenched camp again in the evening.

When night closed a severe thunderstorm broke, and, harried by the enemy, the retirement was, to say the least of it, unpleasant.

The Buffs acted as rearguard, and they had been marching and fighting for thirteen hours with no food but a biscuit in the morning. As they reached camp the rain came down in sheets; the camp was closed up to half its original size in anticipation of an attack, and in the midst of all this dire discomfort, guns were suddenly heard in the valley.

The general, the battery, and a handful of troops still remained out, and, although four companies of Dogras were ordered to fall in and march to their relief, the order was countermanded owing to the exhausted state of those in camp and the great difficulty of the darkness and the broken ground.

What was happening was this.

The Guides Infantry being in difficulties, the Brigadier sent an order to the battery, some thirty sappers, and half the 35th Sikhs, to halt and remain out all night.

The battery and the sappers turned back, and met the General outside the village of Bilot.

Everything got mixed up in the darkness, and the battery was left with the thirty sappers for escort.

A section of twelve men of G Company of the Buffs, under Lance-Corporal James Smith, who had been sent out to look for a wounded officer in a dhoolie, missed him, and now turned up, and they came in the nick of time.

The guns, with their slender escort, were compelled to entrench themselves just outside the village, which now swarmed with tribesmen, who opened fire from two sides at about 30 yards' range.

The general and his companies got separated in the dark, and the little band was left to fight it out as best they could.

It was impossible to move without abandoning either the guns or the wounded.

The enemy threw burning *bhoosa,* a species of chopped straw, into their midst, and by its light poured in their bullets and volleys of stones.

Lieutenant Watson called for volunteers, and, with the Buffs and his own sappers, made a gallant bayonet rush into the burning village, which proved too large, however, for the little party to clear.

Mr. Watson had his hand smashed by a bullet, but would not give in until he was again severely wounded, and had to be carried back to the little entrenchment.

His comrade, Lieutenant Colvin, continued the attempt with great gallantry, and Corporal Smith, himself wounded, displayed the greatest courage, firing steadily and helping to carry the wounded under shelter.

About nine the rain stopped the firing, but the enemy made a hole in the village wall, and opened again about ten, our guns firing case-shot at 20 yards' range.

In the opinion of the two artillery officers in charge of the guns, the gallantry of the Buffs, the Engineer officers, and the sappers, not only saved the battery, but prevented the annihilation of the wounded brigadier and his detached party.

About midnight they were relieved by two companies, and the enemy retired.

Two of the Buffs were killed and five wounded; Lieutenants Watson and Colvin were awarded the V.C., but Lance-Corporal Smith was not granted the honour until nineteen months had passed away, and questions were asked in Parliament about the matter.

In the same belated "Gazette" four men of the Buffs were awarded the distinguished medal, and it is sad to relate that one of them, Private Poile, died from heat apoplexy after a march from Lydd to Dover, April, 1906.

I must not pause to tell of the various stormings and marches, and isolated operations, which eventually brought the war to a close: how Lieutenant MacIntire and his handful of Northamptons died where they had stood, fighting to the last; of the "sniping," or independent firing, which picked off so many of our men; of the eight days' gallantry in the Bara Valley; of the devoted Goorkhas, and the splendid Sikhs; or the severe criticisms passed on the conduct of the war in some of its phases, and even on the heroism of some of our regiments.

Our troops have seldom, if ever, fought under more trying conditions of ground, greater hardships, or extremes of heat and cold; there may have been faults, there always are, for no man is infallible, but let the carping critic go and do better—if he can!

CHAPTER XXXVI

With Kitchener to Khartum

KENNA, MONTMORENCY, BYRNE, SMYTH, HORE-RUTHVEN

ON January 26th, 1885, owing to the failure of the Relief Expedition to reach him in time, General Gordon was murdered in Khartum, and the sway of Mahdism reigned practically supreme in that vast, thirsty land of the Soudan.

It was a menace to Egypt, and an effectual bar to civilisation, and two causes have since operated to the overthrowing of that barbaric power.

The first was the reorganisation and disciplining of the Egyptian Army, so ably begun by Sir Evelyn Wood; the second was the genius of that great man who is to-day Lord Kitchener of Khartum.

It is said that in the field itself there are those who can surpass him in command, but, as an organiser, he is head and shoulders above his fellows, as he indeed tops the majority of them in physical stature.

For perhaps the first time in our military annals the expedition against the Soudan was undertaken with a number of troops sufficient to ensure its object being carried out.

Of course, the very thoroughness of it, resulting as it did in the necessary carnage, perhaps unprecedented in military history, raised the howls of that section of the British public, unfortunately increasing,

which delights to offer its unctuous sympathy to the enemy, and thinks the workhouse a good enough resting-place for the men who fight the battles it is too cowardly to fight itself.

Khartum stands at the junction of the Blue and White Niles, and at the time of the expedition the famous Soudan Military Railway had been pushed from Wady Halfa to the Atbara.

On the 25th of February, 1898, news came that Mahmud and Osman Digna were advancing, and an immediate move was made to the front.

Shendy was destroyed on the 27th of March, and on the 30th the enemy were located in a zariba, three miles long, on the Atbara river.

The Anglo-Egyptian army, with immense quantities of stores and *matériel,* had been conveyed by rail with scarcely a hitch, and on the 8th of April we left the camp at Umdabieh and stormed the enemy's position.

The Camerons were first through the prickly hedge of camel-thorn, and before the action finished Mahmud was a prisoner and his army wiped out.

Our total loss out of a fighting strength of 12,000 was 84 killed and 490 wounded.

Of the Dervishes, 3,000 were slain, and the number of wounded who subsequently died was enormous.

In August we went at them again, and found them outside Omdurman, 22,000 of the Anglo-Egyptian army against 50,000 of the followers of the False Prophet.

They attacked us at about half-past six on the morning of the 2nd of September, but nothing could stand against our fire.

Eleven thousand were slain outright, 16,000 were

wounded, and 4,000 taken prisoners; our loss being 54 killed and 387 wounded.

On the 4th a most impressive funeral service in memory of General Gordon was held in front of the ruined palace, the British and Egyptian flags were hoisted, the batteries thundered a salute, and perhaps the most touching incident of all was the playing of Gordon's favourite hymn, "Abide with me," by the band of the black Soudanese.

After the Indian Mutiny, when the rule of "John Company" was at an end, certain of its troops raised for service in India were taken into our army, among them the 3rd Bengal European Cavalry, which became the 21st Hussars.

This remodelling was effected in 1861, by Colonel (afterwards Major-General) Arthur Hall and a brother officer named Lane, and for thirty-seven years the regiment pursued the even tenor of its way in camps and quarters without any luck in the matter of fighting.

When the great attack on Mahdism was about to take place, the 21st were lying in Cairo, and got their chance at last.

They had been transformed into Lancers in 1896, and thoroughly drilled in that arm, but, save for the weapon, their equipment and uniform was still that of Hussars.

They were mounted on active little Syrian horses, of about 14 hands to 14.2, and their dress at Omdurman was khaki jacket and puttees, Bedford cords, broad-brimmed helmet and sunshade for the neck, but with no goggles as they have been sometimes painted.

The horses had an eye fringe.

Each man carried a water-bottle, and had another secured by a surcingle under the belly of his horse.

Their scabbards were painted khaki, and their arms were sword, lance, and carbine.

In this rig they went up to their first fight, and were away on the left at Omdurman, with orders to prevent the enemy getting back into the forts there.

The battle began about half-past six in the morning, when the fanatics came surging out to attack us, and were slaughtered with a carnage that makes red reading, until one realises that war is not to be conducted in kid gloves, and that the "sooner 'tis over, the sooner to sleep."

When the first mad rush had been quelled, and the desert was white with fallen Dervishes, the 21st rode off for the town, four squadrons of about 400 men all told.

Passing to the left of the Gebel Surgham heights, they came on a clump of 300 Dervishes, and prepared for a charge.

Making a little detour to westward, they left-wheeled into line, every man as keen as mustard.

A simultaneous shout went up—the music-hall catchword of "Now we shan't be long"—and with a yell and a cheer they got under way.

They were only 200 yards from the enemy when, in a flash of time, they saw and realised the Moslem stratagem.

A deep khor, or ravine, suddenly yawned under their very noses unsuspected, like the Talavera trap of the 23rd Light Dragoons, and it was full of fierce Arabs with those deadly swords that could shear to the bone, and through it!

There were seemingly between two and three thousand of them, pouring out with savage yells,

and there was no time to draw rein if anyone had wished.

They swooped through the first rush of swordsmen, and led by Colonel Martin, who carried nothing more deadly than a riding switch in his hand, tackled the *khor*.

The Colonel's chestnut pitched on to its head, but he got it up, and the squadron rallied on the other side of the ravine; but, in the meantime, valiant things were being done which must interrupt the actual narrative of the fight.

The Dervish leader, mounted on a fine black Dongola horse, was slain by a trooper.

Lieutenant de Montmorency, of No. 2 Troop, B Squadron—which, by the way, was mounted entirely on greys—missed his troop sergeant, Carter, and on going back among the enemy to look for him, found his brother officer, Lieutenant Grenfell, lying on the sand hideously slashed through the head.

Dismounting from his grey polo pony, "Babba," Montmorency, a very tall, athletic young fellow, not seeing then that poor Grenfell was already dead, picked him up, and was placing him on his saddle when the pony bolted, leaving him with nothing but his revolver to face a surge of merciless foemen.

Then it was that Captain Kenna and Corporal Swarbrick rode out to his aid, and while the two officers kept off the Dervishes with their revolvers, Swarbrick rode after the pony, and caught it.

Montmorency and Kenna had to retire, but before doing so the latter performed another gallant deed.

Major Crole Wyndham's horse had been shot in the *khor*, but it struggled up the slope with its rider, and fell dead.

The Major was in a tight place, in spite of the

fact that a lieutenant tried to give him a hand, but Kenna, riding to the rescue, took him up behind him, and brought him out.

A short man of five feet seven, or thereabouts, and a strict martinet, Captain (now Colonel) Kenna was an old Stoneyhurst boy who passed out of Sandhurst into the 2nd West Indian Regiment in 1886.

He served as Assistant Provost-Marshal in South Africa, and distinguished himself during the Somaliland campaign in command of the mounted troops in 1904.

He also holds the Humane Society's Medal for saving a drowning man in Dublin in 1895.

Poor Grenfell's watch, afterwards recovered by his brother, was found to have been pierced by a Dervish lance; it had stopped at 8.40!

The *khor* had a drop of three feet into it, and its banks were strewn with rough boulders.

A and C Squadrons on the two flanks had the easiest time; but B and D went slap through the middle of it, No. 2 Troop which had taken it where there was a jump in and a jump out, losing an officer, centre guide, both flank guides, ten killed, and eleven wounded.

Among these latter were Private Thomas Byrne, whose story we have gleaned from his own lips.

An Irishman by birth, he enlisted in November, 1886, in the 8th, King's Royal Irish Hussars, transferring two years later to the 21st, then in India, whither he proceeded with the first draft, having always had a strong desire for foreign service.

When the regiment paraded on the morning of Omdurman, Byrne and two chums were in the rear rank, and three men being sent off on a patrol from

the front rank, they took their places, saying laughingly, "We three will stick together to-day." In the evening they were all down!

As he entered the ravine, and brought his lance down to the "engage," a bullet struck his right arm at the lower end of the biceps, passing out at the back and partially paralysing the limb.

Down fell the lance, and almost at the same moment the grey dropped on to his knees, hit in the near shoulder.

A cry for help had made Byrne turn his head, and it was just as he saw an officer, wounded and dismounted, battling with a mob of Dervishes about ten yards away, that his horse was wounded.

"All right, sir!" sang out Byrne, in his mellow Hibernian brogue, and, wrenching his horse up, he went to the rescue.

The lancer's right arm was useless, burning like a red-hot iron, and dropping the reins on his horse's neck, he drew his sword with the left, and transferred it to the other hand.

The little finger alone had any power in it, and with the weapon hanging down, and the horse on three legs, he spurred into the mob, ten spears hurtling at him, but all missing.

Absolutely defenceless, all he could do was to charge them with his wounded horse, and this he did, again and again, jostling them out of the way until he saw that the officer was clear.

As the rescued man got away—he was Lieutenant the Hon. R. F. Molyneux, of the Blues, attached to the 21st—Byrne received a spear in the breast which produced much agony; but he galloped after the regiment, which was rallying about five hundred yards off, and boiling with eagerness, in spite of the

grim fact that 24 dead lay in and about the ravine, that 74 were wounded, and 130 horses hit.

Byrne admits that he did not know what he was saying, but Colonel Martin has recorded his words.

He was covered with blood, and his language was to match.

"Rally, No. 2!" he yelled. "Let's have another —— smack at 'em!"

"Fall out, Byrne; you're wounded," said his lieutenant, Montmorency.

"No, sir; fall in. Let's have another —— smack at 'em—show me the divils!" was the reply.

He had received another welt from a sword across the back, but his ammunition and bandolier had saved him.

Montmorency ordered Private Bushell to lead him away to the rear, and it was three miles before they met an ambulance.

It was a grim sight, that muster; Sergeant Freeman with his nose sliced clean off; Sergeant-Major Vesey shot through the cheek, but rallying his men; cuts and slashes distributed wholesale through the squadrons, but all dying to go in again.

In vain they cursed and howled: discretion was the better part of valour, and they were ordered to dismount and use their carbines, which they did with such effect at short range that they drove the Dervishes into the fire of the 32nd Battery, whose shrapnel swept them away like smoke.

To return to "Paddy" Byrne: his chest wound had to be re-dressed four times that night, so great was the inflammation; and when they set him on a camel, slung side by side with a man whose arm was gone at the shoulder, every jolt of the long-

legged brute pitched him forward and struck his wound against the front of the pannier.

He had mentioned casually to Bushell that he believed he had saved an officer, but the thing was not traced to him until Mr. Winston Churchill, who, by the way, had charged with the 21st, visited the steamer on which the wounded were going down the Nile some time after.

A chance question led to others.

"I believe you are the man we have been looking for all the while," said the correspondent; and when Mr. Molyneux was brought to the wounded lancer the whole matter was made clear.

"What did you say when I called for help?" was his first question.

"I said, 'All right, sir,'" replied Byrne; and it *was* all right, as the "Gazette" subsequently announced.

Slim, of medium height, and dark at the time of his gallantry, "Paddy" Byrne, grey now, is still active and well set up, the beau-ideal of a light cavalry man; but the fingers of that good right hand are slightly withered, and he has never recovered their complete use.

When I last saw him he was servant to Colonel Crole Wyndham, who thought the world of him, and if his little son is not a "Twenty-First" one of these days, it will not be "Paddy" Byrne's fault.

Although it is slightly anticipating in point of date, it may not be out of place in this chapter to tell how Captain Montmorency met a soldier's death in the South African war.

He was the son of Major-General Viscount Frankfort de Montmorency, an officer who had fought in the Crimea and the Mutiny with the 33rd Regiment,

and he went out to the front with the intention of joining the Imperial Light Horse, taking Byrne with him.

That corps being cut off in Ladysmith, he had a look at the South African Horse, and finally joined Brabant at Queenstown.

Brabant's Horse was practically raised by Captains Montmorency and Cookson, as far as details were concerned, both officers working like niggers until they had two squadrons ready for the field.

At Sterkstroom he began to recruit a corps to be known as Montmorency's Scouts, all volunteers, understanding Kafir and Dutch, good shots and horsemen, and knowing the country well.

A couple of Cape Police supplied the nucleus, and he started with ten men, who had increased to eighty-five when he died.

He armed them with the carbine alone, and for uniform he gave them khaki, with puttees, and smasher hats, ornamented with black feathers, and a black band on which the ladies of Sterkstroom worked skull and cross-bones in white, as also on their black flag.

In the Soudan he had been famous for the personal care he took of his men, doctoring them himself, and going round each night to see that they were properly covered.

If he found a sleeping soldier without a blanket he procured one, and tucked him up with his own hands, and, coupled with the fact that he would never order a man to go anywhere where he would not go himself, it is not surprising if they all loved him.

Every volunteer for the Scouts was personally examined, and if, after joining, any man did not like it, he was at perfect liberty to leave.

The Death of Captain Montmorency

Some have said that he was too rash and exposed himself unnecessarily; but this his own troopers, best able to judge, indignantly deny.

There was a reconnaissance after Stormberg, really intended to develop into an attack on the 23rd of February; the Scouts were on the right flank, the Cape Police on the left, the guns in the centre, and Captain Montmorency went to occupy a kopje, leaving Byrne and four others to hold a nek threatened by the enemy.

"Every man keep well down, and look well after himself," was his final order; and the last they saw of him was his tall figure among the boulders, carbine in hand, intent on a shot at the foe.

Time went on, the general sent no supports, and no orders came from the captaln.

"I knew from that that he was dead," said the Irish Lancer; but he went out later to look for him by the general's command, and had a very narrow shave himself, returning without success.

Next morning the body was brought in; one bullet through the brave heart had done its work too well, and Montmorency, V.C., had found the death which of all others he would have chosen.

They buried him at Molteno, and the corps went on to Pretoria, seeing some hard fighting at Wepener and other places.

It fell to Byrne's lot to take his captain's mount home—the same grey polo-pony that had carried him at Omdurman—and which now enjoys an honoured repose in the possession of Lady Frankfort de Montmorency, in one of the southern counties.

When the old general met them at Southampton he burst into tears at sight of the grey, and not long after he followed his gallant son to the Last Muster.

Even to-day there is a suspicious moisture in Byrne's keen eye when he speaks of his late leader, which does honour both to master and to man.

Another cross was won at the Khartum battle by Captain Nevill Maskelyne Smyth, of the Queen's Bays, since commanding the Carbineers, who, seeing an Arab running amok among the camp followers, rode up to him, met his charge, and killed him, receiving a spear wound in the arm.

Major Smyth had seen considerable service on the Afghan frontier, with the Dongola Expedition, and through the Soudan campaigns, and has since added the Boer war to his battle honours.

To the Hon. Alexander Gore Arkwright Hore-Ruthven belongs the distinction of winning the only V.C. that has been bestowed on the Militia (now the Special Reserve).

At the battle of Gedarif, September 22nd, 1898, he commanded the Camel Crops, being at that time a captain in the 3rd Battalion H.L.I.

Seeing an Egyptian officer wounded and down within fifty yards of the charging Dervishes, who came on firing and yelling like fiends, he went out, and picking him up, carried him towards the 16th Egyptian Battalion.

Several times he had to lay his burden down and fire on the enemy to keep them back, but at the imminent risk of his own life Hore-Ruthven managed to get him to a place of safety.

He was three times mentioned in dispatches, in 1899 was gazetted lieutenant in the 79th Cameron Highlanders, and is now Captain 1st Dragoon Guards.

CHAPTER XXXVII

The Boer War—1899-1902

A Short Introductory Sketch

The Guns at Colenso and Sanna's Post

CONGREVE, ROBERTS, NURSE, BABTIE, SCHOFIELD, RAVENHILL—PHIPPS-HORNBY, PARKER, LODGE, GLASOCK, MAXWELL

OUR task in this chapter is to deal briefly with the plain historical sequence of events which produced a harvest of seventy-eight Victoria Crosses!

With the rights and wrongs of the late war in South Africa this chronicle has nothing to do.

Whether it was a war of "gold and diamonds," or a deeply rooted scheme to establish Dutch influence throughout the country, is not for us to settle —there is something to be said on both sides.

The great bulk of the British people were frankly "Imperialistic," and there was a large section as frankly "Pro-Boer."

Everyone has a right to his own opinion, but when the first shot has been fired that opinion should be reserved until the conclusion of hostilities; any other course is not playing the game.

Unfortunately, what should be a national axiom, the very elemental principle of "cricket" as we understand the term, seems to appeal differently to some of us; even Members of Parliament forgetting themselves in this respect with alarming frequency.

In the old days they called this "mouthing" by an ugly name, and took strong measures against it, and the country was all the better for them!

To simplify matters we may divide the war into three sections:

I.—From the Boer ultimatum to the arrival of Lords Roberts and Kitchener at Cape Town (October 10th, 1899—January 10th, 1900).

II.—From the renewed relief of Ladysmith to the date when Lord Kitchener took over supreme command (January 10th, 1900—November 29th, 1900); and

III.—From that event to the close of the war (May 31st, 1902).

The first was the period of eye-opening; of victory mingled with black disaster—the discovery that, as usual, we had underrated the enemy, and the consequent awakening of the nation to the task before it; the second was an epoch of well-ordered advance, of hard fighting, and success up to a certain point; while the third and last phase was perhaps the hardest of all, the guerilla war in a most difficult country, and the gradual wearing down of the foe in detail.

At 5 p.m. on October 11th, 1899, the Boer ultimatum, which was practically a demand for the withdrawal of our troops and the stoppage of reinforcements, expired, and hostilities immediately broke out.

The first movements of importance were the isolation of Mafeking, where the British forces consisted almost entirely of local irregulars under the command of Colonel Baden-Powell, and of Kimberley, where the garrison was composed of mixed troops under the command of Colonel Kekewich.

Poor Penn-Symons

While these posts were threatened, the main Boer forces advanced upon the north-east of Natal, where, at the time hostilities actually began, the gallant and ill-fated Sir William Penn Symons was in chief command.

Sir George White, who had been appointed Commander-in-Chief in the colony, had only just arrived from India, and General Sir Redvers Buller, commanding all the South African forces, had but just sailed from England.

The Boers, led by General Joubert, descended through Laing's Nek upon the dangerously situated town of Dundee, where, yielding to political considerations, Sir George White had suffered Sir Penn Symons to remain with 4,000 men under his command.

The battle of Talana Hill ensued, in which Symons was mortally wounded, after gaining a brilliant tactical victory. But Colonel Yule, who succeeded him in the command (Colonel Dartnell was responsible for the conduct of the masterly retirement), was obliged to fall back upon Ladysmith, owing to the presence of an outflanking column of Boers, and General French fought the covering action of Elandslaagte, also a brilliant success for the British arms, to aid the movement.

Unfortunately these initial successes were not sustained, and the battle of Lombard's Kop, with the accompanying disaster of Nicholson's Nek, forced Sir George White to remain strictly on the defensive in Ladysmith, which was almost immediately invested by the Boers, who continued pushing their forces southward.

General Buller, arriving on October 20th, found Natal in the grip of the enemy, Kimberley and Mafe-

king besieged, and the British stations in the north of Cape Colony exposed to the enemy's attack. He was thus compelled to abandon his original plan of campaign, which was the invasion of the Boer territory through the Orange Free State, and proceed at once to make preparations for the relief of Ladysmith and Kimberley.

This stage of the war, until Lord Roberts' arrival, consisted of two advances: one to the relief of Kimberley, under Lord Methuen, which, having fought the successful engagements of Belmont, Graspan and Modder River, was brought to a standstill by the disastrous engagement at Magersfontein.

The other advance was under General Buller's personal direction, to the relief of Ladysmith; this was checked by a British reverse at Colenso.

These battles, together with General Gatacre's severe defeat at Stormberg, constituted "the Black Week" of the war, and it was with profound relief that the nation learned a new and larger attempt to turn the scale was decided upon by the Government, who appointed Lord Roberts to be Commander-in-Chief of the Forces, with Lord Kitchener as Chief of Staff.

Lord Roberts reached Cape Town on January 10th, at which time Sir Redvers Buller had commenced his second attempt to relieve Ladysmith, an attempt which ended in the further unfortunate reverse of Spion Kop; a third attempt being also checked in the action of Vaal Krantz.

Matters had reached a deadlock in other parts of the scene of operations, and Lord Roberts, making his preparations with great thoroughness, did not advance until February 10th, when he commenced his great encircling movement with over 40,000 men,

which resulted in the relief of Kimberley and the capture of the Boer general, Cronje, with 4,000 men, at Paardeberg, which occurred on February 27th, the anniversary of Majuba.

This action resulted in the drawing off of many of the Boer forces before Ladysmith, and materially aided Sir Redvers Buller in his final attempt to relieve Sir George White and his comrades, which was successfully achieved on February 28th, after they had withstood a siege of 118 days.

Lord Roberts continued his advance, and, after fighting the successful action of Driefontein, finally hoisted the British flag at Bloemfontein, the capital of the Orange Free State, on March 13th.

About the middle of April, Lord Roberts continued his march towards Pretoria, after a month spent in organising his forces.

It was during this time that the Boer general, De Wet, came into prominence by a series of dashing guerilla exploits, which will make his name for ever famous as a leader, and which he continued until the very end of the war. Of these, the British reverses at Sanna's Post and the capture of Gatacre's detachment at Reddersberg occurred at this time.

Lord Roberts reached Pretoria on June 5th, after a series of actions which were uniformly successful; and from this point, in spite of the determined and protracted nature of the Boer resistance, the issue was never in doubt.

On May 18th the relief of Mafeking occurred, and was followed by unparalleled rejoicing over the whole Empire.

President Kruger fled the country on May 30th, and from that time the disintegration of the Boer forces may be said to have been begun.

General Buller invaded the Transvaal from North Natal, and joined hands with Lord Roberts on July 4th.

Determined fighting continued over a great area with the important success for the British arms of Prinsloo's surrender, with 3,000 Boers, on July 30th.

On October 25th the South African Republic was formally annexed.

On November 29th Lord Kitchener took over supreme command, Lord Roberts leaving Cape Town on December 11th.

The anticipation that the war was at an end was by no means to be realised; there were eighteen months of heading off and rounding up the guerilla commandoes before the finish, perhaps the most tiresome phase of all the war.

The sweeping movement commenced at the end of January, and on February 10th De Wet entered Cape Colony; on the 28th he recrossed the Orange River without his guns!

To follow the operations in detail would take more space than we have at our command.

To mention only one or two incidents: 1901 saw the blockhouse system in full swing, and, though driven about from pillar to post, the enemy showed they had still a good deal of fight left in them.

On September 17th the 17th Lancers made an heroic stand at Tarkastaad; on the 26th Botha's attacks on the Zulu border were repulsed.

General Erasmus was taken at the end of December; Viljoen in January, 1902; and De Wet lost his last gun on February 4th.

At length, after many ups and downs, conditions of surrender were finally signed on May 31st, 1902, and the Boer War came to an end.

Colenso

One of the most pleasing features of the contest was the way in which the Colonies sent their best manhood to fight for the Mother Country, winning much glory and not a few Victoria Crosses, which will be found duly noted in this volume.

In many ways it was a remarkable war, and it served to show the enormous resources of this country and her Colonies.

The "Fifty thousand horse and foot going to Table Bay" had increased by the end of the war to a total of 377,258 officers and men, official figures which are rather under than over the mark!

The British Artillery is the finest in the world, and one of their most heroic records is the serving of the guns at Colenso, and the attempt to recover them after they had been abandoned.

Near the edge of the Tugela River, about a mile east of Colenso, stood a wood.

The exact whereabouts of the enemy was not known, for we had yet to learn their marvellous capacity for "lying low."

The night before General Buller had given personal orders to Colonel Long to take two batteries of Field Artillery and six naval guns, and support the attack of the 2nd Brigade next day.

It was a hot, steamy morning, with a haze over the dimly seen Boer entrenchments; but, though the naval guns shelled them, the enemy still gave no sign.

Colonel Long sent for two companies of infantry to scour the wood, but they never came; and, growing impatient, he dispatched some of his own men to reconnoitre.

One even rode across the bridge to the opposite

bank, and they all reported that there was no enemy to be found.

Colonel Long then advanced the two field batteries, Nos. 14 and 66, and unlimbered 1,000 yards from the river and 1,250 from Fort Wylie.

As the teams were being taken back a terrific rifle fire opened from the concealed foe, and the guns of Fort Wylie poured a withering storm of shrapnel on to the devoted batteries.

Captains Goldie and Schrieber fell dead almost at once, and Colonel Long got a bullet through the arm and another through liver and kidneys within the first quarter of an hour.

There was no panic or confusion; in fact, some of the gunners fielded the enemy's spent balls with a cry of "How's that, umpire?"

The colonel had been carried aside into a shallow donga: he sent for help, which never came, and for an hour the batteries pounded, firing between 80 and 100 rounds per gun, men falling right and left, and the ground ripped up by continuous storms of shot and shell.

Into the donga was carried Colonel Hunt, shot through both legs, who, seeing the slaughter, suggested an abandonment.

"Abandoned be d——d!" cried Colonel Long; "we never abandon guns."

A little later, however, when ammunition had practically run out, the colonel reluctantly gave the order, which four men either could not, or would not, hear!

Two to each gun, one loading, the other laying and firing—and in a few minutes there were two left!

Case-shot—the contingency round—screamed out, and the devoted pair stood to attention.

Then one fell over the breech, and his comrade, turning on his heel as calmly as if on parade, walked towards the donga, and never reached it!

In that donga crouched the remnant of officers and men, and there they were joined by two companies of the Devons and two of the Scots Fusiliers, who were unable to do anything in the face of such terrific fire, but had to content themselves with returning it.

At length, about 9.30, Generals Buller, Clery, and their staff came down to the guns, and a grim sight they were—those twelve khaki-coloured pieces, eloquently silent as if scorning to reply to the hurricane of lead which the Boers still hurled upon them.

"Out of this, please," said the general to the naval gunners, whose position was about 400 yards behind the abandoned batteries; and with tremendous difficulty the bluejackets dragged their guns back.

The black drivers had all run away, and thirty-two of the oxen had been shot; one ammunition wagon they had been obliged to leave, but a brave Natal farmer, named Pringle, went out alone with an ox-team and got it away under fire.

No one could say that Sir Redvers Buller ever shirked personal danger.

Had he not been in chief command, it is probable that "Red Rag," as they christened him in the Zulu war, would have led the attempt himself; as it was, all he could do was to point to the guns and call for volunteers to save them.

The Boers redoubled their fire, and out of the donga dashed Captain Schofield, who escaped harm by a miracle, although six bullets passed through his uniform.

Out, too, went Captain Congreve, of the Rifle

Brigade, who helped to hook a team to a limber, and rode with it to help in limbering up a gun.

With him went young Roberts, of the King's Royal Rifles, gallant son of a gallant father, "laughing and working his stick with a circular motion, like a jockey, to encourage his horse."

He was looking over his shoulder at Schofield when he was hit, a shell bursting under his horse, and wounding him mortally.

Gunners and drivers vied with each other in their efforts to save the beloved guns, which are even more precious to the Artillery than the colours to a Line battalion.

One bombardier, of the 66th Battery, went out with six horses and two companions, but when he reached the piece he had only one horse and one wounded mate; the remaining horse he shot himself, as its plunging drew the enemy's fire.

Two guns out of the twelve they got away, everyone working like niggers, with an absolute disregard of fear.

"Just to show you what cool chaps those drivers were," writes Captain Schofield: "when I was hooking on one of the guns, one of them said, 'Elevate the muzzle a little more, sir'—that's a precaution in galloping in rough country, but I should not have thought of it, not just then, at any rate. Pretty cool, wasn't it?"

Captain Congreve, being wounded, sought shelter, but seeing Lieutenant Roberts down, he went out again, under a heavy fire, with Major Babtie, R.A.M.C., and brought him in.

Corporal Nurse, of the 66th Battery, was among the most noticeable, and a gallant private of the 2nd Battalion Royal Scots Fusiliers, George Raven-

hill by name, was so conspicuous and rendered such yeoman service that he, too, won the Cross of honour.

All the drivers of the two lucky teams, both belonging to the 66th, were recommended for the D.C.M., and got it.

Into the middle of that deadly hurricane dashed Captain Reed, of the 7th Battery, who, hearing of the trouble, galloped down with three of his own teams to see if he could lend a hand.

He was wounded, five of his thirteen men were hit, and one was killed; and as thirteen out of the twenty-one horses were slaughtered before they had got half-way to the guns, there was nothing for it but to go back again.

His brilliant dash was not lost on the general, who sat on horseback eating sandwiches under a heavy fire, until a bullet circled round his own ribs, and his staff doctor was blown to pieces by his side; and Captain Reed got the V.C.

He gives all the credit to his drivers, and it was hard luck, too, for they had hitched on to an ammunition wagon, and would have brought it out if the horses had not been all shot.

Captain Congreve was shot through the leg, through the toe of his boot, grazed on the elbow and shoulder, and his horse hit in three places; and Major Babtie, who had ridden out to the donga, had his pony also hit three times, which did not prevent him attending to all the wounded under rifle fire and going out with Congreve to Lieutenant Roberts afterwards.

The lieutenant died early on the Sunday morning, the Service losing a keen and promising soldier.

The War Office has since presented to the veteran field-marshal the gun to save which his only son

unhesitatingly laid down his life, and the little bronze cross he would have worn had he survived.

Fittingly has that December 15th been called "Black Friday"!

Another very exciting action which brought glory to our gallant gunners was the surprise at Sanna's Post, March 31st, 1900, and its story is as follows:

The 2nd Cavalry Brigade, under Broadwood, retiring from Thaba N'chu before a force of 7,000 Boers advancing from the east, reached the water-works, twenty miles east of Bloemfontein, about 2 a.m., and bivouacked.

At 6.30 two Boer guns began to shell the camp from a hill across the Modder, and orders were given to retire over the Koornspruit, a mile to westward.

With the Brigade were "Q" and "U" Batteries, Royal Horse Artillery, and "U," which led, had orders to trot after the adjutant and staff.

The baggage had already crossed, and was then in the hands of the enemy.

The guns trotted forward in battery column, and their first intimation that anything was wrong was the sudden appearance of three or four Boers, who sprang up and seized Major Taylor's bridle and stirrups.

Above the clatter and rattle of limbers and wagons De Wet shouted: "You are my prisoners; dismount, or we will shoot you all!"

The leading section was now at the edge of the drift, the enemy lined the spruit on both sides, and were evidently in great force.

It was all up with "U" Battery, but there was a chance to save "Q," which was walking quietly in line towards the spot, led by Colonel Rochford.

Major Taylor dismounted, slipped behind a gun-team, and telling Captain Rouse, who was on his horse behind the battery, what had happened, sprinted on, and warned Colonel Rochford, afterwards returning to the head of his own guns, to find everybody dismounted, and the men unrolling their cloaks.

It had been done very quietly, the ambushment was a complete success, and, but for the major's timely warning, nothing could have saved "Q" Battery.

A heavy rifle fire now opened from the other side of the spruit, where our baggage was in the enemy's hands, and then from the bank on each side of the battery.

The gun-teams, which were not being held, stampeded to the right, some of them overturning as the horses were shot, one gun, two wagons, Major Taylor, and Sergeant-Major Martin alone escaping.

Four officers, 114 non-commissioned officers and men, 86 horses, and 47 attached from "T" were taken or killed.

The moment the alarm was given Major Phipps-Hornby wheeled his battery about, and galloped off under a very heavy fire.

A wheel-horse was shot, and the gun had to be abandoned, as also a wagon whose team was killed.

They had been within 300 yards of the spruit, and at 1,150 they unlimbered and came into action near some of the unfinished railway buildings, and began shelling the enemy.

The guns were worked in magnificent style, but resistance was futile, and when the order came to cease fire and get away, the enemy's bullets fell so thick and fast that four guns had to be run back

by hand to the shelter of the buildings, a considerable distance in the rear.

Officers and men strove and struggled until they were too exhausted to do more, and then the horses were sent forward to almost certain death.

At last only one gun and limber were left in the open, and after four gallant attempts they had to be abandoned.

We will let Driver Glasock tell his story in his own words:

"The Boers were well hidden, and their artillery fire was followed by such a storm of bullets that the sand around us looked like the surface of a lake during a heavy shower of rain. Nothing could be seen scarcely but dust struck up by bullets, and the rattle of the Mauser fire was like the sound of kettle-drums. Horses and men went down like grass before scythes. Those who had control of the horses tried to retire. We went on and fired our twelve-pounders, but the gunners and non-coms. were shot down. Anyone who goes into an action like that and says he likes it is a liar. Eventually, Major Phipps-Hornby gave the order to retire. We had then about thirty wounded, including all the officers except the major. I got two of the guns out, and tried hard to get a third. I took the horses down to it, but both got shot before I could hook on. I was shot in the left leg, and lost control of the horses. I went back and got another pair, and these also got hit, and went down. Then I saw a man named Farrington coming with a pair, and Jack Lodge went with me to hook 'em on. Farrington got hit, so I took his seat on the horse, but was no sooner on than a bullet went through my hand and one horse's head, and hit the other horse in the eyes; so both those

were shot. Lodge went back, but I stopped to get Farrington out, and took him to the hut where the wounded were being taken. Then I saw some Boers, and thought I should be captured, so I made off. My battery was then gone, and the convoy which was captured had disappeared. I could not find a horse anywhere, but after a time one of Rimington's Guides came up. He had a spare horse, which he lent me, and we galloped off, coming eventually to a farmhouse belonging to a family named Joubert, related, I believe, to the Boer commander. Here some wounded officers also came, and we got treated very well indeed."

During his subsequent service the plucky driver was hit twice more in the leg, and on his return from the Cape he had the three bullets which had struck him in the same limb on three different occasions.

Four out of five of the battery officers were wounded, and twenty-seven men. Driver Glasock had six horses killed under him.

So heroic was the battery's effort to save its pieces that the Mounted Infantry could not restrain their admiration, and, leaping to their feet, cheered gun after gun as it thundered past them at full gallop!

"Q's" losses were thirty-three killed or wounded, and seven missing, and twenty-two of Roberts' Horse alone were killed outright in their attempt to cover the retirement.

A gallant officer of the Indian Staff Corps, Lieutenant Maxwell, serving with Roberts' Horse, was present on the occasion and threw in his lot with the heroes of "Q" Battery.

On five separate occasions he went out and helped to bring in two guns and three limbers, "one of

which he, Captain Humphreys, and some gunners dragged in by hand."

He also went out with Captain Humphreys, of the Battery, and Lieutenant Stirling, Essex Regiment, to get the last gun in, and remained there till the attempt was abandoned.

He had been recommended after the Chitral campaign for his gallantry in bringing in the body of Lieutenant-Colonel Battye, of the Guides, but this time he got the Cross of Valour.

Several other officers and men of the Mounted Infantry had displayed the greatest heroism, and the rescued guns galloped off one at a time, running the gauntlet of the enemy's fire within seven or eight hundred yards, until they had crossed two dry spruits, where the battery was re-formed.

Where all had done so well, distinction seemed impossible, and the authorities had to fall back on Rule XIII. of the Victoria Cross Warrant, which provides for selection in the case of collective gallantry.

Major Phipps-Hornby was the officer chosen, Sergeant Parker was elected by the non-coms., and Lodge and Glasock by the gunners and drivers respectively.

There are some of us who still think that every man who helped to rescue those historic 12-pounders at Colenso and Sanna's Post ought to have received the Cross without exception.

CHAPTER XXXVIII

The Boer War—"Horse, Foot, and Dragoons"

TOWSE, FITZCLARENCE, MILBANKE, MEIKLEJOHN, NORWOOD, ROBERTSON, ENGLEHEART, BROWN, INKSON, LAWRENCE, NICKERSON, MASTERSON, SCOTT, PITTS, DUGDALE, CRANDON, DIGBY-JONES, ALBRECHT

EIGHTEEN regiments of British Cavalry, including the Composite Household Regiment, took part in the war, but there was little opportunity for shock tactics.

After a while lance and sword were laid aside, and, armed with rifle or carbine, our horsemen played the part of Mounted Infantry.

Six regiments won Victoria Crosses, the awards in every case being for the rescue of comrades under fire, and the first of them went to the 5th Dragoon Guards, the gallant "Green Horse."

Second Lieutenant John Norwood, an old Rugby boy, rode out from Ladysmith on October 30th, in charge of a small patrol, and when within 600 yards of a ridge, the enemy suddenly opened a heavy fire upon them.

The patrol went about, and dashed off, but seeing one of his men down, the lieutenant turned and galloped 300 yards back to him under a rain of bullets.

Then he dismounted, and, slinging the wounded man across his own shoulders, brought him out, leading his horse, the enemy firing upon them until they were out of range.

Very similar was the conduct of Lieutenant Dugdale, of the 5th Lancers, near Derby, on March 3rd, 1901.

In this case, fired on at 250 yards, he gave up his horse to a wounded lancer, caught a riderless charger, rode to another man, took him up behind him, and brought them both safely away.

Dugdale was an old Marlborough boy and an officer of considerable promise, but he was unfortunately killed in the hunting-field with the North Cotswold Hounds on November 13th, 1902.

The 10th Hussars won two Crosses, Sir John Milbanke, severely wounded at the time, bringing a man out on his own horse under heavy fire, when on reconnaissance near Colesberg.

When Major Hunter-Weston, of the Engineers, made his daring dash round the Boer lines and blew up the Bloemfontein railway, Sergeant Engleheart, of the 10th, was one of the party.

Returning in the dawn, with a Boer picket and four deep spruits to negotiate, Engleheart led the way with great gallantry into the first of them, which it was only possible to enter in single file.

It was a toss-up whether the Boers, who were four times our strength, fought or fled, and the sergeant's dash certainly got a move on them.

At the last spruit Sapper Webb's horse fell, and he was left behind, but, without hesitation, Engleheart rode back, and by dint of much pulling and hauling, the horse was got out under a perfect hail of shot and shell, with the enemy advancing rapidly.

The plucky sergeant covered Webb's retreat, and retired slowly until the sapper was safely away.

Remarkably gallant was the conduct of Major

Brown, of the 14th Hussars (now Colonel Brown-Synge-Hutchinson, half-pay).

When the regiment was retiring under a heavy fire at Geluk, on October 13th, 1900, the major saw that Sergeant Hersey's horse had been shot, and, remaining behind under a heavy fire at 400 yards when the last squadron had gone, he took the sergeant up behind him, and carried him for nearly three-quarters of a mile.

A little later, when Lieutenant Browne, of his regiment was in difficulties with his horse, which a heavy fire made too restive to mount, the major held the terrified brute, and helped his subaltern to get into the saddle.

Later still, on the same day, he carried Lance-Corporal Trumpeter Leigh out of danger.

A fine record of three separate deeds of valour.

During one of the attempts to draw a cordon round the "slim" De Wet, the 17th Lancers were detached at Essenbosch Farm, and while out on patrol in the early dawn of August 7th, Sergeant Lawrence and Private Hayman were suddenly attacked by a party of Boers, about fourteen in number.

Lawrence had galloped his dun pony through a gap in the barbed wire, but, looking back, he saw that his comrade's horse had come down, throwing Hayman, who sustained a dislocated shoulder and a broken collar-bone, as it afterwards proved.

Lawrence, who is a fine horseman, spurred to his assistance, although the Boers were almost upon him; and, Hayman's horse being useless, he lifted him on to his own pony, set his head for the picket, gave the brute a kick in the belly to start him, and covered his retreat with his own carbine and the private's.

For about two miles Lawrence retired on foot, keeping the Boers at bay, under a heavy fire the whole time, until Lieutenant Moritt rode out with some men and brought him off.

I shall not readily forget the wild enthusiasm when they chaired the plucky fellow at the next "Old Comrades' Dinner," or the sergeant's clever little speech, when he dismounted from what he termed "the most difficult and embarrassing ride he had ever experienced."

He is now lieutenant and riding-master in the 18th.

The last Cavalry Cross gazetted for the war was that of Private H. G. Crandon, 4080, "A" Squadron, 18th Prince of Wales's Own Hussars.

During the march from Steenkool Spruit to Zondagsvlei, A Squadron was on the left flank, detached from General Campbell's column to the south, and manœuvring on its own account.

Riding in advance as scouts to their troop, Privates Berry and Crandon came under a kopje on the farm of Springbok Laagte, when the enemy suddenly opened fire, wounding Berry in two places, as also his horse, a bullet breaking the animal's shoulder and bringing him down.

Crandon, who was not far off, got him on to his own horse, and, although only a hundred yards from the Boers, who were firing heavily, secured Berry's rifle in addition to his own, and ran back 1,100 yards under fire, the supporting troop opening on the Boers to give the plucky fellow a chance.

Major Pollok Morris, now Lieutenant-Colonel Pollok Morris, D.S.O., reported the matter verbally on the night of July 2nd, 1901, the correct date of the incident, his written account not being submitted

until the 4th, under which date Crandon was incorrectly gazetted.

The first man gazetted for the war was Captain Towse, of the Gordons, and a gallant and pathetic story is his.

An old Wellington College boy, he entered the Wiltshire Regiment, from which he was posted to the Gordons in 1886.

After seeing service at Chitral, and on the Punjab Frontier, he found himself in the havoc of Magersfontein, where so many of the Highland Brigade bit the dust.

In that terrible *sauve qui peut* he tried to carry Lieutenant-Colonel Downman, who had been mortally wounded, to a place of safety, and when he failed to do this he supported him until Colour-Sergeant Nelson and Lance-Corporal Hodgson came to his help.

His second act of bravery was at Mount Thaba, where he took up a position far away from any support with twelve men, the enemy, about 150 in number, making an attempt to seize the same plateau, and getting within a hundred yards of the little party before they were noticed.

Some of them came to within forty yards, and summoned him to surrender.

But surrendering was a thing never to the taste of the "Gay Gordons," and, heading his men in a charge, he drove the foe back.

Then, taking what cover they could, Captain Towse and his handful opened fire, and with such effect that, though the enemy numbered more than twelve to one, they held the position, at fearful cost, however, to the gallant captain.

A bullet destroyed the sight of both eyes, and

in the very prime of lusty manhood—he was only thirty-six at the time—he was left with the long, dark years before him, illumined only by the memory of duty nobly done.

The story of that war yields no more touching incident than that of the blind Highland officer led into the presence of his aged Sovereign, in whose service he had lost the most precious of all God's gifts, to receive the Cross from her own hand, the tears coursing down her cheeks the while.

Very gallant was the action of Captain Meiklejohn at Elandslaagte, when so heavy a fire was poured upon the advance that the Gordons began to waver.

Then, in the true old Scottish spirit, Meiklejohn sprang forward, and calling on the men to follow him, led them on in an irresistible rush that ended in the capture of the kopje.

Unhappily the captain went down almost at the start of it, with four wounds, and an empty sleeve afterwards showed how the good right arm had to come off almost at the shoulder.

Well might the little Kentish town of Ashford turn out in his honour, take the horses from his carriage, and drag him with wild enthusiasm to the residence of his father, the well-known Professor Meiklejohn of St. Andrews University.

His tragic end was worthy of the man. When serving on the staff at an inspection of the University of London Officers' Training Corps in Hyde Park on the 28th of June, 1913, his mare bolted. Although severely hampered by the loss of his arm, he put the mare at the railings to avoid some children, was badly thrown, the mare breaking her neck, and, in spite of every attention, the major died in the Middlesex Hospital on the 4th of July.

Captain Towse, the blind V.C., was one of the Gordons' officers who lowered his body into the grave; and perhaps the most touching of the many tributes was the wreath from the mother of the helpless little ones to save whose lives he gave his own!

Very fine was the heroism of Sergeant-Major Robertson at the same battle, a stalwart Scot from Dumfries, who led rush after rush of the Gordons when the Highlanders and the Manchesters charged down through the lightning and the gloom; when the Boers so shamefully abused the use of the white flag, and paid for it with their lives.

He afterwards led a small party to the capture of the enemy's camp, and stuck to the position manfully, receiving two dangerous wounds.

No finer fellow fell in the war than Lieutenant Digby Jones, who met his death when defending Wagon Hill West during the great assault on Ladysmith.

This promising young officer, of the 23rd Field Company, Royal Engineers, was a keen athlete and great at "Rugger" among other things, and was a cousin of Lieutenant-Colonel Aitken, V.C.

During the sortie on the 10th of December he went back to replace a defective fuse, and blew up the Boer 4.7 at Surprise Hill at the deadliest personal peril; but his great chance came a month after.

He was in charge of a working party of sappers, seamen, Gordon Highlanders, and Imperial Light Horse on Wagon Hill, making a gun emplacement, on the night of the 5th of January, 1900, and was surprised by the enemy at three o'clock in the morning.

They had heard them singing hymns in their

camp, but familiarity had bred contempt, and the night being very dark the barefooted Boers had crept close up before the alarm was given.

"Stand to your arms!" cried the lieutenant; and after he had put out the lanterns himself, stand they did, making a fine fight of it, until relief came at about half-past five.

Not that the relief was much, for the attack increased, and all that day it was hand to hand and muzzle to muzzle, and no one was more conspicuous than Digby Jones.

Rush after rush he led, rally after rally, and associated with him was Gunner Sims, of H.M.S. *Powerful*, afterwards promoted lieutenant for his pluck.

With him also was Corporal Albrecht, of the I.L.H., destined like Digby Jones to be gazetted V.C. when death had found them both.

The story of that struggle for the gun-pits would make a chapter by itself, and then be but half told.

De Villiers and De Jaegers were leading the attack, and Ian Hamilton, directing the fight on our side, fired at De Villiers and missed him.

Some say that the Boer leader was shot by Albrecht, but a very circumstantial account by Major Rice has it that Digby Jones picked up a rifle, and, springing round the end of the emplacement, shot De Villiers himself, Lance-Corporal Hookaday killing De Jaegers at the same moment.

"What's up?" cried Digby Jones. "The infantry have gone!"

"There's an order to retire, sir," was the reply.

"I have no orders to retire," said the lieutenant. "Fix bayonets, and come on," and heading the

charge they cleared the enemy out, and reoccupied the firing line for the time being.

On one occasion, when alone, Digby Jones killed three Boers with three successive chambers, and brained the fourth man with the butt of his revolver.

A fine fighter this, whose name will go down to posterity, and foul fell the bullet that struck him in the throat and killed him instantly, as he led his men forward to another charge.

The day he died his younger brother was commissioned to the same corps.

It is further said that one of the many men he slew was the field-cornet who had just slain Corporal Albrecht.

When the three companies of the Devons—"The Bloody Eleventh" of Salamanca fame—made their Homeric charge at the close of the fight, one of the companies was led by Lieutenant Masterson, and rather than abandon the ridge, torn by a terrific fire, he volunteered to carry a message asking for support.

The distance was a hundred yards, swept by so fierce a cross-fire that it seemed impossible that anything could live.

He went down, shot through both thighs, but crawling on, he reached the Light Horse trench, gaining his object and the V.C.

Away on Cæsar's Camp two gallant Manchesters, Privates Pitts and Scott, held a sangar for fifteen hours without food or water, under a fire that had taken off every man of the fourteen who had held the sangar on their left.

Scott, a Lancashire man from Haslingden, was wounded, and Pitts the only one of the party hitherto untouched.

One of the heroes of Mafeking was Captain Fitz-Clarence, of the Royal Fusiliers.

His gallantry was proverbial throughout the siege, and earned for him the nickname of "The Demon" among his men.

Three specific acts of valour are officially given in connection with his Cross, and the first of these was in the action of Five-Mile Bank.

The armoured train had gone out, and, getting into difficulties, Captain FitzClarence took about fifty men of the newly raised Protectorate Regiment to its assistance.

It was their first engagement, but opening at a thousand yards, FitzClarence advanced them to between four and five hundred under a very hot fire.

At one time the squadron was nearly surrounded, but the captain's perfect coolness and clever handling effected its object, and with only two killed and fifteen wounded they succeeded in killing fifty of the enemy and wounding a large number.

They were supported by No. 2 Troop, and later on a part of "D" Squadron covered the retirement, but the moral effect upon the enemy was very great.

On October 27th, on a pitch-black night, he led sixty bayonets, supported by a handful of the Cape Police, in a sortie to attack the Boer's main trench on the east of the town.

So cautiously did they work that they came on the enemy sleeping, and woke them with butt end and bayonet.

Fitz-Clarence was first man in, sword in hand, and killed four, cutting one head clean off, so it is said.

The Boers in the rear fired on the trench, irrespec-

tive of friend or foe, and some very grim tales are told of the happenings there.

Then the whistle sounded to retire, and the little party came back, minus six dead and nine wounded.

Again, on December 26th, he was greatly distinguished for his courage and dash in the action at Game-Tree, where Vernon and Sandford and young Paton fell, and during the action Captain Fitz-Clarence was shot through both legs.

To Lieutenant Doxat belongs the honour of winning a V.C. for the Imperial Yeomanry.

It happened near Zeerust, when a party reconnoitring the enemy came under a heavy fire from a ridge of kopjes at less than 300 yards' range.

The party retiring at full gallop, the Lieutenant saw that one of the men had lost his horse, and, riding back to him through a hail of Mauser bullets, took him up on his own mount, and brought him out of range.

If there is a certain similarity in these rescuing episodes, there is also the same pluck and peril and absolute self-sacrifice in them all, and he who thus "chances his arm" to help a man who is down is a good sportsman in the great game of life and death.

What shall we say of the doctors?—of Nickerson, R.A.M.C., attached to the Mounted Infantry, who dressed the wounded man at Wakkerstroom, under a heavy fire, rifle and shell, and stayed with him until he got him carried away?

Of Douglas, at Magersfontein—where some of our best and bravest bolted like hares—who went out into the open to help Captain Gordon, Major Robinson, and many other wounded men under that hell-fire?

Of "Tommy" Inkson, who carried Second Lieu-

tenant Devenish, severely wounded and unable to walk, for four hundred yards through a blizzard of lead at Colenso?

It may be said that these men only did their duty, but it is duty that takes some doing.

Especially is this the case with an enemy like the Boers, whose foul abuse of every instinct of humanity in deliberately firing on the wounded and Red Cross, was responsible for many a grisly bit of work when our fellows came to close quarters, and gave the "haymaker's lift" with the bayonet in response to whines for mercy!

CHAPTER XXXIX

The Boer War and its Colonial Crosses

MARTINEAU, RAMSDEN, RICHARDSON, BISDEE, WYLLY, MULLINS, JOHNSTONE, COCKBURN, TURNER, HOLLAND, HOWSE, CLEMENTS, BELL, HARDHAM, YOUNG, MAYGAR, ROGERS, MARTIN-LEAKE, CREAN

THAT the Colonies rallied to help the Mother Country in her hour of need was not surprising.

They will do it again ten centuries hence if necessary, for "England," in its widest sense, will always be "Home" to them.

Canada, Australia, New Zealand, India, to say nothing of Natal and the Cape, found men and money without stint, and did magnificently.

"Some of the local corps were very good, some utterly rotten. All oversea Colonials were good," says the Report of the Royal Commission.

Africa alone had between sixty and seventy corps in the field, the majority raised for the war, to say nothing of Town Guards and Rifle Clubs.

Canada sent 8,372 officers and men, at a cost of nearly three million dollars, these including the Royal Canadians, the Canadian Mounted Rifles—the first Regiment of which was known later as the Royal Canadian Dragoons—Strathcona's Horse, with their long brown boots and dark green serge uniforms; and many men for a corps called the South African Constabulary, one of the most efficient during the war.

Queensland made the first offer to help, but the New South Wales Lancers were the first Colonials to land at the Cape.

About ninety of them had been in training at Aldershot with the 6th Dragoon Guards, and when on their way home, about seventy of them volunteered to serve the Mother Country.

Australia sent in all 16,632 officers and men, those raised by the State costing them over £400,000; while New Zealand dispatched ten separate contingents, numbering in all 6,343 officers and men—all of them good-plucked as ever set toe in stirrup.

Lumsden's Horse, the Ceylon Contingent, the Burma men—their name is legion, and their story an object lesson to all the nations of the earth.

Twelve of these Colonial corps won the Victoria Cross, and members of a great many more were recommended for it.

To the Protectorate Regiment, a scratch corps hastily raised for the defence of Mafeking, fell the first two honours, for the action at Game Tree, December 26th, 1899.

There, Sergeant Martineau, who had seen service in the Matabele Rebellion with the Cape Police, stayed in the open to succour Corporal Le Camp, who was lying wounded ten yards in front of the Boer trenches.

Half carrying, half dragging him, he reached the cover of a bush about 150 yards away, wounded in the side in the doing of it.

There he did what he could to dress his comrade's wounds, and brought him in under a very heavy fire, wounded a second time, but struggling gamely on with his burden until he sank from exhaustion.

Three times in all was the plucky fellow hit, and his devotion unhappily cost him his left arm.

Trooper Ramsden brought his brother out, shot through both legs, carrying him under the same heavy fire for nearly 800 yards, and obliged from time to time to lay him down and rest.

Magnificent was the pluck of Corporal Clements, of Rimington's "Tigers," lying wounded, shot through the lungs at Strijdenburg.

Five Boers came up to him, demanding his surrender, but up sprang the corporal, and, rushing into the middle of them, he shot three with his revolver, and made the whole party surrender to himself and two unwounded comrades.

Very gallant was Sergeant Richardson, of Strathcona's, riding back against tremendous odds in the teeth of a very heavy cross-fire, his own horse wounded, to bring back a man hit in two places, the Boers being within three hundred yards or so of him.

Lieutenant Wylly and Private Bisdee, both of the Tasmanian Imperial Bushmen, were out foraging near Warm Bad on the 1st of September, 1900, and a warm corner they found it.

Riding through a narrow gorge, very rocky and thickly wooded, the Boers suddenly fired upon them, wounding six out of the eight men of the advanced scouts, including Lieutenant Wylly and his brother officer.

Seeing Corporal Brown badly hit in the leg and his horse shot, Wylly went to his aid, got him up on to his own horse, and opened fire from the shelter of a rock to cover the retreat of the others, at great risk of being cut off himself.

The horse of the other wounded officer got a

bullet in him, and bolted, and Private Bisdee gave him his stirrup leather to help him out.

Seeing, however, that he was too badly hurt to get along, Bisdee dismounted, put him into his own saddle, climbed up behind him, and got him out under a very severe fire.

The splendid gallantry at Komati River on the 7th of November, 1900, which won three Crosses for Lieutenants Cockburn and Turner and Sergeant Holland, of the Royal Canadian Dragoons, will be found narrated at some length under "Cockburn" in the alphabetical list.

The Royal Canadian Dragoons were originally Mounted Rifles, and their designation subsequently changed.

They were formed of "A" and "B" Squadrons of the Second Canadian Contingent, and enlisted for one year, from every part of Canada.

The Contingent, which consisted of two Battalions of Mounted Rifles and three batteries of Field Artillery, had, during their year's service, 12 killed, 33 deaths from disease, 60 wounded, and 189 invalided.

With a section of the 4th New Zealand Contingent, Farrier Major Hardham came into action with a party of about twenty Boers, near Naauwpoort, on the 28th of January, 1901.

The section was extended, and hotly engaged.

It was found necessary to retire, and, springing into their saddles, they were dashing off when the Farrier Major saw that Trooper McCrae was down, and his horse killed.

Without hesitation he went back, dismounted, and placed the man on his own horse under a heavy fire, and, running beside him, brought him safely away.

Similar was the gallantry of Lieutenant Bell, of the Western Australian Mounted Infantry, at Brakpan, on the 16th of May, 1901.

In his case he took a dismounted trooper up on his own horse, but the double weight was too much for it, and it came down with them.

Ordering the man to save himself, Bell remained behind, and kept up a sharp fire on the enemy until his comrade was out of danger.

The motto of the Victorian Mounted Rifles is "Pro Gloria," and well did Lieutenant Maygar of that corps act up to it.

Riding forward at Geelhoutboom on the 23rd of November, 1901, to bring back a detached post, and one of the men getting his horse shot, he took him up behind him.

The brute, terrified by the heavy fire and the unusual load, bolted into some swampy ground, and they were both obliged to dismount.

Finding the animal was not up to the double weight, the lieutenant hoisted the man into the saddle, and told him to ride for cover, getting back himself on foot under a very heavy fire.

Lieutenant Maygar, who comes of a Bristol family, was born at "The Dean" Station, Victoria, N.S.W., in 1871.

A Cross was very gallantly won for the South African Constabulary by Sergeant James Rogers, during a rearguard skirmish near Thaba 'Nchu, on the 15th of June, 1901.

With Lieutenant Dickinson and five men of the corps he was suddenly attacked by about sixty Boers.

Several horses were shot, among them the lieutenant's; and Rogers, seeing him making the best of his way after the retiring party on foot, galloped

back, hauled him up on to his own horse, and carried him for more than half a mile.

He then went back again, picked up two more dismounted comrades, one after the other, and brought them away safely, although the enemy were within 400 yards; and then, catching two riderless horses, he rode back yet another time.

Two more men did he rescue, making a handsome total of five, all the while under a very hot fire, to which he repeatedly replied with his rifle, disregarding the enemy's summons to surrender.

We have no record of a pluckier action than that of the gallant sergeant, who has since retired with the rank of honorary lieutenant from the Commonwealth Forces, Victoria.

The heroism of Surgeon-Captain Martin-Leake, of the South African Constabulary, at Vlakfontein, was very marked.

Under a heavy fire from about forty Boers at a hundred yards' range, he went out to help a wounded man in the fighting line. He then dressed the wounds of an officer who was very severely hit, and, while doing so, was himself shot three times, continuing his ministrations until he rolled over thoroughly exhausted.

There were eight wounded men at that spot, and, Philip-Sydney-like, he declined water until all the others had had their fill.

At Vredfort, Captain Howse, of the New South Wales Medical Staff Corps, went out and carried a severely wounded man to a place of shelter, accomplishing the long distance under a severe cross-fire.

A very popular Dublin man is Surgeon-Captain Crean, who enlisted as a trooper in the Imperial Light Horse when the war began.

He was appointed Captain in 1900, but in the June following he reverted to his medical rank, and was gazetted Captain, R.A.M.C., in 1902.

Very conspicuous was his attention to the wounded at Tygerskloof, where he stopped out within 150 yards of the enemy, and, though he was twice severely wounded, he only desisted when he received the second wound, which at the time was thought to be a mortal one.

Sergeant-Major Young, of the Cape Police (since retired), performed a particularly dashing exploit at Ruiter's Kraal.

Towards the close of the fight there, Young and a handful of men rushed some kopjes, one of which was held by Commandant Erasmus and about twenty Boers.

As the little party scrambled to the top, the enemy was seen streaming away to another hill, and, galloping like the wind to prevent them joining their companions there, the sergeant-major came up with them fifty yards ahead of his men, and, dashing in without hesitation, shot one of them and mortally wounded Erasmus himself, who fired three times at him point-blank.

Young was attached to the column under Captain Gorringe, R.E., and the action resulted in the complete rout of the enemy, who fled north in great confusion.

A great deal was said when the war began about the deadly shooting of the Boers.

With ranges previously marked out they are undoubtedly good, but the opinion of those who returned from the front is not altogether complimentary to their vaunted marksmanship.

I know men who were fired on more than once

by half a score at twenty and thirty yards, and live to tell the tale!

The Imperial Light Horse was an Uitlander Corps, raised by Majors Wools Sampson, Karri Davis, and other Reformers.

It represented all that was bravest of the Rand, and did magnificent service during the war, losing its Colonel, the gallant Scott-Chisholme, at Elandslaagte.

At the critical moment when we charged the ridge, defended by barbed wire and withered by bullets, the Gordons, Manchesters, and dismounted Light Horse went up with a roar.

So heavy was the fire that there was a moment's wavering, seeing which, Captains Mullins and Johnstone rushed forward, regardless of the hail of lead at point-blank range, and, rallying the men, averted what would otherwise have been a terrible disaster, Mullins receiving a wound.

At the top of the ridge the colonel went down with three bullets in him, but later on, when the darkness was falling, the Imperial Light Horse avenged him, when they and the 5th Lancers charged through and through the flying foe with terrible effect.

CHAPTER XL

Ashanti and the Relief of the Chinese Legations, 1910

MACKENZIE, MELLISS, HALLIDAY, GUY

BEHIND the Prah River, on the Gold Coast, lies Ashanti, an undulating country, densely wooded and watered by wide, marshy streams.

It is now a district of the Gold Coast Colony; until 1896 it was a native kingdom, inhabited by a very warlike tribe, indulging in hideous human sacrifices, and giving us serious trouble occasionally.

In 1873-4 Sir Garnet Wolseley captured and burned the capital town, Kumasi; in 1895-6 another expedition was sent against King Prempeh, who was captured and exiled; and at the end of March, 1900, it was reported that tribal fighting had broken out in the interior, and that all communication with Kumasi and the coast was interrupted.

Sir Frederick Hodgson, the Governor, and Lady Hodgson were in Kumasi at the time, and on the 9th of April the first troops that could be mustered, a small force of Hausas, were sent up from Accra, the administrative centre of the Colony.

On the 29th, after two days' hard fighting, a force of Lagos Constabulary got through, and Colonel Willcocks took command of the Ashanti Field Force.

This consisted of: 2 75-millimetre guns, 4 7-pounders, 6 Maxims, 700 West African Frontier

Force, 200 West African Regiment, 50 Sierra Leone Frontier Police; a total of 1,000 fighting men, with 60 whites and 1,700 carriers.

There were 40,000 natives investing Kumasi, and the operations, which were of a most trying character, extended over four months, during the rainy season, the very worst part of the year.

During the early advance a Victoria Cross was gallantly won by Colour-Sergeant John Mackenzie, 2nd Battalion 78th Highlanders, employed with the West African Frontier Force.

He was attached to a little force of 380 native soldiers, under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Carter and Major Wilkinson, who, moving towards Kekwai, encountered five stockades strongly held by the enemy, at Dompoassi, 6th June, 1900.

Officers and men fell fast under the heavy fire, and when the force had been terribly thinned down, and Colonel Carter seriously wounded, Major Wilkinson, himself hit, had decided on retiring, the gun and Maxims being out of action, ammunition running short, and the enemy's fire as hot as ever; but, to quote Sir James Willcocks's dispatch, "Colour-Sergeant Mackenzie came up to him, and volunteered to carry the stockade with the bayonet, if his own Company (the Yoruba Company, 1st West African Frontier Force) was placed at his disposal. Wilkinson at once ordered up the Company, which was in the rear of the column, and on the arrival of the first two sections, without hesitation Mackenzie charged at their head, followed splendidly by his own men and all others in the vicinity, their officers, of course, leading them. The enemy did not wait the rush, but fled in confusion, and never rallied, and it is perhaps not too much to say a disaster to

our arms was thus averted, for a retirement under the circumstances might have ended in panic. For this act of distinguished bravery I consider Colour-Sergeant Mackenzie is deserving of the highest reward a soldier can receive, and am making a recommendation accordingly."

Mackenzie had already worked two Maxim guns with remarkable coolness, and had been severely wounded, but he was a born fighter, and his record is interesting.

He enlisted in 1887, at the age of eighteen, in the Seaforth Highlanders, at Fort George, Inverness; went to the 2nd Battalion in 1892, and after becoming a corporal, five years later, was posted to the Lagos Regiment on the West Coast.

He had already gone through the Relief of Chitral in 1895; received the Distinguished Conduct Medal in 1897 for service on the Niger; the V.C. for his gallantry on this occasion; and a commission in the Black Watch in November, 1900.

In January, 1904, he received his captaincy in the 1st Royal Scots, a record which bids fair to rival that of the other "Fighting Mac."

At Obassa, on the 30th of September, Captain Charles John Melliss routed the enemy in a very gallant fashion, collecting all the men he could, and charging through the bush when the enemy were mustering in large numbers.

He got them on the move, but they were no mean fighters, and a hand-to-hand combat took place in which he ran a native through who had just fired at him, the pair rolling over together.

Another Ashanti shot him through the foot, the wound paralysing the limb, but his fine rush had produced a panic among the enemy, who were

charged and pursued by the Sikhs, who killed numbers of them.

This was the fourth occasion during the campaign that his bravery had been noticed, and, in addition to the Cross, he obtained his brevet of Lieutenant-Colonel.

In January, 1903, he had bad luck in Somaliland. When out shooting, he came across three lions, killed two of them, and wounded the third, the beast turning upon him and so mauling his arm that it was feared amputation would be necessary.

Fortunately for himself and the Service he recovered.

To return to the Relief Expedition, Kumasi was garrisoned by 700 native troops, under Major A. Morris, of the Royal Irish Regiment; all were on half rations, and ammunition was short, but on the 23rd of June, leaving only a hundred men in garrison, Major Morris left the beleagured town and escorted the Governor and his party to Ekwanta.

Sir Frederick Hodgson had a very bad time, and, after enduring great privations, eventually reached Accra on the 11th of July, losing about twenty per cent. of his numbers.

Colonel Willcocks's column, which had started in the drenching rain, made its final move upon Kumasi from Ekwanta at six o'clock on the morning of the 15th of July.

Serious resistance was met with late that afternoon, and we will give the account in Sir James Willcocks's own words.

His dispatch is perhaps the most readable ever penned by a commander for the information of his Government, and might be recommended as a model to some of our dry-as-dust generals.

He says: "The enemy at once opened a heavy fire from our front and right, and also tried to get at the carriers on the left rear, but these were well guarded.

"Lieutenant-Colonel Wilkinson, officer commanding advance guard, brought up all the guns and three Maxims, and opened fire in the direction of the enemy. I now came up, and ordered the whole of the Infantry of the fighting-line to extend, as there was no longer any doubt that the enemy were posted behind stockades, or they could not have stood against the hail of shell and Maxim we poured in. Their fire was exceedingly heavy, but nearly all aimed high, as they hardly dare show above their breastworks.

"After twenty minutes the Infantry had cut sufficiently into the thick bush to give me a fair idea of their formation, three companies facing Kumasi, and three companies almost at right angles to the above, facing rising ground, from which the Ashantis kept up a steady fire. I now sounded 'Cease fire,' which was repeated by every corps, and obeyed as if on a field day. Our sudden cessation of fire seemed to entirely puzzle the enemy, for instantaneously they appeared to follow suit. There was an almost unnatural silence for a short space of time between 'Cease fire' and the 'Charge'; then followed our hurrahs, mingled with the wild yell of the enemy in full flight. Our officers and men behaved gloriously; for, it must be remembered, most of the men were very young soldiers, they had suffered many reverses since leaving the coast, and had so far gained no signal success—the enemy has a great name in West Africa. Our men knew that they were fighting against immense numerical odds; and, above all, that one is

striving against an unseen enemy entrenched within a few yards' distance has a very great effect on the nerves, which even white men feel considerably. The charging line was composed of West African Frontier Force (who this day were all Yorubas), Sierra Leone Frontier Police, and one company West African Regiment. The guns were well worked under most disadvantageous circumstances. The enemy left many dead; behind one stockade was a pile of them terribly mutilated by 75-millimetre shells, of which this was their first experience. We found two stockades on the left, flanking one another, one very large one across the main road, and a fourth one between. I would here note that, whereas the Adanis build their stockades parallel to the road only, the Ashantis invariably erect them across the road, flanked by others in the bush.

"Forming up in the main road, we marched towards Kumasi, a mile distant, the troops cheering wildly for the Queen, and then followed silence. No sound came from the direction of the fort, which you cannot see till quite close. For a moment the hideous desolation and silence, the headless bodies lying everywhere, the sickening smell, etc., almost made one shudder to think what no one dared to utter—'Has Kumasi fallen? Are we too late?'

"Then the bugle sound caught the ear—'the general salute'—the tops of towers appeared, and again every man in the column, white and black, broke into cheers long sustained. The brave defenders had at last seen us; they knew for hours past, from the firing growing ever nearer, that we were coming, yet they dared not open their only gate; they perforce must wait; for, even as we appeared, the enemy were making their last efforts

to destroy the outlying buildings, and were actually setting them on fire until after dark, when a party of a hundred men went out and treated them to volleys, and cleared them out. If I have gone too fully into details of the final scene, the occasion was one that every white man felt, for him, comes perhaps but once, and no one would have missed it for a kingdom."

On the 17th, leaving a garrison in the town under the command of Captain Eden, of the Oxfordshire Light Infantry, the relieving column marched out again, "with an enormous train of sick, wounded, refugees, women, and children—all the old garrison."

Most of these unfortunates had to be carried in hammocks, and at times the column was four miles long!

It was a brilliant little expedition, more especially when the season and the country are taken into consideration.

Its leader, now Sir James Willcocks, joined the 100th Regiment in 1878, and at the time of the rebellion had seen a great deal of service in Afghanistan, the Soudan, Burma, Manipur, the Tirah Campaign, and several Indian frontier troubles.

And now we turn from the fever-laden swamps and forests of Africa to the great Chinese Empire, where one of the most thrilling episodes in our history was taking place.

China was in a state of internal dissension, and the anti-foreign Manchu element, of which the Empress-Dowager was the head, took advantage of a "Boxer" rising against the missionaries to start a campaign of extermination against all Europeans, Japanese, and Americans.

News suddenly came that the Foreign Legations in Pekin were besieged, and could not possibly hold out; terrible rumours were rife recalling the worst days of the Indian Mutiny.

Austria, Hungary, Belgium, France, Germany, Great Britain, Italy, Japan, the Netherlands, Russia, Spain, and America were all represented in the Chinese city, and one night it was announced that men, women, and children had been all massacred, and a thrill of horror went through the civilised world.

Happily the news was false, but the situation was none the less desperate.

By the order of an Austrian commander, who had lost his head, and had taken upon himself the chief command as senior officer, the inhabitants of all the Legations were ordered to retire to the British Legation, which they did in a veritable stampede.

By universal desire the British Minister, Sir Claude MacDonald, who had seen service with the 74th and 42nd Highlanders, was appointed in place of the Austrian, and a most romantic siege followed.

Shot, shell, petroleum fire-balls, and showers of stones had to be encountered, and within the besieged area were crowded 433 civilians, 147 of whom were women, with 76 children, a garrison of 400 men, 2,750 refugees, and 400 native servants.

The total strength of the Legation guards was 18 officers and 389 men of various nationalities, helped by a corps of 50 gentlemen known as Thornhill's Roughs, armed with every kind of sporting gun, to which a carving knife had been lashed in lieu of bayonet.

Cut off from the outside world, they endured a siege of two months, which was not without its horrors and heroism.

A round shot crashing into the Legation dining-room passed behind the portrait of the Queen.

The besieged were put on half rations, and shots fell everywhere.

Eighteen prisoners were captured by the French in a temple, and were all put to death without mercy in the French Legation, a corporal bayoneting them to save cartridges.

On the 24th of June a determined attack was made on the west wall of the British Legation, and, after firing the stable quarters, the enemy occupied some buildings close at hand.

Aided by the dense smoke, they opened a galling fire, and it was decided to clear them out by a sortie.

Captain Halliday, of the Royal Marine Light Infantry, had landed at Taku from H.M.S. *Orlando,* on the 29th of May, and had gone up to Pekin to act as Legation Guard with his men.

A hole having been made in the Legation wall, Captain Halliday, at the head of twenty Marines, dashed out and made for the buildings, but before he could use his revolver he was fired at at point-blank range, the ball fracturing his left shoulder and carrying away part of his lung.

It was a terrible wound, which would have incapacitated most men, but there were women and children in the Legation!

He shot three of the enemy, told his men "to carry on and not mind him," and, rather than diminish the slender fighting force of the sortie, walked back alone to hospital without assistance.

The son of Major Halliday, R.A., he was educated in Guernsey, and entered the Red Marines in 1889, his Cross being the second won by that gallant corps, which is one of the finest in the Service.

In the meantime the nations had not been idle, and, gathering together a little force about 3,000 strong, consisting of British, Japanese, French, Germans, Russians, Americans, and Austrians, Admiral Seymour landed at Taku, entrained to Tientsin, and started from thence at mid-day on the 10th of June for Pekin.

It was thought that the Boxer element alone would have to be faced, but, after several fights, a body of Chinese Imperial troops, about 10,000 strong, barred the way.

There was a four and a half hours' fight, three charges with the bayonet, and about 1,800 Chinese killed, but with 500,000 Chinese regulars between them and Pekin the little relief force was obliged to retire.

Agonising was the delay, and once again the wildest rumours thrilled the world.

Every soul in the Legations had perished, it was said, and the most circumstantial details were published by the European press: the men had mercifully killed the women and children, and then died, fighting to the end.

Although, like the previous reports, all this proved happily untrue, there were still anxious, if necessary, delays.

Joint action by the Powers at last got a strong force together, and the city of Tientsin, heavily bombarded on the 13th of July, was stormed and taken the next day.

It was during the attack on the 13th that Midshipman Guy, of H.M.S. *Barfleur,* won the Victoria Cross.

A heavy cross-fire was poured upon the Naval Brigade, and Able-Seaman McCarthy was one of

those who were shot, and fell about fifty yards short of cover.

So heavy was the fire that the ground all about him was absolutely ploughed up, but Mr. Guy remained with the man, and, after an effort to carry him in, he bound up the wound as well as he could, and ran for assistance.

Stretchers arrived soon after, and, facing the fire again, the brave middy went out into the open with the bearers, and helped to lift the wounded man on to the stretcher; but unfortunately MacCarthy was shot dead as they were getting him under cover.

There was fierce fighting all the way up to Pekin, Japanese, Germans, British, Americans, French, Russians, Austrians, and Italians vying with each other in their efforts to relieve the besieged. The strength of the relieving column was 20,000 men, with 70 guns, and of this number 3,000 were British.

Troops had been sent for from India, and the 7th Rajpoots were the first to enter the Legation.

The siege had lasted eight weeks. Hope had almost gone, and food was very scarce, when, at three o'clock in the morning, the firing of the relief column had made itself heard.

At daylight the great East Gate was shelled; the Chinese made every effort, but it was of no avail. At half-past two General Gaselee, with the Rajpoots and the 1st Sikhs, swung up Canal Street and through the Water Gate; the Legations were saved, and the British column was the first one in!

CHAPTER XLI

In the Land of the Mad Mullah, 1902-3

COBBE, WALKER, ROLLAND, GOUGH, SMITH

SOUTH of the burning Gulf of Aden lies the Somali Coast Protectorate, which has been within our sphere of interest since the year 1884.

It is shaped, very roughly, like a crescent moon lying upon her back, and is bordered by Abyssinia and Italian Somaliland.

In this sun-scorched, waterless country there are about 400 miles of coast line and about 58,000 square miles of drought and desert, and its products are cattle, ostrich feathers, skins, ivory, and gum.

In 1901 a certain individual, Haji Mahomed Bui Abdullah, otherwise known as the Mad Mullah, began to give trouble, and an expedition moved against him.

On the 20th day of May, 1902, a second expedition left Burao, and pushed as far as Damot in the Haud Desert, the Mullah retiring out of harm's way into the waterless district.

He was a slippery fellow, this Mullah, with a good deal of method in his so-called madness, and, twisting and turning like an eel, he led us a dance extending practically over two years.

His army consisted of Ogadens, Dolbahantas, Hawiyis, Habrtojales, Habryunis, Marehans, and Mijerteins—powerful tribes, and born fighters.

The Advance into the Haud

When one of our native spies was asked how many men were ranged under the Mullah's standard, he took up a handful of sand, stirred the grains with his forefinger, and said: "Can one count this?"

Allowing for Oriental exaggeration, his numbers must have been 20,000 at least; and Colonel Swayne, who commanded the expedition, was expected to cope with him with something less than 3,000 troops, 1,500 of which were raw native levies.

After capturing some camels and sheep in the Nogal Valley, we followed southward, it being reported that the Mullah was at Mugdug oasis, a hundred miles across the Haud, or "Bush" country.

We entered the Haud, an almost trackless desert, so covered with dense scrub that a company officer was fortunate if he could see half his men at one time, on the 3rd of October.

The first day they covered sixteen miles, twenty-one each on the two following, and on the evening of the 5th our advanced horsemen were in touch with the enemy, and killed several of their scouts.

Colonel Swayne's force consisted of 300 men of the 2nd Battalion King's African Rifles, 500 of the 6th Battalion, 60 Sikhs, 1,500 Somali levies, two 7- and six 9-pounders—all scrambling through thick bush as best they could, mixed up with the transport, with the enemy all round them, and camels stampeding in their midst.

On the morning of the 6th they moved off at 5.30, with the fighting force in front, the enemy reported to be hovering near in large numbers.

"At 7 a.m.," to quote an officer who was present, "just as we were in the middle of dense bush, on they came with a rush and a battle-cry of sorts, and at once a terrific fusillade broke out all round.

"They came on most pluckily, but the 2nd King's African Rifles' fire was too much for them, and, though some charged up to within about fifty yards, the attack, so far as we were concerned, was over in about ten minutes.

"Our Somalis had not fared so well. Very shortly afterwards a note came from the staff officer: 'Can you join me? Somalis all bolting; this is h—ll.'

"Almost at the same time came another from an officer commanding the rear-guard, asking for instructions and information, and this wound up with: 'Somalis bolting like hares, and firing into us.'

"At this point some of the bolting companies had more or less rallied in rear of us, and of some of their friends who had been persuaded to go to the front again.

"Instead of lying down quietly, they opened a heavy fusillade—some of it in the air, some of it from the hip, but most of it over our heads. In vain we massed our bugles, and sounded 'Cease fire' time after time; it was more than an hour before we could stop them.

"After that, one of our companies and two re-formed companies of Somalis went out and cleared the bush; most of it done by charging with the bayonet, for which the enemy did not wait.

"Their main body had, in the meantime, cleared with the 'swag'—which included about fifty rifles abandoned by the Somalis in their flight, a Maxim gun, a large quantity of ammunition, and about 2,500 milch camels. They had the best of the bargain, though we must have killed a hundred of them, as a very cursory count in the bush gave over seventy-five bodies."

This interesting letter gives a very good idea of the nature of the fighting.

It was in this fight that Captain Cobbe, D.S.O., won his Cross.

The retirement of some companies had left him alone in front of the line with a Maxim gun, and this he worked with perfect coolness, and brought it in in a most plucky way single-handed.

Again he went out to pick up a wounded orderly within twenty yards of the enemy, an action of peculiar peril when we remember that not only were the Mullah's people firing on him in front, but his own men blazing away in the rear at the same moment.

Colonel Swayne had to retire on Bohotle, and ask for reinforcements, which came under Brigadier General Manning, the Inspector-General of the King's African Rifles.

Troops arrived from India, and many of the Indian rajahs offered their contingents.

Colonel Swayne came home to advise the Foreign Office, and Manning continued the operations.

The Italian Government readily gave permission for us to pursue the Mullah into their territory, and the offer of assistance from the Boers, under General Viljoen, was accepted, but, unfortunately for Viljoen himself, his book was published in the meantime, with the result that his individual services were dispensed with.

An advance was made under Major Gough, and Manning's Flying Column reached Galkayu Wells on the 5th of March.

The Mullah retired to Galadi; three columns started against him, and joined forces without opposition; but he was kept well informed of our move-

ments by the English papers, and moved north-west to Dik.

A flying column, under Cobbe, went after him, but a detached force of 200 men, under the unfortunate Plunkett, pushing forward against orders, was practically wiped out at Gumburu on the 17th of April, nine officers and 174 men being killed.

Major Gough's column, advancing from Danop, was attacked at Daratoleh, and had to fight its way back through very thick bush.

For their brilliant gallantry on this occasion, Major Gough recommended Captain Walker, serving with the Bikanir Camel Corps, and Captain Rolland, Intelligence Officer, for the Cross, leaving out all mention of himself, although he personally directed the rearguard action, and shared their gallantry.

It was only later, when eye-witnesses came to speak of that thing, that the gallant Major got his reward.

He is son of General Sir Charles Gough, and nephew of General Sir Henry Gough, who both won their Crosses in the Indian Mutiny.

A letter of Captain Rolland's subsequently published in the *Daily Graphic,* gives a fine idea of the fight and the heroism displayed there.

"It was a grand fight, and for four hours our little band of two hundred stood shoulder to shoulder in a tiny little square, barely thirty yards on each side, with a hail of bullets falling all round us. Our ammunition was running short, so at 2.30 p.m. (the action began at 10.30 a.m.) Major Gough decided to retire. A horde of savages followed us for three more hours, coming within fifteen to thirty yards of us. It was a tight corner. Major Gough is a splendid soldier, so cool and calm; he is a grand fellow.

Poor Captain Bruce and I were on the rearguard together—both Harrow boys. The bush was so dense we could scarcely see a yard in it. We were left behind with four men; so Bruce called out, 'Rolland, come along with those men,' and we retired slowly, firing as we went. A savage crept up close to the path along which we were marching; owing to the dense grass and bush we did not notice it. Poor Captain Bruce suddenly threw up his arms, and fell on his face, shot through the body. The bullet entered his right side, and passed out by the left. I saw the savage moving off; my carbine was on him in a second, and he rolled over. I can't tell whether he was actually the man who shot Captain Bruce, but I saw no other, so think it must have been him. I ran to Captain Bruce and raised him up, turning him on to his back. He was bleeding terribly, and I saw at a glance it was a mortal wound. I dragged him a little out of the path, which was much exposed to the enemy's fire, and undid his collar, taking off his bandolier, revolver, and belt, while the four brave men covered me with their fire and kept the enemy in check, who were yelling with delight as they saw one white man dying and another close to him, and they kept calling out to each other. (I was told afterwards by the Somali who fought by me that they were saying that they had got us all, and to come on and spear us.) Captain Bruce was a very heavy man, of nearly fourteen stone, and I am only nine and a half stone, so I could not lift him. None of the men could stop firing to help me, or the enemy would have been on us; so I shouted to the disappearing column, 'Halt in front!' It was then out of sight, slowly retiring along the winding path, and we were practically cut off. It was a

moment of great despair, as I thought my shout had not been heard.

"The enemy were now pressing us very hard, so I had to stop attending to poor Captain Bruce, and emptied the magazine of my carbine at them. Then I fired off my revolver, and emptied that too. Suddenly Captain Bruce stood up, and I rushed to hold him up. He walked two steps forward, and fell on his face again. I tried to break his fall, and he brought me down too—he was too heavy for me. I again turned him on to his back. He opened his eyes, and spoke to me (his last words), 'They have done for me this time, old man!' From now to his death he was practically unconscious. To my infinite relief I then saw Captain Walker trekking towards me. He and I tried to carry Captain Bruce, but it was no use; so then I left them, and ran back 400 yards or more to where the rearguard was to fetch help. It was a terribly long run, and I thought I must get hit every moment, as the bullets fell splashing round me. I seized a Bikanir camel, and was running back with it, when Major Gough came up and asked what was the matter. I told him, and he rushed back to Captain Bruce. I followed slower, as the led camel refused to step out, and I could not induce him to hurry up; in fact, he was frightened, and did not like to leave his friends.

"I reached the little group, and made the camel sit down, and we lifted up Captain Bruce, Major Gough at his head, and Captain Walker and I at his feet. While doing so three bullets struck the ground between us. One went through poor Captain Bruce's leg, but he was too far gone to feel it. Then the Sikh, who had done his duty nobly, had his arm smashed by a fourth bullet. We had to throw Cap-

tain Bruce on to the camel, anyhow, and as we did so the poor fellow died. The two Yaos (Africans), the Somali, and the Sikh made up the four who helped us, and they did their work well. It was a wonder to me that out of our little group only the Sikh was wounded. I thought all the time that not one of us would escape, and that we should have all fallen. However, we saved Captain Bruce's body, and we could only regret that we could not save his life; but I knew when he fell that he had received his death-wound, and that all we could save from falling into the enemy's hands would be his body, and I thank God we were able to do that, for he would have been mutilated had those savages got hold of him. He was a dear chap, a great friend of mine, and an old Harrow chum. R.I.P.

"Well, we were not left alone till 5.30 p.m., and then the enemy drew off. It was the hardest day of my life. I fired and fired in that fight till my rifle was boiling hot; even the woodwork felt on fire. Up to 3 a.m. a few biscuits and cocoa, then a twenty-five mile ride, a seven hours' fight, and twenty-five miles back to camp—i.e. fifty miles that day; twenty-five hours without food of any kind, between the 3 a.m. biscuits and cocoa on the 22nd to the 4 a.m. dinner on the 23rd. Oh, the thirst of that day! I had two water-bottles on my camel, and drained them both. Hunger I did not feel. That march home was a terrible one! The smell of the dead bodies and the blood on our empty stomachs made us feel so sick, and as I rode up and down from the front to the rear of the column and back I passed the bodies of Captains Bruce and Godfrey tied on to camels, and swaying about helplessly. Oh, it was a heart-rending sight to me to see all that

remained of two strong, healthy men, who only that morning were so full of life and spirits! We reached Danop again at 2 a.m., and when I got off my camel I reeled from tiredness, which up to then I had not felt. However, I was given brandy and water, and then I had to go off and arrange for our dead to be laid out and placed under a guard for that night, to prevent hyenas attacking them. The wounded had to be looked to and made comfortable. Next morning, at 8 a.m., we buried Captains Bruce and Godfrey side by side, just as they were, in their khaki uniforms.

Major Gough read the service, and we all stood round. It was a most impressive funeral; a soldier's always is, but this one was unusually so. Not one of us could have spoken after it was over without breaking down, and we all walked away from the grave with silent, bowed heads. Half an hour later we were all ourselves again, for there is not time in a soldier's life for grief. We were one and all busy with our respective work. I had only one suit of khaki with me, so, as it was covered with blood, I had to go and have it washed and dried, and went about practically naked while it took place."

There was a suspension of hostilities, which, however, did not last long, and eventually Major-General Sir Charles Egerton was appointed from India to the chief command, Brigadier-General Manning volunteering to serve under him.

At Yidballi water-hole, which is situated in a clump of bush, surrounded by open veldt, the enemy made a very desperate attack on the 10th of January, 1904.

They crept up through the bush, and, supported by rifle fire, the Dervishes tried to rush the 5th

Somali Mounted Infantry at the beginning of the fight.

An Indian hospital assistant, Rahamat Ali by name, was badly wounded, and Lieutenant Smith, of the Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry, went out to bring him in, accompanied by Lieutenant Welland, R.A.M.C.

The enemy's rapid advance rendered this impossible, and made their efforts unavailing; the man was killed, and the two brave fellows had to shift for themselves.

All Smith's care was now to bring Welland out, and an eye-witness states that he did all that any man could do.

He helped him on to a horse, which was shot, and then on to a mule; this also was hit, and poor Welland was speared.

Even then the lieutenant remained by him, trying to keep the Dervishes off with his revolver, and it was considered little short of a miracle that he came off with his own life.

Lieutenant Smith had been employed in South Africa as Railway Staff Officer, and was selected for special service in Somaliland.

After many ups and downs and much fierce fighting, the Mullah's power was finally shattered the same year, and in 1905 he entered into an agreement to abstain from raiding Italian or English territories, to reside in a certain district set apart, and allow no importation of arms or ammunition or traffic in slaves.

Whether the wily rascal remains true to his trust we have yet to see.

As we go to press there is news of fresh trouble, and the death of a British officer.

CHAPTER XLII

Nigeria and Thibet, 1903

WRIGHT, GRANT

NIGERIA is an extensive West African territory, over which the Royal Niger Company held its sway from 1886 until it was constituted a British Protectorate on the 1st of January, 1900. The coast region is hot and unhealthy, the interior covered by forests and bush.

Grain, indigo, and cotton are grown on the plateau country of Northern Nigeria, and Kano is the great mart of that part of Africa.

The military force of the Protectorate consists of the 1st and 2nd Battalions of the West African Frontier Force, composed of Haussas and Yorubas, fine fighting material when commanded by British officers.

In 1903 the Emir of Kano not only closed his trade roads to the south, but also harboured the murderer of our Nassarwa resident, Captain Maloney, and offered a price for the head of Captain Abadie, the British Resident of Zaria.

What is known as the Kano-Sokoto Expedition set out on the 29th of January, under Colonel T. L. N. Morland, D.S.O., an officer of the King's Royal Rifles, and then Commandant of the Northern Nigeria Regiment.

The expedition, a thousand strong, marched on Kano, where it met with a stout resistance.

It was found impossible to carry the main gate,

but a smaller one, a mile distant, was rushed at the point of the bayonet by Lieutenant Dyer, of the 2nd Life Guards, who led the storming party, and was twice severely wounded.

Unfortunately the Emir got away with a thousand horsemen, and made for Sokoto to the northward.

By the end of February the column had reached Dugeo, half way to Sokoto, and on the 15th of March Sokoto itself was occupied, and a new Emir was installed.

The ex-Sultan fled south-east, hotly pursued by Captain Sword.

Brigadier-General Kemball, D.S.O., R.A., who was Inspector-General of the Forces in Nigeria, had taken over command, and it was known that prompt measures alone would prevent the spread of disaffection through the entire Protectorate.

It must be remembered that the campaign was conducted at the driest season of the year, in a country notorious for its lack of water, and the cold was intense, as the Harmattan, or wind from the desert, blew strongly day and night, filling the air with sand and causing much sickness.

One ever-present danger was the possibility of fire, which the strong wind would have carried through the bush with alarming rapidity.

On the 24th of March a very gallant action was fought by Lieutenant Wallace Duffield Wright, of the Queen's (Royal West Surrey) Regiment, at Rawia. He was born in Gibraltar in 1875, and entered the Queen's in 1896.

He had already seen service in the Malakand and Tirah campaigns, and had been severely wounded.

The eyes and ears of the expedition were undoubtedly the native Mounted Infantry, raised the

year before by Captain Porter, of the 19th Hussars, and with forty-four of these men Wright completely routed the Emir of Kano's army, 3,000 strong!

General Kemball had sent the party out to reconnoitre, while the main column remained at Duru on the main road to Sokoto, amid dense forest.

It was believed, and rightly, that the fugitive Emir of Kano would make an attempt to double on his tracks, and attack a little garrison that had been left in his own town, a hundred miles away.

A skirmish of the previous day had enabled the lieutenant to gain information that the Emir's main body had not yet come up, and he could have returned to the column with perfect safety.

A message, however, reached him in the meantime from the general, warning him that he might anticipate a hot time, and giving him leave to act as he thought best.

It was a forlorn hope, and the chances were all against him, but rather than let the enemy turn our left flank, and so prolong the operations, he determined to hold the position.

When the foe came, they came in earnest, and in overwhelming force, about eighty to one.

Had they trusted to their fire, it is doubtful whether one man of our party would have lived to tell the tale, but, as it was, they trusted to their weight and numbers, and, with the Emir at their head, charged on to the devoted little band.

Nine times did the Emir ride through our line and back again before he fell dead, with ten bullets in his body, being killed at last by Lieutenant Wright himself. Hampered as he was by foot carriers, and isolated from support, the lieutenant's resolution and his pluck were deserving of high praise; for he

sustained the charges of 1,000 horse and 2,000 foot for two hours, afterwards following up the enemy's retreat.

"Had his little square been broken," wrote Sir F. Lugard, the High Commissioner, "or his men got out of hand and lost confidence in their leader, the whole of the little party would, no doubt, have been obliterated. I consider that this very gallant action deserves special recognition." And special recognition it received in the shape of the Victoria Cross, which was presented to Captain Wright by H.M. the King, at Buckingham Palace, on the 5th of November, 1903.

The pursuit after the ex-Sultan of Sokoto continued with varying success; various parties followed him through very difficult country and heavy rains.

After many hand-to-hand actions, the ex-Sultan at length fled to Burmi, a small walled town, from which place he wrote a letter, asking permission to proceed to Mecca; but our only reply was a demand to surrender.

An attack on the 16th of May failed for the want of artillery; but, on the 27th of July, when a junction of our various parties had been effected, two of the town gates were breached by the guns, and eventually rushed by a storming party, under Major Plummer.

Major Marsh, who was hurrying up reinforcements, was wounded by a poisoned arrow above the knee, and died in twenty minutes, and it was only after desperate fighting that the ex-Sultan, a number of his chiefs, and more than six hundred of the enemy, were killed.

Our losses in killed were only eleven, but we had a large number of wounded, for the Fulani knew they were cornered, and fought to a finish.

In 1903 the Government of India dispatched Colonel Younghusband on a mission to Thibet to discuss trade questions with the Thibetan and Chinese officials.

As escort to the mission went four native regiments, 400 men of the Royal Fusiliers, 350 Sappers, a British Mounted Battery, a native Battery, and 200 Mounted Infantry—a total of 4,600 men, under the command of Brigadier-General J. R. L. MacDonald, R.E.

Thibet is a wonderful country, and to Europeans almost unknown.

It is the head-quarters of the Buddhist religion, and it has an additional interest to the Christian world, for Swedenborg tells us that the MSS. of the sacred Scriptures were preserved in his time in one of its monasteries, and are doubtless extant to this day.

It is perhaps the wildest and most mountainous country of the globe, and the difficulties of an expedition, even unopposed, are enormous.

The cold was intense, and breathing difficult; it was scarcely possible to cook, while frost-bites, pneumonia, mountain-sickness, and snow-blindness were a few of the evils to be encountered.

The locks of rifles and the Maxims froze, and, then, there was the enemy to reckon with.

It was soon feared that there was to be opposition; altogether there were sixteen engagements and skirmishes, our war casualties being 202, with five officers killed outright.

The Sappers had a hard time, having to construct 170 miles of road, to say nothing of bridging, cutting, and siege-works.

On the 6th of July it was found necessary to

storm the Gyantse-jong, or fort, an almost impregnable citadel, manned by about 6,000 Thibetans.

After clearing out the enemy from some houses at the foot of the precipitous rock, where there was a good deal of hard fighting, the eastern wall of the Jong was bombarded with common shell, during which a magazine in the fort blew up.

In the afternoon a small breach was made in the curtain, and Lieutenant Grant, of the 8th Gurkha Rifles, led the storming company.

They had to clamber up an almost precipitous rock, destitute of cover, the enemy pouring a heavy fire upon them from the curtain itself, the flanking towers on both sides, and from other buildings higher up the Jong.

It was only possible for one man to proceed at a time, and that on hands and knees; showers of stones and masses of rock came hurtling down upon them, and the ascent alone was an act of great courage.

Behind the lieutenant crawled a Gurkha sergeant, Havildar Kirbir Pun; but, when near the top, both were hurled back wounded, and rolled down the cliff some thirty feet or so.

Bruised and bleeding, they picked themselves up, and went at it again, the men below firing to cover them.

The second time they were successful, the havildar shooting one of the enemy as they reached the top, Lieutenant Grant being first man in.

The fierce little Gurkhas were close behind them, and, with bayonet and kookrie, soon cleared the place, and sent the enemy flying down the rocks on the other side.

Grant was gazetted to the V.C., the havildar

winning the Indian Order of Merit, which was then its equivalent.

Mile by mile that little column wormed its way to Lhasa, but unfortunately, owing to Chinese duplicity, the result of the mission was not altogether satisfactory.

In June, 1906, His Majesty presented the Thibet medals to the 1st Battalion Royal Fusiliers, at Windsor, and, in his speech to the men, made special allusion to the "high altitude," which indeed constituted one of the chief difficulties of a very ably conducted expedition.

The gallant Gurkha died a subadar (native officer) at Shillong, August 21, 1910, deeply regretted by his brother officers, British and native.

He was a quiet, unassuming man, a first-class soldier, and an excellent shikari.

The whole of the 1st battalion not on duty followed him to his grave, his company firing three sad volleys, the buglers sounding "The Last Post."

At last I have come to the end of my review of "Britain's Roll of Glory"; all men are not heroes, but in the foregoing pages I have introduced you to many who undoubtedly deserve the name.

One may glean from these incidents some little insight into the varied character of a soldier's life—now ranging from irksome monotony to intense excitement, liable at any moment to exchange the dust of the Long Valley, or the Curragh, for active service at the other end of the earth.

Some return to cherish with pride the medals which dangle from their scraps of gay ribbon; others, and only a few, bring back the most cherished of them all—that chivalric Order to salute which they

often turn out the guard, and of which this book purports to be a history; some, alas! never come back—that is the fortune of war.

Sometimes when a man gets "swelled head" the V.C. is the downfall of a smart soldier. I know of one instance—he enlisted and was gazetted under a false name—where the recipient exchanged into another corps, was made too much of, embezzled, and lost Cross and pension. Every effort was made to reclaim him, but the drink habit was too strong, and he was convicted forty-seven times.

On the authority of the Duke of Connaught, four of the South African Crosses were won by old reformatory boys, one of whom was a notable truant in his day.

It must not be imagined for a moment that the heroes of Britain's wars are limited to the names appearing in this volume; many are recommended, but do not get the Cross, and in this connection one recalls the names of Ian Hamilton, Younghusband, Lowther, de Crespigny, the Colonials, Krygger, Tom Morris, and a score of others.

To quote one instance only, that of Captain de Crespigny, of the 2nd Life Guards, whose gallantry near Rensburg was beyond question, will always remain a monument of singular injustice. His recommendation for the V.C. was lost, and although the facts subsequently substantiated were endorsed by Lord Roberts and Sir John French, the authorities justified their refusal to reopen the question by a most extraordinary reading of the warrants. The case will be found very ably set forth in *The Army and Navy Gazette* for December, 1911, and it is a hard case; unfortunately, one of many that show the curious workings of the official mind.

It is rightly said in some quarters that the methods of selection and bestowal need revision, and that the highest ranks should be considered eligible for the distinction, as, indeed, they are by virtue of the warrants.

One man alone of all those gazetted ought not to have had it; the incident belongs to one of the early campaigns; the man is long since dead, and wild horses will never draw his name from my pen.

Of late years there has been an increasing, and, to my mind, deplorable traffic in Victoria Crosses, after the death of the owners.

The insatiable greed of the medal collector has given them a distinct marketable value, and it may interest some to glance at the following list of the prices of some Victoria Crosses sold in London:

James Byrne, June, 1893, £35.
T. Monaghan, November, 1893, £43.
H. Smith, 1896, £70.
Private Davis, December, 1896, £12.
Sergeant Cambridge, 1897 (*see* Alphabetical List).
R. H. M. Aitken, 1900, 100 guineas (*see* Alphabetical List).
T. Arthur, July, 1902, £47.
T. Duffy, 1902, £53; again in 1910, £60.
W. Goate, 1902, £85.
J. Ryan, 1902, £68.
M. Sleavon, 1903, £53.
M. Rosamond, 1903, £54.
H. Ramage, 1903, £61.
A. Ablett, 1903, £62.
W. Odgers, 1904, £110.
Quartermaster Rickard, July, 1906, £50; changed hands the same month for £80.
J. Hollowell, October, 1906, £47.

Some Sales and Bequests

Private Patrick Carlin, 1907, £63.

Private G. Ravenhill, 1908, £43 (including some S.A. medals).

Lieutenant G. Symons, 1908, £31.

Captain S. Mitchell, 1908, £50.

Bugler Robert Hawthorne, 1909, £108. (Bought by Captain A. T. Crosse.)

Trooper Baxter, 1909, £45.

Captain John Augustus Wood, 1910, £101 (with Indian medals).

Sergeant W. M'Wheeney, 1910, £90. (Bore three dates.)

Corporal W. Oxenham, 1910, £77.

Sergeant G. Walters, 1910, £72.

Private R. McGregor, 1910, £70.

Private John McGovern, 1910, £68.

Corporal Matthew Hughes, 1910, £71.

Roughrider E. Jennings, 1910, £67.

Seaman J. Trewavas, 1910, £102 (including three other medals).

Another Victoria Cross with two dates, awarded to an officer whose name was not disclosed, with the Legion of Honour and Medjidie Order, brought £84—1910.

Lady Mouat bequeathed Sir James Mouat's V.C. to the Museum of the Royal United Service Institution, Whitehall, in January, 1910.

Extract from the will of Sir C. J. S. Gough, 1912: "My son Johnnie has won a Victoria Cross for himself; I therefore now leave mine to Hubert."

In December, 1912, Captain Peel's V.C., sword and telescope, and the bugle and flag carried by his Naval Brigade, were given to the Admiralty by the family.

Sergeant Patrick Mullane, 1912, £56 (including Afghan and Long Service medal).

Bombardier J. Thomas, 1912, £68.

Stoker William Johnstone, November, 1912, £70.

Private F. Wheatley (including six medals), November, 1912, £140.

In January, 1913, Lady Walker left Sir Mark's Cross and medals, and the grey overcoat he wore at Inkerman, to the depôt of the 30th Regiment.

Aitken (*see* Alphabetical List for curious circumstance).

In some of the above instances, war medals went with them, which accounts to some extent for the varying prices, but it does not seem a right and proper thing for the Victoria Cross to come to the hammer.

In 1895, at the sale of the effects of gallant Peter Brown, at the Cape, his V.C. and war medals fetched twenty-five shillings, but they were bought by an officer of the Cape Town Highlanders for presentation to the C.M.R., a very fitting final resting-place.

The Crosses ought to become regimental or national trophies without a doubt, where the family cannot retain them, and they should be made returnable to the War Office for that object, with a fixed surrender value in cases of necessity. A pawnbroker's window is not the place for a Victoria Cross!

I know of only one man who parted with his Cross during life, and wore a dummy; and in the whole of my researches I have only found four instances of the Victoria Cross being forfeited for the committal of a heinous offence, which speaks volumes for the honour in which it is held and the gallant men who wear it!

ROYAL WARRANTS

War Department, 5th February, 1856.

THE Queen has been pleased, by an instrument under her Royal Sign Manual, of which the following is a copy, to institute and create a new Naval and Military decoration, to be styled and designated "The Victoria Cross," and to make the rules and regulations therein set forth under which the said decoration shall be conferred.

VICTORIA, by the grace of God, of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, Queen, Defender of the Faith, etc., to all to whom these presents shall come, Greeting.

Whereas, We, taking into Our Royal Consideration, that there exists no means of adequately rewarding the individual gallant services, either of officers of the lower grades in Our Naval and Military Service, or of warrant and petty officers, seamen and marines in Our Navy, and non-commissioned officers in Our Army. And, whereas, the third class of Our Most Honourable Order of the Bath is limited, except in very rare cases, to the higher ranks of both services, and the granting of Medals, both in Our Navy and Army, is only awarded for long service or meritorious conduct, rather than for bravery in action or distinction before an enemy, such cases alone excepted where a general medal is granted for a particular action or campaign, or a clasp added to the medal for some especial engagement, in both of which cases all share equally in the boon, and those who, by their valour, have particularly signalised themselves, remain undistinguished from their comrades. Now, for the purpose of attaining an end so desirable as that of rewarding individual instances of merit and valour, We have instituted and created, and by these presents for Us, our Heirs and Successors, institute and create a new Naval and Military

Decoration, which We are desirous should be highly prized and eagerly sought after by the officers and men of Our Naval and Military Services, and are graciously pleased to make, ordain and establish the following rules and ordinances for the government of the same, which shall from henceforth be inviolably observed and kept.

Firstly. It is ordained that the distinction shall be styled and designated "The Victoria Cross," and shall consist of a Maltese cross of Bronze, with Our Royal Crest in the centre, and underneath with an escroll bearing the inscription "For Valour."

Secondly. It is ordained that the Cross shall be suspended from the left breast by a blue riband for the Navy, and by a red riband for the Army.

Thirdly. It is ordained that the names of those upon whom We may be pleased to confer the decoration shall be published in the *London Gazette,* and a registry thereof kept in the Office of Our Secretary of State for War.

Fourthly. It is ordained that anyone who, after having received the Cross shall again perform an act of bravery, which, if he had not received such Cross, would have entitled him to it, such further act shall be recorded by a bar attached to the riband by which the Cross is suspended, and for every additional act of bravery an additional bar may be added.

Fifthly. It is ordained that the Cross shall only be awarded to those officers and men who have served Us in the presence of the enemy, and shall have then performed some signal act of valour or devotion to their country.

Sixthly. It is ordained, with a view to placing all persons on a perfectly equal footing in relation to eligibility for the Decoration, that neither rank, nor long service, nor wounds, nor any other circumstance or condition whatsoever, save the merit of conspicuous bravery, shall be held to establish a sufficient claim to the honour.

Seventhly. It is ordained that the Decoration may be conferred on the spot where the act to be rewarded by the grant of such Decoration has been performed, under the following circumstances :—1. When the fleet or army in which such act has been performed is under the eye and command of an admiral or general officer commanding the forces. 2. Where the Naval or Military force is under the eye and command of an admiral or commodore commanding a squadron or detached Naval force, or of a general

commanding a corps or division or brigade on a distinct and detached service, when such admiral or general officer shall have the power of conferring the Decoration on the spot, subject to confirmation by Us.

Eighthly. It is ordained where such act shall not have been performed in sight of a commanding officer as aforesaid, then the claimant for the honour shall prove the act to the satisfaction of the captain or officer commanding his ship, or to the officer commanding the regiment to which the claimant belongs, and such captain, or such commanding officer, shall report the same through the usual channel to the admiral or commodore commanding the force employed in the service, or to the officer commanding the forces in the field, who shall call for such description and attestation of the act as he may think requisite, and on approval shall recommend the grant of the Decoration.

Ninthly. It is ordained that every person selected for the Cross, under Rule 7, shall be publicly decorated before the Naval or Military force or body to which he belongs, and with which the act of bravery for which he is to be rewarded shall have been performed, and his name shall be recorded in a general order, together with the cause of his especial distinction.

Tenthly. It is ordained that every person selected under Rule 8 shall receive his Decoration as soon as possible, and his name shall likewise appear in a general order as above required, such general order to be issued by the Naval or Military commander of the forces employed on the Service.

Eleventhly. It is ordained that the general orders above referred to shall from time to time be transmitted to Our Secretary of State for War, to be laid before Us, and shall be by him registered.

Twelfthly. It is ordained that, as cases may arise not falling within the rules above specified, or in which a claim, though well founded, may not have been established on the spot, We will, on the joint submission of Our Secretary of State for War and of Our Commander-in-Chief of Our Army, or on that of Our Lord High Admiral, or Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty in the case of the Navy, confer the Decoration, but never without conclusive proofs of the performance of the act of bravery for which the claim is made.

Thirteenthly. It is ordained that in the event of a gallant and daring act having been performed by a squadron, ship's company, or detached body of seamen and marines not under fifty in number, or by a brigade, regiment, troop or company in which the admiral, general, or other officer commanding such forces may deem that all are equally brave and distinguished, and that no special selection can be made by them, then in such case the admiral, general, or other officer commanding, may direct that for any such body of seamen or marines, or for every troop or company of soldiers, one officer shall be selected by the officers engaged for the Decoration, and in like manner one petty officer or non-commissioned officer shall be selected by the petty officers and non-commissioned officers engaged, and two seamen or private soldiers or marines shall be selected by the seamen, or private soldiers, or marines engaged, respectively for the Decoration, and the names of those selected shall be transmitted by the senior officers in command of the Naval force, brigade, regiment, troop, or company, to the admiral or general officer commanding, who shall in due manner confer the Decoration as if the acts were done under his own eye.

Fourteenthly. It is ordained that every warrant officer, petty officer, seaman or marine, or non-commissioned officer or soldier who shall have received the Cross, shall, from the date of the act by which the Decoration has been gained, be entitled to a special pension of £10 a year, and each additional bar conferred under Rule 4 on such warrant or petty officers, or non-commissioned officers or men, shall carry with it an additional pension of £5 per annum.

Fifteenthly. In order to make such additional provision as shall effectually preserve pure this most honourable distinction, it is ordained that, if any person be convicted of treason, cowardice, felony, or of any infamous crime, or if he be accused of any such offence, and doth not after a reasonable time surrender himself to be tried for the same, his name shall forthwith be erased from the registry of individuals upon whom the said Decoration shall have been conferred, by an especial Warrant under Our Royal Sign Manual, and the pension conferred under Rule 14 shall cease and determine from the date of such Warrant It is hereby further declared, that We, Our

Heirs and Successors, shall be the all judges of the circumstances requiring such expulsion; moreover, We shall at all times have power to restore such persons as may at any time have been expelled, both to the enjoyment of the Decoration and Pension.

Given at Our Court at Buckingham Palace, this twenty-ninth day of January, in the nineteenth year of Our Reign, and in the Year of Our Lord, 1856.

By Her Majesty's command,
(Signed) PANMURE.

To Our Principal Secretary of State for War.

London Gazette, 10th August, 1858.

By a Warrant under Her Royal Sign Manual, 10th August, 1858, Her Majesty was pleased to direct that the Victoria Cross should be conferred, subject to the rules and ordinances already made, on Officers and Men of Her Majesty's Naval and Military Services, who may perform acts of conspicuous courage and bravery under circumstances of extreme danger, such as the occurrence of a fire on board ship, or of the foundering of a vessel at sea, or under any other circumstances in which, through the courage and devotion displayed, life or public property may be saved.

Under the above clause O'Hea and several others have since been gazetted.

The following statement, dated War Office, 6th July, 1859, appears in the *Gazette* of the 8th July of the same year:—

The Queen having been graciously pleased by a Warrant under Her Royal Sign Manual, bearing date 13th December, 1858, to declare that Non-Military Persons who, as Volunteers, have borne arms against the Mutineers, both at Lucknow and elsewhere, during the late operations in India, shall be considered as eligible to receive the Decoration of the Victoria Cross, subject to the rules and ordinances, etc. etc. . . provided that it be established in any case that the person was serving under the orders of a General or other Officer in Command of Troops in the

Field; Her Majesty has accordingly been pleased to signify Her intention to confer this high distinction on the undermentioned gentlemen, etc. etc.—Then follows the gazette of Messrs. Kavanagh and Mangles.

The Royal Warrant, 1st January, 1867.

THE Queen has been pleased, by an instrument under Her Royal Sign Manual, of which the following is a copy, to direct that the Decoration of the Victoria Cross may be conferred on persons serving in the local forces of the Colony of New Zealand, or who may hereafter be employed in the local forces raised, or which may be raised, in the Colonies and their dependencies generally. Whereas by a Warrant under Our Royal Sign Manual, countersigned by one of Our principal Secretaries of State, and bearing date at Our Court at Buckingham Palace, 29th January, 1856, in the nineteenth year of Our Reign, We did constitute and create a new Naval and Military Decoration, to be styled and designated the Victoria Cross, etc. etc. etc. . . . And whereas, during the progress of the operations which we have undertaken against the insurgent native tribes in Our Colony of New Zealand, it has happened that persons serving in the local forces of Our said Colony have performed deeds of gallantry, in consideration of which they are not, according to the strict provisions of Our said recited Warrant, eligible for this high distinction. ——Now know ye, that We, of Our especial grace, certain knowledge and mere motion, have thought fit hereby to signify Our Royal will and pleasure, that the said Decoration may be conferred on such persons aforesaid who may be qualified to receive the same, in accordance with the rules and ordinances made, ordained and established by Us for the government thereof, by Our said recited Warrant, and We do by these presents, for Us, Our Heirs and Successors, ordain and appoint that it shall be competent for such persons aforesaid to obtain the said Decoration in the manner set forth in the rules and ordinances referred to, or in accordance with such further rules and ordinances as may hereafter be made and promulgated by Us, Our Heirs, etc. . . . Provided that it be established in any case that the person was serving with Our troops, under the orders of a general or other officer, under such circumstances as would entitle an officer or soldier of Our Army

to be recommended for the said Decoration, etc. etc. . . . And provided that the said person shall be recommended for it by such general or other officer. And We do further for Us, Our Heirs, etc., ordain and appoint that the said Decoration may also be conferred, etc. . . . on such persons as may be qualified to receive the same . . . who may hereafter be employed in the local forces, raised, or which may be raised, in Our Colonies and their dependencies, and who may be called upon to serve in co-operation with Our troops in military operations which it may be necessary to undertake for the suppression of rebellion against Our Authority, or for repelling invasion by a foreign enemy.

Given at Our Court at Osborne House, Isle of Wight, this first day of January, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-seven, in the thirtieth year of Our Reign.

By Her Majesty's Command,
(Signed) J. Peel.

In 1881 the authorities seem to have realised how complicated and difficult of comprehension was the document of 1856, and consequently there appeared the following concise, soldierly Warrant, whose purport there is no mistaking.

Royal Warrant—Qualification required for the Decoration of the Victoria Cross.

(This Warrant applies also to the Auxiliary and Reserve Forces.)

Victoria R.

Whereas doubts have arisen as to the qualification required for the Decoration of the Victoria Cross, and whereas the description of such qualification in Our Warrant of 29th January, 1856, is not uniform. Our will and pleasure is that the qualification shall be "conspicuous bravery or devotion to the country in the presence of the enemy," and that Our Warrant of 29th January, 1856, shall be read and interpreted accordingly.

It is Our further will and pleasure that Officers and Men of Our Auxiliary and Reserve forces (Naval and Military) shall be eligible for the Decoration of the Victoria

Cross under the conditions of Our said Warrant, as amended by this Our Warrant.

Given at Our Court at Osborne, this 23rd day of April, 1881, in the forty-fourth year of Our Reign.

By Her Majesty's Command,
HUGH C. E. CHILDERS.

Another Warrant dated 6th August, 1881—given also at Osborne House, in the forty-fifth year of Her Majesty's Reign—after recapitulating portions of previous Warrants, especially one given at Windsor, 29th October, 1857, which conferred the Cross on the Naval and Military Services of the East India Company, proceeds to state that members of the Indian Ecclesiastical Establishment are not eligible as holding no military commissions, which excludes them from the eligibility of the British Army Chaplain—and then further proceeds to grant the distinction to the said members, provided they are serving under a general or other officer in command of troops in the field.

Under this Warrant the Rev. Mr. Adams was gazetted twenty days later.

In the *London Gazette,* 8th August, 1902, the following notice appeared which establishes a precedent for all time :—

"The King has been graciously pleased to approve of the Decoration of the Victoria Cross being given to the *representatives* of the undermentioned Officers, Non-commissioned Officers and men who fell during the recent operations in South Africa in the performance of acts of valour, which would, in the opinion of the Commander-in-Chief of the Forces in the Field, have entitled them to be recommended for that distinction had they survived " :—

D. R. Younger, Captain Gordon Highlanders.
R. J. T. Digby Jones, Lieutenant R.E.
H. Albrecht, Trooper, 459, Imp. Light Horse.
G. H. B. Coulson, Lieut.-Adjt. K.O.S.B. 7th M.I.
A. Atkinson, Sergt., 3264, Yorkshire Regiment.
J. Barry, Pte., 3733, 1st Batt. Royal Irish Regiment.

In January, 1907, Crosses were also given to the relatives of E. Spence, Phillipps, Melvill, Coghill, Baxter, and MacLean.

Royal Warrants

War Office,
12th December, 1911.

GEORGE R.I.

Warrant extending the Decoration of the Victoria Cross to the Native Officers, Non-commissioned Officers and men of the Indian Army.

GEORGE, by the Grace of God, of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, and of the British Dominions beyond the Seas, King, Defender of the Faith, Emperor of India, to all to whom these presents shall come Greeting.

WHEREAS Her Majesty, Queen Victoria, by a Warrant under Her Royal Sign Manual, countersigned by one of Her Principal Secretaries of State, and bearing date at Her Court at Buckingham Palace, the twenty-ninth day of January, one thousand eight hundred and fifty-six, in the nineteenth year of Her reign, did institute and create a new naval and military decoration, to be styled and designated the "Victoria Cross," which decoration She expressed Her desire should be highly prized and eagerly sought after by the officers and men of Her Naval and Military Services, and did also make, ordain, and establish the rules and ordinances therein set forth for the government of the same, to be thenceforward inviolably observed and kept.

And whereas for divers reasons Us thereunto moving, We are desirous of rewarding the individual gallant services of native officers, non-commissioned officers and men of Our Indian Army by the bestowal of the said decoration, which We are desirous shall be highly prized and eagerly sought after by the said native officers, non-commissioned officers and men.

Now know ye that We, of Our especial grace, certain knowledge, and mere motion, have thought fit thereby to signify Our Royal Will and Pleasure that the said decoration shall be conferred on the native officers, non-commissioned officers and men of our Our Indian Army who may be qualified to receive the same, in accordance with the rules and ordinances made, ordained and established for the government thereof by the said recited Warrant, and We do by these Presents, for Us, Our Heirs and Successors, ordain and appoint that it shall be competent for the native officers, non-commissioned

officers and men of Our Indian Army to obtain the said decoration in the manner set forth in the rules and ordinances referred to, or in accordance with any further rules and ordinances which may hereafter be made and promulgated by Us, Our Heirs and Successors, for the government of the said decoration.

And We do further, for Us, Our Heirs, and Successors, ordain and appoint that in place of the special pension conferred by the fourteenth rule of the said recited Warrant every native officer who shall have received the Cross shall from the date of the Act by which such decoration has been gained be entitled to a special pension of five hundred and twenty-five rupees a year, and each additional bar conferred under the fourth rule on such native officer shall carry with it an additional pension of one hundred and fifty rupees a year. In the case of a warrant or non-commissioned officer or soldier the special pension shall be one hundred and fifty rupees, with seventy-five rupees additional for each additional bar. On the death of a recipient of the Cross these pensions shall be continued to his widow until her death or re-marriage.

Given at Our Court at St. James's, this 21st day of October, in the second year of Our Reign, and in the year of Our Lord one thousand nine hundred and eleven.

By His Majesty's Command,
HALDANE OF CLOAN.

It has been announced that in consequence of the extension of the decoration of the Victoria Cross to the Indian officers, non-commissioned officers, and men of the Indian Army, the present 1st Class of the Indian Order of Merit, with the allowances attached thereto, is abolished and the existing 2nd and 3rd Classes of the Order, with their attendant allowances, are renamed 1st and 2nd Class respectively. These changes, which have effect from Dec. 12, 1911, will not affect the interests of incumbents who were admitted to the Order with effect from a date prior thereto, nor will they prejudice claims to the continuance or restoration of the allowances of men's widows whose deceased husbands were members of the Order previous to that date.

Recipients of the V.C.

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF ALL THE RECIPIENTS OF THE V.C., THEIR RANKS AND REGIMENTS, AND THE PARTICULAR ACT OF BRAVERY BY WHICH IT WAS WON.

The first date given in each case is that of the act of bravery; the date in parentheses that of the "London Gazette," in which the act was publicly recorded; the number in parentheses shows the exact order in which each name has appeared in the "Gazette"—e.g. (42) Ablett *was the forty-second man to receive the Cross. The recipients marked with an asterisk are those given as still living in the official Navy and Army Lists of April,* 1913, *which, however, are not always infallible. Since that date some have died, and the fact has been recorded in this volume.*

(42) ABLETT, Private Alfred, Grenadier Guards, *Crimea,* 2nd September, 1855. For pitching a live shell out of the trench from the midst of some ammunition barrels, the shell bursting on reaching the ground, and throwing him over by its explosion. (Immediately promoted Corporal and Sergeant.) He died 1897. (*Gaz.,* 24 Feb., 1857.)

(381) ADAMS, Rev. James William, B.A., Bengal Ecclesiastical Establishment (late), *Afghanistan,* 11th December, 1879. For rescuing two men of the 9th Lancers from certain death at *Killa Khazi,* near *Kabul,* under heavy fire, when the enemy were charging, having just before assisted a wounded Lancer. (The only clergyman ever gazetted.) Died at Ashwell, Oakham, 20 Oct., 1903, aged 63. (*Gaz.,* 26 Aug., 1881.)

* 416 ADAMS, Brevet-Lieut.-Colonel (now Maj.-Gen., K.C.B., I.A. ret.) Robert Bellew, Indian Staff Corps, *Upper Swat, N.W. Frontier, India,* 17th August, 1897. For distinguished gallantry in the attempt to rescue Lieutenant Greaves. (*See* account.) (*Gaz.,* 9 Nov., 1897.)

(233) ADDISON, Private Henry, 43rd Regiment, *India,* 2nd January, 1859. For gallantly defending a wounded officer and saving his life, being severely wounded himself. Died at Bardwell, Suffolk. (*Gaz.,* 2 Sept., 1859.)

(150) AIKMAN, Lieutenant (afterwards Colonel) Frederick Robertson, 4th Bengal Native Infantry, *India,* 1st March, 1858. He commanded the 3rd Sikh Cavalry on the advanced picket with 100 men, having obtained information just as the force marched on the morning of the 1st March, 1858, of the proximity, three miles off the

high road, of a body of 500 rebel infantry, 200 horse and two guns under Moosahib Ali Chuckbdar, attacked and utterly routed them, cutting up more than 100 men, capturing the guns, and driving the survivors into and over the Goomtee. This feat was performed under every disadvantage of broken ground, and partially under the flanking fire of an adjoining fort, the Lieutenant receiving a severe sabre cut in the face in a personal encounter with several of the enemy. He dropped dead at a ball in Scotland, 6th Oct., 1888. (*Gaz.*, 16 Sept., 1858.)

(305) AITKEN, Lieutenant Robert Hope Moncrieff (afterwards Colonel), 13th Bengal Native Infantry, *India,* 1857. For great gallantry during the defence of Lucknow, from 30th June to 22nd November. (1) On three different occasions Lieutenant Aitken went into the garden under the enemy's loopholes in the "Captain's Bazaar." On two of these occasions he brought in a number of bullocks which had been left in the garden. Subsequently, on 3rd July, the enemy having set fire to the Bhoosa Stock in the garden, and it being apprehended that the fire would reach the powder magazine which had been left there, Lieutenant Aitken, accompanied by other officers, went into the garden and cut down all the tents which might have communicated the fire to the powder. This was done close to the enemy's loopholes, under a bright light from the flames. It was a most dangerous service. (2) On the night of the 20th August, the enemy having set fire to the Bailey Guard Gate, Lieutenant Aitken was the first man in the gateway, and, assisted by some sepoys and a water-carrier of his regiment, he partially opened the gate under a heavy fire of musketry, and having removed the burning wood and straw, saved the gate. (3) On the evening of the 23rd September this officer led on twelve sepoys of his regiment for the purpose of attacking two guns opposite the gate referred to, in order to prevent their being turned on the late Major-General Havelock's second column. Having captured them, he attacked and took the Teree Kotee with a small force. (4) On the morning of 26th September, with a small party of his regiment, he assaulted and captured the barricaded gateway of the Furreed Buksh Palace and the Palace itself. On this occasion he sprang up against a small wicket gate on the right, and prevented the enemy from shutting it, until, with assistance, it was forced open, and the assaulting party was thus enabled to rush in. The complete success

of the attack was solely owing to this officer's distinguished bravery. (5) In a subsequent sortie on 29th September, Lieutenant Aitken volunteered to capture a gun which still continued firing, taking with him four soldiers through the houses and lanes to the gun. The enemy fired on this party from the houses, but they held their ground until, a stronger party coming up, the gun was upset from the carriage and taken into the Residency. When they came to present the Cross to him it could not be found, although every search was made, and one was cut out of paper for the actual ceremony, a duplicate being eventually sent by the War Office. Colonel Aitken died in September, 1887; in 1900 the original Cross turned up at Sotheby's, where it realised a hundred guineas. It had been in the possession of an officer of the Goorkha Rifles, since dead, but there was nothing to show how he got it. (*Gaz.*, 16 April, 1863.)

(509) ALBRECHT, Trooper H., 459 Imperial Light Horse, *South Africa,* 6th January, 1900. For great gallantry at Waggon Hill, Ladysmith, where he was unfortunately killed. (*See* account.) (*Gaz.*, 8 August, 1902.)

(75) ALEXANDER, Private John, 90th Regiment, *Crimea,* 18th June and 6th September, 1855. For bringing in wounded on each occasion, at Sebastopol, under heavy firing. Killed in India 24th September, 1857, before he received his Cross. (*Gaz.*, 24 Feb., 1857.)

(350) ALLEN, Corporal William, 24th Regiment, *Zululand,* January 22nd and 23rd, 1879. For gallantry in defending the wounded at *Rorke's Drift,* and when wounded himself continuing to serve out ammunition all night. (*Gaz.*, 2 May, 1879.)

(302) ANDERSON, Private Charles, 2nd Dragoon Guards (Queen's Bays), *India,* 8th October, 1858. For saving the life of his Colonel from an overpowering force of mutineers. (*Gaz.*, 11 Nov., 1862.)

(169) ANSON, Honourable Augustus Henry Archibald, Captain (afterwards Brevet-Lieutenant-Colonel), 84th Regiment, *India,* 28th September, 16th November, 1857. (1) For conspicuous bravery at *Boolundshuhur.* The 9th Lancers had charged into the town, and were re-forming in the Serai. The enemy attempted to close the entrance by drawing their carts across it, so as to shut in the cavalry and form a cover from which to fire upon them. Captain Anson, taking a lance, dashed out of the gateway and knocked the drivers off their carts. Owing to a

wound in his left hand, received at Delhi, he could not stop his horse, and rode into the middle of the enemy, who fired a volley at him, one ball passing through his coat. (2) At Lucknow, at the assault of the Secundra Bagh, he entered with the storming party on the gates being burst open. He had his horse killed, and was himself slightly wounded. "He has shown the greatest gallantry on every occasion, and has slain many enemies in fight." Extract from dispatch of Sir Hope Grant, to whom Captain Anson was aide-de-camp. According to Lord Wolseley, who knew him well, Anson was an indifferent horseman and a bad swordsman, but never lost a chance of joining in any cavalry charge in his neighbourhood. He was very keen on hand-to-hand encounters, of which he had a great number and generally killed his man. (*Gaz.*, 24 Dec., 1858.)

(34) ARTHUR, Gunner and Driver Thomas, Royal Artillery, *Crimea*, 7th and 18th June, 1855. (1) For carrying infantry ammunition under fire. (2) For volunteering for a spiking party at the *Redan*. (*See* account.) Died at Savernake, March, 1902. (*Gaz.*, 24 Feb., 1857.)

(384) ASHFORD, Private (Sergeant, late Army Reserve) Thomas, 7th Regiment, *Afghanistan*, 16th August, 1880. For rescuing a wounded comrade from the Afghans under fire. Ashford, who was associated with Lieutenant Chase in his rescue of Private Massey at Deh Khoja, when they carried him a distance of over 200 yards, was the only V.C. postman, and covered a daily round of twenty miles in the Whitwick district of Leicestershire. Died Feb., 1913, aged 54. (*Gaz.*, 7 Oct., 1881.)

(511) ATKINSON, Sergeant Alfred, 3264 1st Battalion Yorkshire Regiment, *South Africa*, 18th February, 1900. For gallant devotion to the wounded at Paardeberg, when he went out six times to get them water; the seventh time he was shot through the head, dying a few days afterwards. He was a Reservist, and had only rejoined the colours five months when he met his heroic death. There is something of stern romance in the statement that his father, Farrier Major Atkinson, R.A., was one of the party who captured the original Crimean cannon from which the Victoria Crosses are made. He now possesses his son's Cross in accordance with the King's Regulation. (*Gaz.*, 8 August, 1902.)

* (407) AYLMER, Captain (now Maj.-Gen., C.B.) Fenton

John, Royal Engineers, *Nilt,* December 2nd, 1891. For magnificent gallantry at the storming of the inner gate, where he placed the gun-cotton. Though badly wounded in three places, twice in the right arm, he fired nineteen rounds from his revolver, killing many of the enemy almost hand to hand, and remaining, fighting, and encouraging his men, until he fainted from loss of blood. (*Gaz.,* 12 July, 1892.)

* (437) BABTIE, Major (now Surg.-Gen., C.B., C.M.G.) William, R.A.M.C., *South Africa,* 15th December, 1899. For great gallantry at Colenso, where he rode under heavy fire to attend to our wounded lying in an advanced donga, and later on went out with Captain Congreve to bring in Lieutenant Roberts. M.B., Glasgow, 1880; L.R.C.P., and S., Edin., 1880. (*See* account, also Congreve and Roberts.) (*Gaz.,* 20th April, 1900.)

(292) BAKER, Lieutenant Charles George, Bengal Police, *India,* 27th September, 1858. For charging nearly 1,000 rebels with a handful of cavalry; one of the most gallant charges of the war. Few men had a more varied or adventurous career than this officer, who started life in the service of the P. and O. Company. When the ss. *Duro* was wrecked on the Paracel Shoal, in 1854, he volunteered, with six others, to make a voyage of over 500 miles in an open boat, with very little food and water, and in rough weather, with Chinese pirates about, to obtain succour, which was done. He then joined the Bengal Police, and won great distinction during the Mutiny; his V.C. exploit being performed with only 123 men of all ranks, of irregular cavalry and 3rd Sikhs. He served under Colonel Gawlor in Sikkim, in 1861, winning high praise, and in 1863 was appointed Officiating Deputy Inspector-General of Military Police for the Dacca Circle of Bengal; but, his health breaking, he left India, and took service under the Sultan of Turkey. Serving under Valentine Baker Pasha in the Balkan campaign, he was taken prisoner by the Russians, but afterwards went with him to Egypt, and succeeded him in command of the Egyptian Police. He was made "lewa Pasha," or Major-General, and Chief of the Public Security Department of the Egyptian Ministry of the Interior, which post he held until his retirement in 1885. This fine old officer died at Southbourne-on-Sea, Hants, 19th February, 1906, at the ripe age of 76. (*Gaz.,* 25 Feb., 1862.)

(167) BAMBRICK, Private V., 60th Rifles, *India,* 6th

May, 1858. At *Bareilly,* for defending himself against three Ghazis, and slaying one of them, although severely wounded himself. (*Gaz.,* 24 Dec., 1858.)

(204) BANKES, Cornet William George Hawtrey, 7th Hussars, *India,* 19th March, 1858. For charging, in defence of our guns, a body of rebels at *Moosa Bagh, Lucknow,* the brave fellow dying afterwards from his wounds 6th April, 1858. (*See* account.) (*Gaz.,* 24 Dec., 1858.)

(512) BARRY, Private J., 3733 1st Batt., Royal Irish Regiment, *South Africa,* 7th January, 1901. For gallantry at Monument Hill, Belfast. To quote the official announcement: "Private Barry, although surrounded and threatened by the Boers at the time, smashed the breech of the Maxim gun, thus rendering it useless to its captors, and it was in doing this splendid act for his country that he met his death." (*Gaz.,* 8 August, 1902.)

(415) BAXTER, Trooper Frank William, Buluwayo Field Force, *Rhodesia,* 22nd April, 1896. For sacrificing his own life to save a wounded comrade. (*See* account.) (*Gaz.,* 7 May, 1897.)

(68) BEACH, Private Thomas, 55th Regiment, *Crimea,* 5th November, 1854. For defending a wounded officer at *Inkerman* from several Russians, and killing two of them. (*Gaz.,* 24 Feb., 1857.)

* (501) BEES, Private W., 1st Batt. Notts and Derbyshire Regiment (dis.), *South Africa,* 30th September, 1901. Private Bees was attached to the Maxims at Moedwil when Delarey and Kemp attacked Colonel Kekewich at dawn. It was a tough fight, the Scottish Horse and the Derbys doing very well, and the enemy's position was gallantly carried. Six of the nine men at Bees' gun were badly wounded, and their cries for water were so pitiful that he went out with a kettle to a spruit 500 yards in front under very heavy fire. On both journeys he had to pass within one hundred yards of rocks held by the enemy, and the kettle was hit several times by bullets. (*Gaz.,* 17 December, 1901.)

* (473) BEET, Corporal Harry Churchill, 1st Batt. Nottinghamshire and Derbyshire Regiment (Mounted Infantry) (dis.), *South Africa,* 22nd April, 1900. During the retirement of the No. 2 M. I. Company 1st Derbyshires and two squadrons of Imperial Yeomanry at Wakkerstroom, Corporal Beet saw that Corporal Burnett, I.Y., was left behind wounded, and, staying with him,

he placed him under cover, bound up his wounds, and by firing prevented the enemy from coming down to the farm till dark, when Dr. Wilson, I.Y., came to his assistance. The retirement was carried out under very heavy fire, and Corporal Beet was exposed during the whole afternoon. He is a son of Mr. J. A. Beet, sculptor, saw service in India with the Sherwood Foresters, and was promoted Sergeant for service in the field during the Boer War. (*Gaz.*, 12 Feb., 1901.)

* (330) BELL, Private David, 24th Regiment (dis.), *Andaman Islands,* 7th May, 1867. For helping to rescue seventeen drowning comrades. (*See* account.) (*Gaz.*, 17 Dec., 1867.)

(57) BELL, Captain Edward William Derrington (afterwards Major-General), 23rd Fusiliers, *Crimea*, 20th September, 1854. For gallantry, particularly at the Alma, where he captured the first Russian gun, and brought the 23rd out of action, all his senior officers having been killed or wounded. (*See* account.) (*Gaz.*, 24 Feb., 1857.)

* (492) BELL, Hon. Lieutenant (Res. of Officers) Frederick William, West Australian Mounted Infantry, *South Africa,* 16th May, 1901. While retiring under heavy fire at Brakpan, after holding the right flank, Lieutenant Bell saw that one of the men was dismounted, and riding back, took him up, but the horse not being up to the double weight, fell, and with great disregard of self, the Lieutenant remained out until he had covered the man's retirement. (*Gaz.*, 4 Oct., 1901.)

(340) BELL, Lieutenant (late Colonel, C.B., A.D.C.) Mark Sever, Royal Engineers, *Ashantee,* 4th January, 1874. For distinguished bravery and self-devotion at *Ordahsu* while serving with advance guard. Always to the front, he urged on and encouraged an unarmed working party of Fantees, under fire from front and rear, without a covering party—an almost unparalleled incident in warfare. He was born at Sydney, N.S.W., and was educated at King's College, London. He died at Earlywood Lodge, Windlesham, 26th June, 1906, aged 63. (*Gaz.*, 20 Nov., 1874.)

(361) BERESFORD, Captain (late Colonel) Lord William Leslie De la Poer, K.C.I.E., 9th Lancers, *Zululand,* 3rd July, 1879. For saving the life of a mounted infantryman before *Ulundi,* under particularly gallant circumstances. (*See* account.) Died at Deepdene, Dorking, 28th December, 1900. (*Gaz.*, 9 Sept., 1879.)

(335) BERGIN, Private James, 33rd Regiment (Duke of Wellington's), *Abyssinia,* 13th April, 1868. He was one of the first to enter Magdala. (*See* Magner.) (*Gaz.,* 28 July, 1868.)

(31) BERRYMAN, Troop-Sergeant-Major John (late Major), 17th Lancers, *Crimea,* 20th September, 25th October, 5th November, 1854. He served through the whole war, captured three Russian prisoners within reach of their own guns, at "Mackenzie's Farm"; was one of the Six Hundred, and stayed under a heavy fire with his wounded officer, whom he afterwards brought out. Died 27th June, 1896. (*Gaz.,* 24 Feb., 1857.)

* (458) BISDEE, Private (now Local Capt. in Army C'wealth Mil. Forces, retired) John Hutton, Tasmanian Imperial Bushmen, *S. Africa,* 1st Sept., 1900. For determined gallantry at Warm Bad. (*See* account.) (*Gaz.,* 13 Nov., 1900.)

(291) BLAIR, Captain James (late General, Colonel of the 32nd Lancers), C.B., 2nd Bombay Light Cavalry, *India,* 12th August and 23rd October, 1857. (1) For volunteering to apprehend seven or eight armed mutineers who had shut themselves up in a house at *Neemuch.* Bursting open the door, he forced them to escape through the roof, and, though badly wounded, pursued them in the darkness. (2) For fighting his way out of a body of rebels who had surrounded him at *Jeerum.* Breaking his sword on one of their heads, and receiving a severe slash on his right arm, he rejoined his troop, and, with no weapon but the hilt of his broken sword, charged the rebels and dispersed them. Died at Melrose, 14th January, 1905, aged 77. (*Gaz.,* 25 Feb., 1862.)

(140) BLAIR, Lieutenant Robert, 2nd Dragoon Guards (Queen's Bays), *India,* 28th September, 1857. For charging a superior force at *Boolundshuhur,* killing four with his own hand, and making good his retreat without losing a man. (*Gaz.,* 18 June, 1858.)

(232) BOGLE, Lieutenant Andrew Cathcart (late Major), 78th Highlanders, *India,* 29th July, 1857. For conspicuous gallantry at *Oonao,* during the advance to the relief of Lucknow, in leading the way into a loopholed house strongly occupied by the rebels, who were pouring a heavy fire on the regiment. He was severely wounded. Died, December, 1890. (*Gaz.,* 2 Sept., 1859.)

* (408) BOISRAGON, Lieutenant (now Lt.-Col., I.A.) Guy Huddlestone, Indian Staff Corps, *Nilt,* 2nd Decem-

ber, 1891. For gallant bravery under a heavy fire at the assault on the fort (*Gaz.*, 12 July, 1892.)

(369) Booth, Colour-Sergeant Anthony, 80th Regiment, *Zululand,* 12th March, 1879. For rallying a few men and covering the retreat of others for three miles, thereby saving the whole party. (*Gaz.*, 24 Feb., 1880.)

(128) Boulger, Lance-Corporal Abraham (late Honorary Lieutenant-Colonel), 84th Regiment, *India,* 12th July to 25th September, 1857. For distinguished pluck as a skirmisher in the twelve actions between the above dates. Died in Ireland, January, 1900. (*Gaz.*, 18 June, 1858.)

(80) Bourchier, Lieutenant Claude Thomas (late Colonel), Rifle Brigade, *Crimea,* 20th November, 1854. Highly distinguished at the Rifle Pits before Sebastopol. His gallantry was recorded in French General Orders. (*Gaz.*, 24 Feb., 1857.)

(319) Boyes, Midshipman Duncan Gordon, R.N., *Japan,* 6th September, 1864. For carrying the British colours through the thick of the fire at Simono Seki, both his Colour-Sergeants being wounded, the one mortally, and the other severely, the colours being pierced six times by musket-balls. Died, 1869. (*Gaz.*, 21 April, 1865.)

* (502) Bradley, Driver Frank George, 69th Batt. Royal Field Artillery (dis.), *South Africa,* 26th September, 1901. For great gallantry at Itala, on the Zulu border, when Major Chapman and his little garrison made their splendid defence against Botha. One thousand six hundred Boers attacked in the early morning and our fellows —mostly Mounted Infantry—held their ground for nineteen hours, inflicting a loss of five hundred killed, wounded and taken prisoners. Lieutenant Kane, of the South Lancashires, died at his post, shouting "No surrender, men!" and we lost heavily, but we kept our position against overwhelming odds. During the fight ammunition ran short at the top of a steep hill, one hundred and fifty yards from the main body, and Major Chapman, of the Dublin Fusiliers, called for volunteers to carry some up. The entire distance was raked by a heavy cross fire, but Driver Lancashire and Gunner Bull started off at a run without hesitation. Half way up, Lancashire fell wounded, and Driver Bradley and Gunner Rabb ran to his assistance, Rabb carrying him under cover amid a hail of bullets, while Bradley and Gunner Boddy succeeded in getting the ammunition up to the post. Lancashire, Bull, Robb and Boddy received the D.C.M. (*Gaz.*, 27 December, 1901.)

(85) BRADSHAW, Private Joseph, Rifle Brigade, *Crimea,* 22nd April, 1855. For capturing a Russian rifle-pit in broad daylight. (*Gaz.*, 24 Feb., 1857.)

(136) BRADSHAW, Assistant-Surgeon William, 90th Regiment (Perthshire Volunteer Light Infantry), *India,* 26th September, 1857. Distinguished bravery and devotion to the wounded at Lucknow. L.R.C.S. Irel. 1854. (*Gaz.*, 18 June, 1858.)

(24) BRENNAN, Bombardier Joseph, R.A., *India,* 3rd April, 1858. For working two guns, supported by natives, under a heavy fire at Jhansi, and compelling the enemy to abandon their artillery. (*Gaz.*, 11 Nov., 1859.)

(345) BROMHEAD, Lieutenant Gonville S. (afterwards Major), 24th Regiment, *Rorke's Drift,* 22nd and 23rd January, 1879. Heroic gallantry. (*See* account.) Died at Lucknow, 10 February, 1891. (*Gaz.*, 2 May, 1879.)

* (466) BROWN, Major Edward Douglas, 14th Hussars, now E. D. Brown-Synge-Hutchinson (now Col. h.p.), *South Africa,* 13th October, 1900. For gallantry at Geluk, where the enemy opened a heavy fire at 400 yards. Major Brown waited till the last squadron had retired, and then rode back to the assistance of Sergeant Hersey, whose horse had been shot, got him up behind him and brought him safely out of range. A little later he saved the life of Lieut. J. G. Brown by holding his horse, which had become unmanageable owing to the heavy fire, and enabled him to mount. Later again he carried Lance-Corporal Trumpeter Leigh out of danger, thus saving three lives in one day. He was originally gazetted to the 18th Hussars, and it is a singular coincidence that his comrade Col. Marling and he were born on the same day, served together in the same regiment, received their first commissions on a Tuesday, were gazetted for the V.C. on the same day of the week, each gaining their Crosses for the rescue of wounded comrades in Africa. (*Gaz.*, 15 Jan., 1901.)

(263) BROWN, Lieutenant Francis David Millett (late Colonel), 1st Bengal European Fusiliers, *India,* 16th November, 1857. For rescuing, at imminent risk of his own life, a wounded soldier of his regiment at *Narrioul,* and carrying him off under a very heavy fire, the rebel cavalry being within fifty yards of him. (*Gaz.*, 17 Feb., 1860.)

(372) BROWN, Trooper Peter, Cape Mounted Rifles, *Zululand,* 8th April, 1879. For carrying water to two

wounded men under a severe fire, being himself severely wounded. Cross sold 1895. (*Gaz.*, 13 April, 1880.)

* Brown-Synge-Hutchinson, *see* E. D. Brown.

(358) Browne, Lieutenant Edward Stevenson (late Colonel, temp. Brig.-Gen., C.B.), 24th Regiment, *Zululand,* 29th March, 1879. For returning twice towards the enemy under a heavy fire, assisting a soldier to mount his horse and saving his life. Died in Switzerland 16th July, 1907. (*Gaz.*, 17 June, 1879.)

Browne, Capt. H. G., *see* Gore-Browne.

(281) Browne, Brevet-Major Samuel James (late General Sir, G.C.B., K.C.S.I.), 2nd Punjaub Cavalry, *India,* 31st August, 1858. For gallant conduct at *Seerporah.* While advancing on the enemy's position at daybreak, with one orderly sowar, he rushed on a nine-pounder, attacking the gunners and preventing them from reloading to fire on our infantry. In the hand-to-hand conflict he had a severe sword-cut on the left knee, and his left arm sliced off at the shoulder, after cutting down one of the rebels. He was a veteran of Ramnuggur, Chillianwallah, and Goojerat, and has been repeatedly mentioned in dispatches. This was the popular "Sam" Browne of later wars and inventor of the well-known belt. Died at Ryde, 14 March, 1901. (*Gaz.*, 1 March, 1861.)

(1) Buckley, Lieutenant (afterwards Captain) Cecil William, R.N., *Crimea,* 29th May, 1855. For twice undertaking the desperate service of firing Russian stores in the face of a large force at *Genitchi,* and at *Taganrog,* 3rd June. His name was the first gazetted, but Lucas the first as to date of incident. Died at Madeira, 7 December, 1872. (*See* account.) (*Gaz.*, 26 Feb., 1857.)

(139) Buckley, John, Deputy-Assistant-Commissioner of Ordnance, Bengal Establishment, *India,* 11th May, 1857. For gallantry in defence of the magazine at *Delhi.* (*See* account.) (*Gaz.*, 18 June, 1858.)

(355) Buller, Captain and Brevet-Lieutenant-Colonel (late General Right Hon. Sir Redvers Henry, G.C.B., G.C.M.G., Col. Comdt. K.R.R.C.), 60th King's Royal Rifles, *Zululand,* 28th March, 1879, for saving life under terrible circumstances at Inhlobane Mountain. An old Eton boy, he saw service in the China War of 1860, the Red River Expedition, Ashantee War, South Africa 1878-9, Kaffir and Zulu campaigns, Boer War 1881, Egypt 1882-4, Soudan 1884-85, and in the late South African War, first as C.M.C., and afterwards as G.O.C.

in Natal. At home there was scarcely a position of importance he had not filled with credit to himself and advantage to the Army, and whatever may be thought of his last campaign and the unfortunate causes that led to his retirement from the Army, he will always be remembered as one of the bravest of the brave who never knew the meaning of either fear or fatigue. (*See* account.) Died at The Downes, Crediton, 2nd June, 1908. (*Gaz.*, 17 June, 1879.)

(2) BURGOYNE, Lieutenant (late Captain) Hugh Talbot, R.N., *Crimea,* 29th May, 1855. For assisting to fire the Russian stores at *Genitchi* in the face of the enemy. Captain Burgoyne went down with 471 others in the ironclad *Captain,* which foundered in three minutes near Finisterre, about 12.15 a.m., 7th September, 1870. A handsome memorial brass in St. Paul's commemorates the disaster. (*Gaz.*, 24 Feb., 1857.)

(286) BURSLEM, Lieutenant Nathaniel (late Captain), 67th Regiment, *China,* 21st August, 1860. For being one of the first to enter the Taku forts, after swimming the ditch, in a most gallant manner. (*See* Lane.) (*Gaz.*, 13 Aug., 1861.)

(218) BUTLER, Lieutenant Thomas Adair (late Colonel), 1st Bengal European Fusiliers, *India,* 9th March, 1858. For swimming the Goomtee river, climbing the parapets of a work to inform the skirmishers on the other side, and remaining there alone for a considerable time under a heavy fire until the work was taken by our men. Died at Camberley, Nov., 1901. (*Gaz.*, 6 May, 1859.)

(247) BYRNE, Private James, 86th Regiment, *India,* 3rd April, 1858. For pluckily rescuing a wounded officer under a heavy fire by which he was himself severely hit. In June, 1893, Byrne's Cross was sold by auction by Messrs. Sotheby for the sum of £35. (*Gaz.*, 11 Nov., 1859.)

(72) BYRNE, Private John, 68th Regiment, *Crimea,* 5th November, 1854. For gallant pluck at *Inkerman.* When the regiment was ordered to retire, he went back towards the enemy, at the risk of his own life, and brought in a wounded soldier. On May 11th, 1855, he engaged in a stirring hand-to-hand combat on the parapet of a work he was defending, killed his man, secured his arms, and kept the enemy out. (*Gaz.*, 24 Feb., 1857.)

* (428) BYRNE, Private Thomas, 21st Lancers (dis. on pen.), *Soudan,* 2nd September, 1898. Private Byrne

turned back in the middle of the charge, when severely wounded himself, and rode single-handed to the rescue of Lieutenant the Hon. R. F. Molyneux, of the Blues, who was wounded, dismounted, disarmed, and attacked by several Dervishes. Byrne was severely wounded again, but succeeded in rescuing the officer. (*See* account.) (*Gaz.*, 15 Nov., 1898.)

(22) BYTHESEA, Lieutenant John (late Rear-Admiral, C.B., C.I.E.), *Island of Wardo, Baltic,* 9th to 12th August, 1854. For stopping the Russian mails, seizing dispatches from five men, three of whom he took prisoners. Died in London, 18th March, 1906, aged 78, and was buried at Bath. After the Crimea he served in China, and was Naval Attaché at Washington. He was Naval Adviser to the Government of India, and remodelled the Indian Marine out of the old Indian Navy. He was a great traveller and very keen to the end on all Service matters. (*Gaz.*, 24 Feb., 1857.)

* (298) CADELL, Lieutenant Thomas (now Colonel, C.B., u.s.l.I.A.*), 104th Bengal European Fusiliers, *India,* 12th June, 1857. For great gallantry at the Flag-staff Picket at Delhi, when the whole of the picket of H.M. 75th and 2nd Bengal E.F. were driven in by a large body of the rebels. Under a most severe fire he brought in a wounded bugler of his own regiment, saving him from a cruel death; later in the day, when the Bengal Fusiliers were ordered to retire, and it was whispered that a wounded man was left behind, the brave fellow went back of his own accord towards the enemy with three men and brought in a severely wounded soldier of the 75th, under a terrible fire. (*Gaz.*, 29 April, 1862.)

(262) CAFE, Lieutenant William Martin (late General), 56th Bengal Native Infantry, *India,* 15th April, 1858. For carrying away the body of Lieutenant Willoughby, which was lying near the ditch of the fort of *Ruhya,* with the assistance of Privates Thompson, Crowie, Spence and Cook, and for running to the rescue of Private Spence, who had been severely wounded in the attempt. (*See* Spence.) Died, 16, Wetherby Place, South Kensington, 6 Aug., 1906. (*Gaz.*, 17 Feb., 1860.)

(94) CAMBRIDGE, Sergeant Daniel, R.A., *Crimea,* 8th September, 1855. For volunteering to spike guns, and remaining with his men when severely wounded, afterwards bringing in a wounded man under heavy fire.

* Unemployed Supernumerary List.

He lost his Cross, and a duplicate was supplied to him. Later, both came into the market, the duplicate being the subject of police-court proceedings, but eventually passed into the possession of the purchaser of the original. (*Gaz.*, 23 June, 1857.)

(242) CAMERON, Lieutenant Aylmer Spicer (late Colonel, C.B., ret. pay), 72nd Highlanders, *India,* 30th March, 1858. For conspicuous bravery during the storming of *Kotah.* Heading a small party of men, and attacking a body of armed fanatic rebels strongly posted in a loop-holed house with one narrow entrance. He killed three rebels in single combat, and was severely wounded, losing half one hand by a tulwar-stroke. His four brothers and five sons have all held commissions in the Army. Died 11th June, 1908. (*Gaz.*, 11 Nov., 1859.)

(152) CARLIN, Private Patrick, 13th Regiment (Prince Albert's Light Infantry), *India,* 6th April, 1858. For rescuing a wounded native, Corporal of 4th Madras Rifles, on the field of battle and slaying his assailant. (*Gaz.*, 26 Oct., 1858.)

*(521) CARTER, Lieutenant Herbert Augustine, Indian Army, No. 6 Co., Indian Mounted Infantry (now Captain 101st Grenadiers), *Somaliland,* 19th December, 1903. For conspicuous bravery near Jidballi, when two sections of the Poona Mounted Infantry and the Tribal Horse were retiring before a force of Dervishes, which outnumbered them by thirty to one. Lieutenant Carter rode back alone a distance of four hundred yards to the assistance of Private Jai Singh, who had lost his horse and was closely pursued by a number of the enemy. Taking the Sepoy up behind him, he brought him safely out, the sections in the mean-time being several hundred yards off and the officer and man practically alone. Lieutenant Carter had been appointed to the D.S.O. on June 7th, but that distinction was cancelled in favour of the Victoria Cross. (*Gaz.*, 9 Dec., 1904.)

(253) CHAMPION, Sergeant-Major James, 8th Hussars (King's Royal Irish), *India,* 17th June and 5th September, 1858. For continuing at his duty at *Bejapore,* in pursuit of the rebels when severely wounded, having been pre-viously recommended for distinguished conduct in the charge at *Gwalior.* (*See* account.) (*Gaz.*, 20 Jan., 1860.)

(341) CHANNER, Colonel George Nicholas (late Lieut.-General, C.B.), Bengal Staff Corps, *Perak,* 20th December, 1875. For jumping into a stockade, shooting one man

down, and overawing the remainder, until his men followed him and captured the place. Died at Westward Ho, 1905, aged 62. (*Gaz.*, 12 April, 1876.)

* (288) CHAPLIN, Ensign John Worthy (now Colonel, C.B., ret. pay), 67th Regiment, *China,* 21st August, 1860. For distinguished gallantry at the north *Taku* fort. He planted the Queen's Colour on the breach made by the storming party, assisted by Private Lane. (*See* Lane.) Subsequently he was the first to mount the cavalier of the fort, and planted the Colour there, being severely wounded in so doing. (*Gaz.*, 13 Aug., 1861.)

(344) CHARD, Lieutenant John Rouse Merriott (afterwards Colonel, R.E.), *Rorke's Drift,* 22nd and 23rd January, 1879. Heroic gallantry. Died near Taunton, 1 Nov., 1897. (*See* account.) (*Gaz.*, 2 May, 1879.)

(383) CHASE, Captain (late Brev. Col., C.B.) William St. Lucien, Bombay Staff Corps, *Afghanistan,* 16th August, 1880. For carrying off a wounded soldier under a heavy fire at *Candahar.* Died in India, July, 1908. (*Gaz.*, 7 Oct., 1881.)

(265) CHICKEN, George Bell, R.N., *India,* 4th September, 1858. For charging a number of rebels at Suhijnee, and cutting down five, himself severely wounded. (*Gaz.*, 27 April, 1860.)

* (484) CLEMENTS, Corporal (dis.) J. J., Rimington's Guides, *South Africa,* 24th February, 1900. For an exhibition of British pluck which will compare with anything in our annals. (*See* account.) Rimington's "Tigers," as they were nicknamed from the strip of spotted skin round their hats, did some splendid work during the war, under their commanding officer, Major Rimington, of the Inniskilling Dragoons. (*Gaz.*, 4 June, 1901.)

(78) CLIFFORD, Lieutenant Henry Hugh (afterwards Major-General Honourable Sir, K.C.M.G.), Rifle Brigade, *Crimea,* 5th November, 1854. For conspicuous gallantry and courage at the battle of *Inkerman,* where he led a charge, killed one of the enemy with his sword, disabled another, and saved the life of a soldier. Died at Chudleigh, 12th April, 1883. (*Gaz.*, 24 Feb., 1857.)

(236) CLOGSTOUN, Captain Herbert Mackworth, 19th Madras Native Infantry, *India,* 15th January, 1859. At *Chickumbah* he charged and dispersed a body of rebels with eight men of his regiment, being severely wounded. Died 1861. (*Gaz.*, 2 Sept., 1859.)

* (515) COBBE, Captain (Local Lieutenant-Colonel)

Alexander Stanhope, D.S.O. (now Colonel p.s.c., A.D.C.), Indian Army, 1st (Central Africa) Batt. King's African Rifles, *Somaliland,* 6th October, 1902. For great gallantry during the action at Erego. Some of the companies had retired, and Lieutenant-Colonel Cobbe was left alone in front of the line with a Maxim gun, which he brought in without assistance and worked at a most critical time. Then, between the fire of the enemy, about twenty yards in front of him, and that of his own men about the same distance behind, he picked up a wounded Orderly and brought him safely in. Colonel Swayne, commanding the force, witnessed the action and described it as most gallant. (*Gaz.,* 20 Jan., 1903.)

(479) COCKBURN Lieutenant (late Major, Canadian Reserve of Officers) Hampden Zane Churchill, Royal Canadian Dragoons, *South Africa,* 7th November, 1900. Lieutenant Cockburn was associated with Lieutenant Turner and Sergeant Holland (whom *see*) in a very gallant defence of the guns at Komati River. General Smith-Dorrien, by a wide turning movement, compelled the enemy to vacate a very strong position. Being strongly reinforced during the night, the Boers tried to recover their position the next day, but Colonel Evans, with the Canadian Mounted Rifles and two guns of the 84th Battery, forestalled them after a gallop of two miles. On the return march the rearguard consisted of the Canadian Dragoons and two Canadian 12-pounders under Col. Lessard. They did some magnificent fighting, and in the afternoon they were unexpectedly charged by 200 mounted Boers, who got within seventy yards before they were stopped by the Canadian Dragoons. Lieutenant Cockburn held them off at a most critical moment, deliberately sacrificing himself and his party to let the guns get away. He was slightly wounded himself, and his men were all killed, wounded, or taken prisoners. Later in the day Lieutenant Turner, who had already been twice wounded, dismounted, and deploying his men at close quarters, drove off the enemy. Sergeant Holland worked a Colt-gun with deadly effect, until at last, finding the enemy almost on the top of him, and the horse attached to the carriage much blown, he lifted the gun off the carriage, mounted, and rode away with it under his arm. Cockburn was killed by his horse on his ranche at Maple Creek, Canada, July, 1913. (*Gaz.,* 23 April, 1901.)

(198) COCHRANE, Lieutenant and Adjutant Hugh

Stewart (afterwards Colonel), 86th Regiment, *India,* 1st April, 1858. For conspicuous gallantry near *Jhansi,* in dashing forward at a gallop, under a heavy musketry and artillery fire, driving the enemy from a gun, and retaining possession until No. 1 Company came up. He was also distinguished in the attack on the enemy's rearguard, when he had three horses shot under him in succession. (*Gaz.,* 24 Dec., 1858.)

(60) COFFEY, Private William, 34th Regiment, *Crimea,* 29th March, 1855. For pitching a live shell over the parapet of the trench. (*Gaz.,* 24 Feb., 1857.)

(353) COGHILL, Lieutenant Nevill Josiah Aylmer, 24th Regiment, *Zululand,* 22nd January, 1879. For a particularly gallant attempt to save the colours after the terrible disaster at *Isandhlwana,* losing his life therefor. (*See* account.) (*Gaz.,* 2 May, 1879.)

* (301) COGHLAN, Colour-Sergeant Cornelius (now Sergeant-Major, dis. on pension), 75th Regiment, *India,* 8th June and 18th July, 1857. For penetrating with three others into a serai at Delhi, which was held by the enemy, and removing a wounded man. Also for encouraging a charge, and returning under a cross fire to rescue the wounded. (*Gaz.,* 11 Nov., 1862.)

(77) COLEMAN, Sergeant John, 97th Regiment, *Crimea,* 30th August, 1855. For great bravery and coolness in defending a new sap, and carrying in a mortally wounded officer under fire. (*Gaz.,* 24 Feb., 1857.)

* (377) COLLIS, Gunner James, E Battery B Brigade, R.H.A., *Afghanistan,* 27th July, 1880. For pluckily drawing the enemy's fire from the wounded on to himself, until they were out of danger. (*See* account.) (*Gaz.,* 17 May, 1881.)

* (421) COLVIN, Lieutenant (now Maj. p.s.c.q.s.) James Morris Colquhoun, R.E., *Mamund Valley, N.W. Frontier, India,* 16th September, 1897. For gallantry in a night attack on the burning village of Bilot. (*See* account.) (*Gaz.,* 20 May, 1898.)

(8) COMMERELL, Commander John Edmund (late Admiral of the Fleet, Sir, G.C.B.), *Crimea,* 11th October, 1855. For crossing the Isthmus of *Arabat,* and destroying large quantities of forage at terrible risk. K.L.H. Died at Rutland Gate, Hyde Park, 21 May, 1901. (*Gaz.,* 24 Feb., 1857.)

* (433) CONGREVE, Captain (now Col., C.B., M.V.O.) Walter Norris, Rifle Brigade, *South Africa,* 15th Decem-

ber, 1899. For great gallantry in the attempt to save the guns at Colenso, and the recovery of Lieutenant Roberts. (*See* account, also Babtie, Nurse, Reed, and Roberts.) (*Gaz.*, 2 Feb., 1900.)

(151) CONNOLLY, Gunner William, Bengal Horse Artillery, *India,* 7th July, 1857. Although twice dreadfully wounded at *Jhelum,* he stuck to his gun, declining to leave it, saying, in reply to his officer, "No, sir, I'll not go while I can work here." Later in the same day he was again shot through the right leg, but still kept on loading his gun, until, fainting from loss of blood, he fell into the arms of Lieutenant Crooks, and was carried unconscious from the field. (*See* account.) (*Gaz.*, 3 Sept., 1858.)

(51) CONNORS, Private John, 3rd Regiment (The Buffs), *Crimea,* 8th September, 1855. For conspicuous gallantry during the assault of *Sebastopol,* where he rescued an officer of the 30th from a number of Russians. He also received the French war medal. (*Gaz.*, 24 Feb., 1857.)

(89) CONOLLY, Lieutenant John Augustus, 49th Regiment (retired as Lieutenant-Colonel), *Crimea,* 26th October, 1854. For tremendous gallantry when commanding a company on the outlying picket, where he came under the observation of Lord Raglan. He was dangerously wounded, praised in General Orders, and promoted into the Coldstream Guards. Died at the Curragh of Kildare, 1888. (*Gaz.*, 5 May, 1857.)

(343) COOK, Captain John, Bengal Staff Corps, *Afghanistan,* 2nd December, 1878. For charging the enemy with great bravery, causing them to bolt, and rescuing an officer at *Peiwar Kotal.* Died 19th Dec., 1879, from a wound received on the 12th. (*Gaz.*, 18 March, 1879.)

(225) COOK, Private Walter, 42nd Regiment (Black Watch), *India,* 15th January, 1859. For leading his company in action at *Maylah,* when all his superior officers had been killed or wounded. (*Gaz.*, 21 June, 1859.)

(4) COOPER, Boatswain Henry, *Crimea,* 3rd June, 1855. For gallantry at the firing of stores at *Taganrog.* Knight of the Legion of Honour. Died at Tor Point, Devon, 15th July, 1893. (*Gaz.*, 24 Feb., 1857.)

(329) COOPER, Private James, 24th Regiment, *Andaman Islands,* 7th May, 1867. For helping to rescue seventeen drowning comrades. Died Birmingham, 1889. (*See* account.) (*Gaz.*, 17 Dec., 1867.)

(398) CORBETT, Private Frederick, 60th King's Royal Rifles, *Egypt,* 5th August, 1882. For remaining under fire beside a wounded officer, Lieutenant Howard-Vyse, and helping to bring him into camp. This man's real name was Embleton. (*Gaz.,* 16 Feb., 1883.)

* (418) COSTELLO, Lieutenant (now Major 22nd Punjabis) Edmond William, Indian Staff Corps, *Malakand, N.W. Frontier, India,* 26th July, 1897. For distinguished gallantry in the rescue of a wounded native non-com., coupled with great bravery on several other occasions. (*See* account.) (*Gaz.,* 7 Nov., 1897.)

(510) COULSON, Lieutenant and Adjutant, Gustavus Hamilton Blenkinsopp, D.S.O., King's Own Scottish Borderers (7th Mounted Infantry), *South Africa,* 18th May, 1901. For great gallantry in the rearguard action near Lanbrecht Fontein, where, seeing Corporal Cranmer dismounted, he stayed behind and took him up on his own horse. Before they had gone far the horse was wounded and the pair came to the ground. Lieutenant Coulson told the Corporal to take the horse and get away, and that he would shift for himself. Cranmer reached the column safely, but Corporal Shaw, of the Lincolns, seeing the Lieutenant in difficulties, rode back through the rearguard and took him up. A moment later both were shot, Lieutenant Coulson falling from the horse with a fatal wound, the Corporal losing his saddle a few minutes later. Lieutenant Coulson joined the K.O.S.B.'s from the 4th Yorkshires in 1899, and was remarkable for his coolness and gallantry under fire. (*Gaz.,* 8 Aug., 1902.)

(102) CRAIG, Sergeant James, Scots Fusilier Guards, *Crimea,* 6th September, 1855. For volunteering himself, and getting others to search, under fire, for an officer. Craig was severely wounded, but managed to bring in the body. Promoted Ensign and Adjutant 3rd Batt. Military Train. (*Gaz.,* 20 Nov., 1857.)

* (496) CRANDON, Private Henry George, 18th Hussars (Army Reserve), *South Africa,* 4th July, 1901 (took place 2nd July, wrongly gazetted). Privates Crandon and Berry were out scouting at Springbok Laagte when the enemy suddenly opened fire on them at 100 yards range, bowling Berry's horse over, and hitting him in the right hand and left shoulder. Crandon immediately rode back, gave the wounded man his horse, and ran himself on foot for eleven hundred yards, all the while under fire. (*Gaz.,* 18 Oct., 1901.)

* (365) CREAGH, Captain O'Moore (now General Sir, G.C.B., G.C.S.I., Indian Army, A.D.C.), Bombay Staff Corps, *Afghanistan,* 21st April, 1879. For conspicuous bravery in defending the village of *Kam Dakka* with 150 men, against 1,500, saving many lives by his personal exertions. (*Gaz.,* 18 Nov., 1879.)

* (503) CREAN, Surgeon Captain Thomas Joseph (Captain, R.A.M.C., ret.) (L.R.C.P. and S., Ireland, 1895, Hon. F.R.C.S., Ireland, 1901), Imperial Light Horse, *South Africa,* 18th December, 1901. For great gallantry at Tygerskloof, in attending to the wounded under a heavy fire at 150 yards range, although himself wounded, only desisting when he received a second and what was thought to be a mortal wound. Captain Crean (pronounced Crane) is a man of very fine physique, and well known as an athlete. There are many stories of his personal prowess before he enlisted as a trooper in the Imperial Light Horse. He was appointed Captain in March, 1900, but abandoned squadron rank, June, 1901, and became Surgeon-Captain. He holds both medals, with five clasps, and a testimonial from the Royal Humane Society. (*Gaz.,* 11 Feb., 1902.)

* (404) CRIMMIN, Surgeon (now Lieutenant-Colonel, C.I.E., Indian Medical Service) John, Bombay Medical Service, *Burma,* 1st January, 1889. For conspicuous gallantry in attending and defending the wounded under fire near *Lwekaw.* L.R.C.P. Ireland, 1882; L.R.C.S. Ireland, 1879. (*Gaz.,* 17 Sept. 1889.)

(103) CROWE, Lieutenant Joseph P. H., 78th Highlanders (Ross-shire Buffs), *India,* 12th August, 1857. For being the first to enter the redoubt at Bourze-kee-Chow-kee, an entrenched village in front of the *Busherutgunge.* (Lieutenant Campbell was neck-and-neck with him, but died of cholera the day after.) Died Feb., 1876, in command of 2nd Batt. Lincolns. (*Gaz.,* 15 Jan., 1858.)

(227) CUBITT, Lieutenant William George (afterwards Colonel, D.S.O.), 13th Bengal Native Infantry, *India,* 30th June, 1857. For saving the lives of three men of the 32nd Foot, at the risk of his own, during the retreat from *Chinhut* (near Lucknow). Died at Camberley, January 25th, 1903. (*Gaz.,* 21 June, 1859.)

(79) CUNINGHAME, Lieutenant William James Montgomery (late Colonel Sir, Bart.), Rifle Brigade, *Crimea,* 20th November, 1854. For highly distinguished conduct

at the capture of the rifle pits; also mentioned in French General Orders. (*Gaz.*, 24 Feb., 1857.)

* (470) CURTIS, Private (now Sergeant, dis. on pension) A. E., 2nd Batt. East Surrey Regiment, *South Africa,* 23rd February, 1900. For a remarkably gallant attempt to rescue Colonel R. H. W. H. Harris, C.B., at Onderbank Spruit. The Colonel had lain all day in the open under close fire of a Boer breastwork. The enemy fired at everything that moved, and during the day he was hit eight or nine times. After repeated attempts Private Curtis succeeded in reaching him, bound up his wounded arm and gave him his flask, all the time under heavy fire. He tried to carry him away, but could not manage it, and his call for help brought Private Morton to his side. The Colonel desired them to leave him, their own danger being so great, but they firmly declined, and after an attempt to carry the wounded officer across their rifles, they made a chair of their hands and brought him in. (*Gaz.*, 15 Jan., 1901.)

(20) CURTIS, Boatswain's Mate Henry, *Crimea,* 18th June, 1855. For rescuing a wounded soldier of the 57th, under a terrible fire. Died at Buckland, Portsmouth, 23rd November, 1896. (*Gaz.*, 24 Feb., 1857.)

(366) DALTON, Assistant-Commissary James Langley, *Rorke's Drift,* 22nd and 23rd January, 1879. For gallantry in the defence and saving a man's life. Died at Portsmouth, April, 1887. (*Gaz.*, 18 Nov., 1879.)

* (392) DANAHER, Trooper (now Sergeant, dis. on pen., Connaught Rangers) John, Nourse's Horse, *Transvaal,* 16th January, 1881. For bravely trying to save a wounded man of the 21st Regiment under the terrible Boer fire of Elandsfontein. (*Gaz.*, 13 March, 1882.)

(11) DANIEL, Midshipman Edward St. John, R.N., *Crimea,* 5th November, 1854, and 18th June, 1855. For bringing powder from a wagon under a heavy fire. Volunteering as A.D.C. to Captain Peel at *Inkerman,* and bandaging his wound under a heavy fire. (*Gaz.*, 24 Feb., 1857.)

(363) D'ARCY, Captain Cecil, Frontier Light Horse, near *Ulundi,* 3rd July, 1879. For gallantly trying to save a dismounted trooper until the Zulus had closed upon them. (*Gaz.*, 10 Oct., 1879.)

(294) DAUNT, Lieutenant John Charles Campbell (late Colonel), 70th Bengal Native Infantry, *India,* 2nd October and 2nd November, 1857 For conspicuous gallantry in

action in capturing two guns from the mutineers of the *Ramghur* battalion at *Chota Behar*. With Sergeant Denis Dynon (*see* Dynon), he rushed at the second gun and pistolled the gunners, who had already mown down a third of the detachment with grape-shot. He was also recommended for chasing the mutineers of the 32nd Bengal N.I. on the 2nd November following, pursuing them with a handful of Rattray's Sikhs across a plain into a rich cultivation, being dangerously wounded in attempting to drive a large body out of an enclosure. (*Gaz.*, 25 Feb., 1862.)

(93) DAVIS, Captain Gronow, R.A. (late Major-General), *Crimea,* 8th September, 1855. For great coolness and gallantry at the *Redan,* where he commanded the spiking party. With true British pluck he saved the life of Lieutenant Sanders, 30th Foot, by jumping over the parapet of a sap, and twice traversing the open, under a murderous fire, to help in conveying that officer—whose leg was broken, and who was otherwise badly wounded—under cover. Captain Davis also repeated the act in succouring other wounded soldiers in the same position. Died at Clifton 18th October, 1891. (*Gaz.*, 23 June, 1857.)

(222) DAVIS, Private James, 42nd Regiment (Black Watch), *India,* 15th April, 1858. At *Fort Ruhya,* for carrying an officer's body from under the walls to his regiment. Died in Edinburgh, 1891. (*Gaz.*, 27 May, 1859.)

(7) DAY, Lieutenant George Fiott (late Captain), R.N., *Crimea,* 17th and 21st September, 1855. For great gallantry in making two reconnaissances alone in the dark on the Spit of Arabat. Died at Weston-super-Mare, 18th December, 1876. (*See* account.) (*Gaz.*, 24 Feb., 1857.)

(264) DEMPSEY, Private Denis, 10th Regiment (North Lincolnshire), *India,* 12th August, 1857, and 14th March, 1858. For carrying a bag of powder through a burning village at Lucknow, under fire, in order to mine a passage to rear of the enemy. He was the first to enter the village of *Jugdispore,* and helped to carry a wounded officer in the retreat from *Arrah,* July, 1857. Died Canada, 10th January, 1886. (*Gaz.*, 17 Feb., 1860.)

(113) DIAMOND, Sergeant Bernard, Bengal Horse Artillery, *India,* 28th September, 1857. For working his gun under a heavy fire and clearing the road of the enemy at *Boolundshuhur.* (*Gaz.*, 24 April, 1858.)

(387) DICK-CUNYNGHAM, Lieutenant William Henry

(afterwards Lieutenant-Colonel), 92nd Highlanders, *Afghanistan,* 13th December, 1879. For encouraging his men by boldly exposing himself to the fire of the enemy at the Sherpur Pass. Wounded at Elandslaagte, and the first day he resumed duty at Ladysmith, 6th January, 1900, he was killed by a chance bullet at 3,000 yards range. (*Gaz.*, 18 Oct., 1881.)

(92) Dickson, Lieutenant-Colonel Collingwood (late General Sir, G.C.B., Senior Colonel Commandant, R.A.), Royal Artillery, *Crimea,* 17th October, 1854. For displaying the greatest coolness and contempt of danger, when the batteries of the Right Attack had run short of powder, in directing the unloading of several wagons, which had been brought up to the trenches, and helping to carry the powder with his own hands under a severe fire. Knight of the Legion of Honour. When Sir Collingwood Dickson died, a very interesting letter from his old comrade-in-arms, Major-General C. H. Owen, appeared in the "Army and Navy Gazette," the bulk of which I quote here :—"In all the accounts of his service in the different newspapers I have not seen one that mentions his having served under Sir De Lacy Evans in the Carlist War in Spain. I think I shall be right in stating that it was for this service that he got his brevet rank of major. There were only two or three brevet majors in the Royal Artillery before the Crimean War, as there had been few opportunities for officers of that arm seeing active service during the long peace succeeding the Waterloo campaign. For this service in Spain he got, I suppose, the Order of Charles III. As to the services of Sir Collingwood Dickson in the siege train, those who, like myself, served in the right attack before Sebastopol, well know their great value. He was to the gunners what Capt. Peel, R.N., was to the sailors. He was one of the coolest men under fire I ever saw, full of energy and interest in all the siege work, including the comfort of the artillery in this attack, among other things, organising a common kitchen for the use of all the companies, and so economising the scanty amount of fuel that could be procured, and making some rough cooking and a supply of hot water for coffee possible. As to his directing the unloading of an ammunition wagon behind the 21-gun battery, on 17th October, 1854, I have a pretty vivid memory of that dangerous service, for when we of the second relief reached the spot, Sir Collingwood Dickson picked me out and ordered me

to go on with the unloading of the wagon and sending the ammunition boxes on hand-barrows up to the battery. We were under the apparent shelter of the hill on which the battery was placed, but practically in the open, as the shot and shell from the Russian guns passing over the battery ranged along at about three feet above the rear slope, and pretty parallel to it. A round shot cut down two horses in the wagon, and continued its course as if it had done nothing; and I must confess that we of the party were not sorry when a Russian shell plunged into the mass of boxes of ammunition in the wagon and blew them up, so that I could withdraw the men into the 21-gun battery. Sir Collingwood Dickson's example was an encouragement to all to do their duty, and, socially, he was always most pleasant and genial." Died at his residence, 79, Claverton Street, S.W., 28th November, 1904, aged 87. (*Gaz.*, 23 June, 1857.)

(257) DIVANE, Private John, 60th King's Royal Rifles, *India,* 10th September, 1857. For successfully heading a charge against the trenches at *Delhi.* He was elected by the privates of the regiment for the distinction. (*Gaz.*, 20 Jan., 1860.)

(32) DIXON, Captain Mathew Charles (late Major-General, C.B.), R.A., *Crimea,* 17th April, 1855. About 2 p.m. his battery was blown up by a shell, which burst in the magazine, destroying the parapets, killing and wounding ten men, disabling five guns, and covering a sixth with earth; nevertheless, he most gallantly opened with the remaining gun before the enemy had ceased cheering, fighting it until sunset, in spite of a heavy concentrated fire. Knight of the Legion of Honour. Died at Tunbridge Wells, 7 Jan., 1905. (*Gaz.*, 24 Feb., 1857.)

(191) DONOHOE, Private P., 9th Lancers, *India,* 28th September, 1857. For going to the support of a wounded officer, and bringing him in through the rebel cavalry at *Boolundshuhur,* assisted by a few other men. (*Gaz.*, 24 Dec., 1858.)

* (390) DOOGAN, Private John, 1st Dragoon Guards (dis. on pension), *Transvaal,* 28th June, 1881. For gallantly dismounting at *Laing's Nek,* although wounded, and trying to induce an officer to take his horse, receiving another wound while doing so. (*Gaz.*, 13 March, 1882.)

(327) DOUGLAS, Assistant-Surgeon Campbell Millis, M.D., 2nd Battalion, 24th Regiment (late Hon. Brigade-Surgeon, ret. pay), *Andaman Islands,* 7th May, 1867. For

assisting to rescue seventeen drowning comrades. M.D., L.R.C.S., Edin., 1861. (*See* Bell, Cooper, Griffiths, Murphy; also account.) He was a Canadian, and saw service with the second Riel Expedition, 1885. Died 31st Dec., 1909, at Wells, Somerset, aged 69. (*Gaz.*, 17 Dec., 1867.)

* (477) Douglas, Lieutenant (now Major, D.S.O.) Henry Edward Manning, R.A.M.C., *South Africa,* 11th December, 1899. For great bravery and devotion to duty at Magersfontein during the repulse of the Highland Brigade, when he went out under a terrific fire to dress the wounds of Major Robinson, Captain Gordon, and many others. "Many similar acts of devotion and gallantry by Lieutenant Douglas on the same day." L.R.C.P. Edin., 1898; L.F.P. and S. Glasg., 1898. (*Gaz.*, 29 March, 1901.)

(25) Dowell, Lieutenant George Dare (late Brevet-Lieutenant-Colonel, h.p.), Royal Marine Artillery, *Baltic,* 13th July, 1855. For rowing to the assistance of a disabled boat and crew off *Viborg,* and bringing off the boat under a heavy fire from the batteries. Died at The Haven, Remuera, Auckland, N.Z., 3 Aug., 1910, aged 79. (*Gaz.*, 24 Feb., 1857.)

(251) Dowling, Private William, 32nd Regiment (Cornwall), *India,* 4th and 9th July and 27th September, 1857. For going on three occasions at Lucknow to spike the enemy's guns under heavy fire. (*Gaz.*, 21 Nov., 1859.)

(315) Down, Ensign, John Thornton, 57th Regiment (West Middlesex), *New Zealand,* 2nd October, 1863. For gallantly rescuing a wounded man at *Pontoko* under a close and heavy fire. Died of fever during the war. (*Gaz.*, 23 Sept., 1864.)

* (468) Doxat, Lieutenant Alexis C., 3rd Battalion Imperial Yeomanry (now Hon. Lt. Army), *South Africa,* 20th October, 1900. For rescuing a dismounted man near Zeerust under very severe fire. Lieutenant Doxat was educated at Norwich Grammar School and Philbirds, Maidenhead, volunteered from the Stock Exchange and went to the front with Lord Scarborough's detachment. He saw service with Lord Methuen, and was afterwards personal A.D.C. to General Douglas. (*Gaz.*, 15 Jan., 1901.)

(133) Duffy, Private Thomas, 1st Madras European Fusiliers, *India,* 26th September, 1857. For daring skill

in saving a gun from the rebels at *Lucknow*. (*Gaz.*, 18 June, 1858.)

(490) DUGDALE, Lieutenant Frederic Brooks, 5th Lancers, *South Africa,* 3rd March, 1901. For splendid gallantry near *Derby* when in command of a small outpost. On receiving the order to retire, the party came under heavy fire at 250 yards range, a sergeant and two men were hit, and a horse wounded. Lieutenant Dugdale rode up to one of the wounded men, dismounted, and helped him into the saddle, and catching another horse, galloped up to a second wounded man, took him up behind him, and brought both men safely out of action. The sequel to his gallantry is a sad one. After serving through the war, for which he got the two medals with five clasps and won promotion, he received his Cross from the hands of His Majesty on 24th October, 1902, only to be killed in the hunting field on 13th November. While riding with the North Cotswold his horse fell at a jump, crushing him so severely that, although two doctors were in immediate attendance, he died without regaining consciousness. His coffin was carried to the grave at Longborough, Gloucestershire, by six sergeants. (*Gaz.*, 17 Sept., 1901.)

(333) DUNDAS, Lieutenant (afterwards Captain) James, Royal Engineers (late Bengal), *Bhootan, India*, 30th April, 1865. For gallant conduct at the attack on the Blockhouse at *Dewangiri*. (*See* Trevor.) Killed in Afghanistan, 23rd Dec., 1879. (*Gaz.*, 31 Dec., 1867.)

(176) DUNLEY, Lance-Corporal J., 93rd Highlanders, *India,* 16th November, 1857. He was the first man of the regiment to enter the *Secundra Bagh* with Captain Burroughs, whom he supported against heavy odds. Elected by the privates of the regiment. (*Gaz.*, 24 Dec., 1858.)

DUNMORE, Earl of, *see* Fincastle.

(30) DUNN, Lieutenant Alexander Roberts, 11th Hussars, *Crimea,* 25th October, 1854. For returning, after the charge of *Balaclava,* to save the lives of a sergeant and private by cutting down the Russians. He was the only officer there who won the V.C., and was afterwards killed during the Abyssinian War. (*See* account.) (*Gaz.*, 24 Feb., 1857.)

* (498) DURRANT, Private (now Lance-Corporal, dis. on pen.) Edward, 2nd Battalion Rifle Brigade, *South Africa,* 27th August, 1900. At *Bergendal,* Acting-Corporal Wellar got hit, lost his head for the time being, and rising to his feet, ran in the direction of the enemy.

Durrant, realising that the poor fellow was not responsible, pulled him down, and tried to reason with him, but finding this course no good, slung him on his back, carried him two hundred yards under heavy fire to shelter, and returned at once to his own place in the firing line. (*Gaz.*, 18 Oct., 1901.)

(295) DYNON, Sergeant Denis, 53rd Regiment, *India,* 2nd October, 1857. For assisting to capture two guns which had killed a third of his men at *Chota Behar.* (*See* Daunt.) (*Gaz.*, 25 Feb., 1862.)

* (402) EDWARDS, Private (late Private, Army Reserve) Thomas, 42nd Royal Highlanders, *Soudan,* 13th March, 1884. For coolly defending a gun at the battle of *Tamai,* and sticking to it, although wounded. (*Gaz.*, 21 May, 1884.)

(397) EDWARDS, Lieutenant William Mordaunt Marsh (late Major, ret. pay, Gentleman-at-Arms), 74th Regiment, *Egypt,* 13th September, 1882. For rushing single-handed into a battery at *Tel-el-Kebir,* and killing the officer in command. Died 17th Sept., 1912, at Hardingham Hall, Norfolk, aged 57. (*Gaz.*, 13 Feb., 1883.)

(119) ELPHINSTONE, Lieutenant Howard Crauford (afterwards Major-General Sir, K.C.B.), R.E., *Crimea,* 18th June, 1855. For fearless conduct on the night after our unsuccessful attack on the *Redan* in commanding a party of volunteers who went to bring in our scaling ladders, and for, whilst doing so, rescuing twenty wounded men; all the while close to the enemy. Knight of the Legion of Honour. Drowned on his voyage to Madeira, 8th March, 1890. (*Gaz.*, 4 June, 1858.)

(69) ELTON, Captain Fred. Cockayne (late Lieutenant-Colonel), 55th Regiment (Westmoreland), *Crimea,* 4th August, 1855. When in command of a working party in the advanced trenches in front of the Quarries at *Sebastopol,* he displayed the most magnificent gallantry in encouraging his men; and when the fearful fire caused some hesitation among the party, he went into the open, and worked himself with pick and shovel. To quote the words of one of the party, "There was not another officer in the British Army who would have done what Captain Elton did that night." In March of the same year he volunteered with a few men to drive off the Russians, who were destroying one of our works, and was successful, taking a prisoner with his own hands. Again, on the night of the 7th June, he was the first to lead his

men from the trenches, and to rally them several times in the quarries. (*Gaz.*, 24 Feb., 1857.)

* (456) ENGLEHEART, Sergeant H., 10th Hussars (dis. on pen.), *South Africa,* 13th March, 1900. For riding back to rescue a sapper whose horse had fallen into a deep spruit after the destruction of the railway north of *Bloemfontein.* Sergeant Engleheart rode back under a heavy shell and rifle fire, got horse and man out, and covered the sapper's retreat until he was in safety. He was one of the last batch of men to whom Her late Majesty personally delivered the V.C. on the 15th December, 1900. (*See* account.) (*Gaz.*, 5 Oct., 1900.)

* (493) ENGLISH, Lieutenant (afterwards Private, 2nd Dragoon Guards, now Lieut., A.S.C.) W. J., 2nd Scottish Horse, *South Africa,* 3rd July, 1901. During a Boer attack at *Vlakfontein,* Lieutenant English and five men of the Marquis of Tullibardine's Corps were holding the right of a position, when their ammunition ran short. Two of his men were killed and two wounded, but the position was retained by the officer's gallantry and resource. He went to the next party for cartridges, and to do so he had to cross fifteen yards of open ground under heavy fire at less than thirty yards range. (*Gaz.*, 4 Oct., 1901.)

(98) ESMONDE, Captain Thomas (late Lieutenant-Colonel), 18th Regiment (Royal Irish), *Crimea,* 18th and 20th June, 1855. For repeatedly rescuing wounded under grape and shell fire, and for extinguishing a fire-ball before it betrayed the position of his men, saving them from a heavy loss. (*Gaz.*, 25 Sept., 1857.)

(91) EVANS, Private Samuel, 19th Regiment, *Crimea,* 13th April, 1855. For repairing damage to an embrasure under a very heavy fire. Died Edinburgh, Oct., 1901, aged 79. (*Gaz.*, 23 June, 1857.)

* (478) FARMER, Sergeant Donald (now Col.-Serg.), 1st Batt. Cameron Highlanders, *South Africa,* 13th December, 1900. When General Clements' camp was attacked at *Nooitgedacht,* Lieutenant Sandilands, of the Camerons, took fifteen men to the assistance of a picquet, most of whom had been either killed or wounded; the Boers hidden among the trees opened fire on the party at 20 yards range, wounding the Lieutenant and four of his men, and killing two. Sergeant Farmer went to the officer's assistance, and carrying him away under a very heavy fire, returned to take his place in the firing line,

being eventually made prisoner in spite of desperate resistance. The Cameron Highlanders, which for so many years enjoyed the distinction of being the only one-battalion regiment in the Service, owe their solitary V.C. to the Sergeant's pluck. (*Gaz.*, 12 April, 1901.)

* (378) FARMER, Lance-Corporal Joseph John (afterwards Corporal, discharged on pension), Army Hospital Corps, *Transvaal,* 27th February, 1881. For a gallant attempt to protect the wounded at *Majuba.* (*See* account.) (*Gaz.*, 17 May, 1881.)

(224) FARQUHARSON, Lieutenant Francis Edward Henry, 42nd (Black Watch), *India,* 9th March, 1858. After storming a bastion and spiking two guns at *Lucknow,* he was severely wounded the following day. (*Gaz.*, 21 June, 1859.)

(99) FARRELL, Quartermaster-Serg. John, 17th Lancers, *Crimea,* 25th October, 1854. For remaining with a wounded officer, and assisting to bring him in, under a fire of shot and shell, after the *Balaclava* charge. Died at Secundrabad, 4th Aug., 1865. (*Gaz.*, 20 Nov., 1857.)

(163) FFRENCH, Lieutenant Alfred Kirke, 53rd Regiment, *India,* 16th November, 1857. For distinguished gallantry at the taking of the *Secundra Bagh,* where he was one of the first to enter, being afterwards elected by his brother officers for the distinction. (*Gaz.*, 24 Dec., 1858.)

* (417) FINCASTLE, Lieutenant (now Major, Earl of Dunmore, M.V.O., ret. pay) Alexander Edward Murray, Viscount, 16th Lancers, *Upper Swat, N.W. Frontier, India,* 17th August, 1897. For distinguished gallantry in the attempt to rescue Lieutenant Greaves. (*See* account.) (*Gaz.*, 9 Nov., 1897.)

* (423) FINDLATER, Piper George, 1st Batt. Gordon Highlanders (dis.), *Dargai Heights, N.W. Frontier, India,* 20th October, 1897. For gallantly continuing to play his pipes under a heavy fire when wounded in both feet. (*See* account.) (*Gaz.*, 20 May, 1898.)

* (486) FIRTH, Sergeant W., 1st Batt. Duke of Wellington's West Riding Regiment (dis.), *South Africa,* 24th February, 1900. For the gallant rescue of two wounded men at *Plewman's Farm,* near *Arundel.* He first carried in Lance-Corporal Blackman, who was lying out less than five hundred yards from the enemy under heavy fire; and afterwards 2nd Lieutenant J. H. B. Wilson, who was in a very exposed position quite close

to the Boers. While bringing Wilson over the crest of the ridge the plucky Sergeant was shot through the eye and nose. (*Gaz.*, 11 June, 1901.)

* (443) FitzClarence, Captain (now Lieut.-Col. com. Irish Guards) Charles, Royal Fusiliers, *South Africa,* 14th and 27th October, 26th December, 1899. For distinguished gallantry during the *Siege of Mafeking.* (*See* account.) (*Gaz.*, 6 July, 1900.)

(114) Fitzgerald, Gunner Richard, Bengal Horse Artillery, *India,* 28th September, 1857. For working his gun under a heavy fire, and clearing the road of the rebels at *Boolundshuhur.* (*Gaz.*, 24 April, 1858.)

(289) Fitzgibbon, Hospital Apprentice Arthur F., Indian Medical Establishment, *China,* 21st August, 1860. For attending to the wounded, under a heavy fire, on two occasions at the attack on the *Taku Forts.* (*Gaz.*, 13 Aug., 1861.)

* (371) Fitzpatrick, Private (discharged) Francis, 94th Regiment, *South Africa,* 28th November, 1879. For helping to carry a wounded officer out of action, under a heavy fire, at the capture of *Sekukuni's Town.* (*See* Flawn.) (*Gaz.*, 24 Feb., 1880.)

* (370) Flawn, Private Thomas (late Army Reserve), 94th Regiment, *South Africa,* 28th November, 1879. For gallantly assisting the preceding. (*Gaz.*, 24 Feb., 1880.)

(214) Flinn, Drummer Thomas, 64th Regiment, *India,* 28th November, 1857. For gallantry in a charge on the enemy's guns at Cawnpore, where, although wounded, he engaged single-handed with two of the Sepoy gunners. (*Gaz.*, 12 April, 1859.)

(137) Forrest, Captain George, Bengal, Veteran Establishment, *India,* 11th May, 1857. For gallantry in the defence of the *Delhi* magazine. (*See* account.) (*Gaz.*, 18 June, 1858.)

(322) Fosbery, Lieutenant George Vincent (late Lieut.-Colonel), Volunteer with the 1st Punjaub Infantry (formerly of the 4th Bengal European Regiment), *India,* 30th October, 1863. The garrison of the *Crag Picket* at *Umbeyla* had been driven out by the hill-men, sixty being killed in a desperate hand-to-hand fight, and in the attempt to recapture it, while Colonel Keyes ascended by one path, Lieutenant Fosbery pushed up another, with a few men, among the high rocks, where only one or two could mount at a time. He was the first to get to the top, and when Colonel Keyes was wounded he (Fosbery)

pursued the routed enemy for some distance. Colonel Fosbery was well known as an inventor; he introduced machine guns, and during the operations at *Umbeyla* he commanded a body of marksmen of the 71st and 101st armed with rifles firing explosive bullets of his own invention. Among other things, he invented the "Paradox" gun and an automatic revolver. An old Eton boy, he died at Bath 8th May, 1907. (*Gaz.*, 7 July, 1865.)

* (395) FOWLER, Private Edmund (Col.-Sergeant, dis., Royal Irish), 90th (Perthshire Light Infantry), *Zululand,* 28th March, 1879. For assisting to drive the enemy from a cave, at great risk, during the attack on *Inhlobane Mountain.* (*Gaz.*, 7 April, 1882.)

(276) FRASER, Major Charles Crauford (late General Sir, C.B.), 7th Hussars, *India,* 31st December, 1858. Captain Stisted and some men of the regiment were in danger of being drowned in the *Raptee,* while pursuing the rebels under a sharp musketry fire, and Major Fraser, although partially disabled from a severe wound received the previous June when leading his squadron against the fanatics at *Nawabgunge,* volunteered to swim out and assist them, for which he received the gold medal of the Royal Humane Society in addition to the V.C. (*See* account.) Died 7 June, 1895, aged 66. (*Gaz.*, 9 Nov., 1860.)

(192) FREEMAN, Private J., 9th Lancers, *India,* 10th October, 1857. For going to the assistance of a wounded officer at *Agra,* and pluckily defending him against numbers of the enemy. (*Gaz.*, 24 Dec., 1858.)

(117) GARDINER, Colour-Sergeant George, 57th Regiment, Crimea, 22nd March and 18th June, 1855. (1) For rallying a covering party which had been driven in by the Russians. (2) For remaining under a terrible fire until he had expended all his ammunition in firing at the enemy on an exposed parapet. (*Gaz.*, 4 June, 1858.)

(149) GARDNER, Colour-Sergeant (afterwards Quartermaster-Sergeant) William, 42nd (Black Watch), *India,* 5th May, 1858. For saving the life of his Colonel (Cameron), who was attacked by three fanatics at *Bareilly,* Gardner killing two of them. Died Nov., 1897. (*Gaz.*, 24 Aug., 1858.)

(255) GARVIN, Colour-Sergeant Stephen, 60th King's Royal Rifles, *India,* 23rd June, 1857. For leading a small party and clearing the enemy out of a house at *Delhi,* and for conspicuous gallantry during the whole of the operations there. (*Gaz.*, 20 Jan., 1860.)

(337) GIFFORD, Lieutenant Edric Frederic (late Major, Lord, Middlesex Regt.), 24th Regiment, *Ashantee*, 1873, 1874. For his gallant scouting operations during the Ashantee War, especially *Becquah*. He carried his life in his hand, and, hanging on the rear of the enemy, discovered their positions, and with no other white man with him captured numerous prisoners, distinguishing himself particularly at the taking of *Becquah*, February 1st. Died at Old Park, Chichester, 5 June, 1911. He was buried with military honours, Boy Scouts lining the path to Bosham Church, and a bugler of the Royal Sussex sounding "Last Post." (*Gaz.*, 18 March, 1874.)

(148) GILL, Sergeant-Major Peter, Loodiana Regiment, *India*, 4th June, 1857. During the revolt at *Benares*, where Colonel Spottiswoode (afterwards Major-General), of the 37th Native Infantry, so gallantly distinguished himself, the Sergeant-Major displayed great pluck in helping an officer and his family to come into barracks from an outlying bungalow. He also saved the life of a non-com. and twice that of an officer, attacking twenty armed rebels armed only with a sword. (*Gaz.*, 24 Aug., 1858.)

* (441) GLASOCK, Driver Horace Harry (dis.), Q Battery, R.H.A., *South Africa*, 31st March, 1900. One of the Korn Spruit heroes of Q Battery. (*See* account.) (*Gaz.*, 26 June, 1900.)

(159) GOATE, Lance-Corporal William, 9th Lancers, *India*. After the charge against the rebels on the racecourse of *Lucknow* he picked up Major Smith, of the Queen's Bays, who was badly hit, and carried him on his back for some distance, then returning to charge the enemy single-handed, and eventually searching unsuccessfully for the Major's body. (*See* account.) (*Gaz.*, 24 Dec., 1858.)

* (306) GOODFELLOW, Lieutenant Charles Augustus (now Lieutenant-General, u.s.l., Col. Comdt., R.E.) Bombay Engineers, *India*, 6th October, 1859. Seeing a soldier of the 28th Regiment lying shot under the walls of *Fort of Beyt*, he rushed through a sharp fire of matchlock balls, and carried him in, the poor fellow, however, proving to be dead. (*Gaz.*, 16 April, 1863.)

(43) GOODLAKE, Captain Gerald Littlehales (late Lieutenant-General), Coldstream Guards, *Crimea*, 28th October, 1854. For distinguished gallantry in holding the *Windmill Ravine* against a large force of the enemy, his party

killing one officer and thirty-seven Russians, and taking an officer and two men. Again for gallantly surprising a picket of the enemy at the bottom of the ravine, in November, their knapsacks and rifles falling into his hands. Knight of the Legion of Honour. Died 1890. (*Gaz.*, 24 Feb., 1857.)

* (453) GORDON, Captain William Eagleson (now Brev.-Lt.-Col.), 1st Batt. Gordon Highlanders, *South Africa,* 11th July, 1900. At Leehoehoek (or Doornbosch-fontein), near Krugersdorp, Captain Gordon, with Captains Younger and Allen, went out with a party of men and dragged in an artillery wagon under a fire so severe at 850 yards that the artillery horses could not be brought to face it. Captain Gordon then attempted to save one of the guns, called for volunteers, and pulled a drag-rope out alone. Under a perfect hurricane of bullets he reached the gun, made the rope fast, and signalled to the volunteer party, who instantly doubled out. As they were hauling, Captain Younger was mortally wounded and three of the volunteers severely hit. Captain Gordon ordered the rest under cover, attended to the wounded, and then retired himself. His bearing was remarkable on every occasion the battalion came under fire. He had seen considerable service with the Gordons, was at the storming of Dargai, and Adjutant of the Battalion during the Boer War, being dangerously wounded at Magersfontein, and twice mentioned in dispatches. (*Gaz.*, 28 September, 1900.)

* (410) GORDON, Lance-Corporal (Lance-Sergt., dis.) William James, 1st Battalion West India Regiment, *Tonitabe,* West Africa, March 13th, 1892. In saving his officer from certain death at a loopholed stockade, he was himself shot through the lungs, and for his gallantry on that and other occasions he received the V.C., being the third man of colour to whom it has been awarded. (*Gaz.*, 9 Dec., 1892.)

(300) GORE-BROWNE, Captain Henry George (late Hon. Colonel, ret. pay), 32nd Regiment, *India,* 21st August, 1857. For conspicuous bravery at *Lucknow,* gallantly leading a sortie at great personal risk, for the purpose of spiking two heavy guns. He was the first to enter the battery, which was protected by high palisades. Removing the shutters, he jumped inside, the guns were spiked, and about a hundred of the mutineers killed. He was very proud of the fact that he was the great-

grandson of Arthur Browne, in whose arms Wolfe is said to have died at Quebec, and no one had a greater reverence for Wolfe's memory than the old V.C. Died 15 Nov. 1912, at Shanklin, aged 81. (*Gaz.*, 20 June, 1862.)

(16) GORMAN, Seaman James H., *Crimea, Inkerman,* 5th November, 1854. With two others, Reeves and Scofield, he displayed great gallantry in mounting a banquette, under a severe fire, and, collecting the muskets of wounded soldiers, resisted the Russians' advance. Died 27th Dec., 1889. (*Gaz.*, 24 Feb., 1857.)

(234) GOUGH, Captain Charles John Stanley (late General Sir, G.C.B., u.s.l. Indian Army), 5th Bengal European Cavalry, 15th and 18th August, 1857, 27th January, and 23rd February, 1858. This recipient was one of the most distinguished of the V.C. heroes. (1) At *Khurkowdah* he saved his wounded brother, and killed two of the enemy. (2) On the 18th August he led a troop of the Guides in a charge and cut down two of the enemy's sowars, with one of whom he had a desperate hand-to-hand struggle. (3) At *Shumshabad* he attacked one of the rebel leaders in a charge, ran him through with his sword, which was carried out of his hand, and then, defending himself with his revolver, shot two more of the enemy. (4) At *Meangunge* he rode to the assistance of Brevet-Major Anson, slew that officer's assailant, and cut down another of the enemy. Died 6 Sept., 1912, at Innislonagh, Clonmell, aged 80. (*Gaz.*, 2 Sept., 1859.)

(189) GOUGH, Lieutenant Hugh Henry (late General Sir, G.C.B.), 1st Bengal European Light Cavalry, *India,* 15th November, 1857, 26th February, 1858. This worthy brother of the above-mentioned officer particularly distinguished himself near *Alum Bagh,* when in command of a party of the celebrated Hodson's Horse, by charging across a swamp and capturing two guns defended by a vastly superior body of the rebels. While engaged with three sepoys his turban was slashed through and his horse wounded in two places. Again, near *Lucknow,* the following year, he charged the guns, engaging in a series of single combats, having two horses killed under him, being severely wounded, receiving a ball through the leg while charging two rascals with fixed bayonets, and getting a shot through his helmet and another through his scabbard. Died, Keeper of the Crown Jewels, May, 1909. (*Gaz.*, 24 Dec., 1858.)

* (519) GOUGH, Captain and Brevet-Major (now

Colonel, C.M.G., u.p., p.s.c., A.D.C.) John Edmund, Rifle Brigade, *Somaliland,* 22nd April, 1903. For conspicuous bravery at Daratoleh. During the exploit for which Captains Walker and Rolland were gazetted. (*See* account.) Colonel Gough was in command of the column, and could, of course, make no mention of his own gallantry. He is the son of General Sir C. J. S. Gough, V.C., and nephew of General Sir Hugh Gough, V.C. The only instance where three members of the same family wore the Cross. (*Gaz.,* 15 Jan., 1904.)

(90) GRADY, Private Thomas, afterwards Sergeant 4th Regiment (The King's Own), *Crimea,* 18th October, 22nd November, 1854. For repairing works under a heavy fire, assisted by another man, and bravely remaining at the front, when severely wounded, to encourage the weak force in the trenches. Died in Victoria, N.S.W. (*Gaz.,* 23 June, 1857.)

(35) GRAHAM, Lieutenant Gerald, Royal Engineers, *Crimea,* 18th June, 1855, afterwards Lt.-Gen. Sir Gerald, G.C.B., G.C.M.G., whose subsequent career is too well known to need mention in this place. For determined gallantry at the head of a ladder party, at the assault on the *Redan,* where, a tall man, he fearlessly exposed himself to encourage his party. Afterwards he brought in a wounded man, with the assistance of others, under a terrific fire, and, still not satisfied, rushed out of the trench again with Sapper Perie, and brought in some abandoned scaling ladders. He was twenty-three years old at that time. Knight of the Legion of Honour. Died at Bideford, 17 Dec., 1899, aged 78. (*Gaz.,* 24 Feb., 1857.)

(173) GRAHAM, Private P., 90th Regiment (Perthshire L.I.), *India,* 17th November, 1857. Elected by his comrades for rescuing a wounded man under a very heavy fire at *Lucknow.* (*Gaz.,* 24 Dec., 1858.)

* (406) GRANT, Lieutenant Charles James William (now Brev.-Col. 92 Punjabis, ret.), Indian Staff Corps, *Burma,* March, 1891. For distinguished gallantry in *Manipur.* (*See* account.) (*Gaz.,* 26 May, 1891.)

* (522) GRANT, Lieutenant (now Capt. p.s.c.) J. D., 8th Gurkha Rifles, *Tibet,* 6th July, 1904. "On the occasion of the storming of the Gyantse Jong the storming company, headed by Lieutenant Grant, on emerging from the cover of the village, had to advance up a bare, almost precipitous, rock-face, with no cover available, under a heavy fire from the curtain, flanking towers on both sides

of the curtain, and other buildings higher up the Jong. Showers of rocks and stones were at the time being hurled down the hillside by the enemy from above. Only one man could go up at a time, crawling on hands and knees, to the breach in the curtain. Lieutenant Grant, followed by Havildar Karbir Pun, 8th Gurkha Rifles, at once attempted to scale it, but on reaching near the top he was wounded, and hurled back, as was also the havildar, who fell down the rock some thirty feet. Regardless of their injuries, they again attempted to scale the breach, and, covered by the fire of the men below, were successful in their object, the havildar shooting one of the enemy on gaining the top. The successful issue of the assault was very greatly due to the splendid example shown by Lieutenant Grant and Havildar Karbir Pun." The gallant havildar, or native sergeant, was recommended for the Indian Order of Merit. (*See* account.) (*Gaz.*, 24 Jan., 1905.)

(178) GRANT, Private P., 93rd Highlanders, *India,* 16th November, 1857. Elected by his comrades for particular gallantry at *Lucknow,* where he killed five of the enemy with one of their own swords in defence of an officer carrying a captured colour. (*Gaz.*, 24 Dec., 1858.)

(268) GRANT, Sergeant Robert, 5th Northumberland Fusiliers, *India,* 24th September, 1857. For going to the rescue of a wounded private whose leg had been shot off at *Lucknow,* and bringing him to camp under a heavy fire. This man was wrongly gazetted as "Ewart," but the mistake was afterwards corrected. (*Gaz.*, 19 June, name corrected 12 Oct., 1860.)

(153) GREEN, Private Patrick (afterwards Colour-Sergeant), 75th Regiment, *India,* 11th September, 1857. For rescuing a wounded comrade at the risk of his own life when hotly pressed by the enemy in force, at *Delhi.* (*Gaz.*, 26 Oct., 1858.)

(28) GRIEVE, Sergeant-Major John, 2nd Dragoons (Scots Greys), *Crimea,* 25th October, 1854. For riding to the rescue of an officer who was surrounded by the enemy at *Balaclava,* killing one, disabling and dispersing the others. Cornet 1857, Adjutant 1859, Lieutenant 1863, retired about 1865. (*Gaz.*, 24 Feb., 1857.)

(331) GRIFFITHS, Private William, 24th Regiment, *Andaman Islands,* 7th May, 1867. For assisting to save seventeen comrades from drowning. He was killed at Isandhlwana. (*Gaz.*, 17 Dec., 1867.)

(171) GUISE, Major John Christopher (late Lieutenant-General, C.B.), 90th (Perthshire L.I.), *India,* 16th and 17th November, 1857. Elected by his brother officers for conspicuous gallantry at *Lucknow.* Died 5th Feb., 1895. (*Gaz.,* 24 Dec., 1858.)

* (462) GUY, Midshipman (now Lieut.) Basil John Douglas, H.M.S. *Barfleur,* R.N., *China,* 13th July, 1900. For great gallantry during the attack on Tientsin City, Relief of the Legation. (*See* account.) (*Gaz.,* 1 Jan., 1901.)

(211) HACKETT, Lieutenant Thomas Bernard (since Brevet-Lieutenant-Colonel), 23rd Royal Welsh Fusiliers, *India,* 18th November, 1857. He displayed daring gallantry at *Secundra Bagh* in running with others to the rescue of a corporal who was lying wounded and exposed to a very heavy fire. He exhibited conspicuous bravery in mounting to the roof of a bungalow, also under a heavy fire, and cutting down the thatch to prevent its igniting. Was killed in Ireland a few years ago by the explosion of his own gun. (*Gaz.,* 12 April, 1859.)

(88) HALE, Assistant-Surgeon (late Surgeon-Major, C.B.) Thomas Egerton, M.D., 7th Fusiliers, *Crimea,* 8th September, 1855. He remained in the 5th parallel alone with Captain Jones, who was dangerously wounded, and Lieutenant William Hope, who afterwards endeavoured to rally the men with the help of the gallant doctor. When the regiments had retired into the trenches, Hale cleared the most advanced sap of the wounded who lay there, and carried several wounded men from the open ground into the sap, assisted by Sergeant Charles Fisher, 7th Royal Fusiliers. Died at Botterley Hill, Nantwich, 25 Dec., 1909, aged 77. M.D. St. And., 1856; M.R.C.S. Eng., 1854. (*Gaz.,* 5 May, 1857.)

(210) HALL, Seaman William, *India,* 16th November, 1857. Hall, who was the first negro gazetted to the Cross, displayed great gallantry at a 24-pounder gun at the *Shah Nujjiff, Lucknow,* under Captain Peel, V.C. (*See* account.) (*Gaz.,* 1 Feb., 1859.)

* (461) HALLIDAY, Captain (now Major p.s.c.) Lewis Stratford Tollemache, Royal Marine Light Infantry, *China,* 24th June, 1900. For great gallantry during the Relief of the Legation. (*See* account.) (*Gaz.,* 1 Jan., 1901.)

(71) HAMILTON, Captain Thomas de Courcy (late Major-General), 68th Regiment, *Crimea,* 11th May, 1855. He

displayed daring gallantry in resisting a most determined night sortie from *Sebastopol,* charging the Russians with a small force, driving them out of a battery and saving the guns. K.L.H. (Ret. full pay, 64th Regt.) He took great interest in the foundation of the Gordon Boys' Brigade, and died at Dunboyne, Mark Hill, Cheltenham, 3rd March, 1908. (*Gaz.*, 24 Feb., 1857.)

(362) HAMILTON, Lieutenant Walter Richard Pollock, Bengal Staff Corps, *Afghanistan,* 7th April, 1879. For leading a charge against superior numbers at *Futtehabad,* rescuing a sowar, and cutting down three of the enemy, being himself unfortunately killed five months afterwards at Cabul, 3rd Sept., 1879. (*See* account.) (*Gaz.*, 7 Oct., 1879.)

* (386) HAMMOND, Captain Arthur George (now Colonel Sir, K.C.B., D.S.O., u.s.l., I.A.), Bengal Staff Corps, *Afghanistan,* 14th December, 1879. For true British pluck in defending a hill with a rifle and bayonet, covering a retiring party, and assisting to rescue a wounded sepoy under a close and heavy fire. (*Gaz.*, 18 Oct., 1881.)

* (495) HAMPTON, Sergeant Harry (now Colour-Sergeant, dis. on pension), 1st Battalion Liverpool Regiment, *South Africa,* 21st August, 1900. For a brave attempt to bring in Lance-Corporal Walsh, when with a party of mounted infantry at Van Wyk's Vlei. They had held an important post for some time against heavy odds, and when ordered to retire, Hampton would not leave until all his men were under cover. Although wounded in the head, he went to the help of the wounded corporal, whom he supported until he was killed by another shot. Hampton was wounded a second time soon after. (*Gaz.*, 18 Dec., 1901.)

(105) HANCOCK, Private Thomas, 9th Lancers, *India,* 19th June, 1857. For remaining by General Hope Grant in action and offering him his own horse, the General's having been shot, at *Delhi.* (*Gaz.*, 15 Jan., 1858.)

* (494) HARDHAM, Farrier-Major (now Lieutenant N.Z. Mil. Forces) W. J., 4th New Zealand Contingent, *South Africa,* 28th January, 1901. While with a section near Naauwport, engaged against a party of about twenty Boers, the order to retire was given, and at the moment the section moved off he saw Trooper McCrea down, and his horse killed. Under a very heavy fire the Farrier-Major returned to his assistance, put him on his own

horse, and ran alongside him until he was out of danger. (*Gaz.*, 4 Oct., 1901.)

* (396) HARDING, Gunner Israel (since Chief Gunner), *Egypt,* 11th July, 1882. For picking up a live shell which had dropped on board H.M.S. *Alexandra,* at *Alexandria,* and plunging it into a bucket of water. (*Gaz.*, 15 Sept., 1882.)

(184) HARRINGTON, Lieutenant Hastings Edward, Bengal Artillery, *India,* 14th to 22nd November, 1857. Elected by the officers of his battery for gallantry during the first relief of *Lucknow.* Died at Agra, 20 July, 1861. (*Gaz.*, 24 Dec., 1858.)

(157) HARRISON, Boatswain's Mate John, R.N., *India,* 16th November, 1857. For climbing a tree under fire, close to the *Shah Nujjiff, Lucknow,* to fire on the enemy. Died 25 Dec., 1865. (*Gaz.*, 24 Dec., 1858.)

* (354) HART, Lieutenant Reginald Clare (now Lieut.-Gen. Sir, K.C.B., K.C.V.O., p.s.c.), R.E., *Afghanistan,* 31st January, 1879. For running 1,200 yards across rocks, under fire, at *Dakkah,* to save the life of a wounded native soldier. "I'm going for the V.C. to-day," he had said that morning! Ten years before he had received the silver medal of the Royal Humane Society for saving life at Boulogne, a similar medal from the mayor of the town, and a first-class medal of honour from the President of the French Republic. He has since received a clasp from the R.H.S. for saving life in the Ganges Canal at Roorkee, December, 1884. (*Gaz.*, 10 June, 1879.)

(267) HARTIGAN, Sergeant H., 9th Lancers, *India,* 8th June and 10th October, 1857. For rescuing a wounded comrade, who was surrounded by the enemy at *Budle-Ke-Serai,* and also for rescuing a sergeant from four Sepoys who had crept into the camp at *Agra* disguised as musicians, being himself wounded. (*Gaz.*, 19 June, 1860.)

* (382) HARTLEY, Surgeon-Major Edmond Baron (now Colonel, C.M.G.; L.R.C.P. Edin., 1880; M.R.C.S. Eng., 1874, late Cape Local Forces), Cape Mounted Rifles, *South Africa,* 5th June, 1879. For gallantry at *Morosi's Mountain* in tending the wounded under heavy fire, bearing a wounded corporal in his arms to a place of safety, and returning again to continue his noble work. (*Gaz.*, 7 Oct., 1881.)

(104) HAVELOCK, Lieutenant Henry Marshman (late Lieutenant-General Sir H. M. Havelock-Allan, Bart., K.C.B.), 10th Regiment, *India,* 16th July, 1857. For

daring bravery at *Cawnpore*. Killed 30 Dec., 1897. (*See* account.) (*Gaz.*, 15 Jan., 1858.)

(182) HAWKES, Private David, Rifle Brigade, *India*, 11th March, 1858. For rescuing a wounded man, under a heavy fire, although he was himself wounded, during the final relief of *Lucknow*. Died 1859. (*Gaz.*, 24 Dec., 1858.)

(111) HAWTHORNE, Bugler Robert, 52nd Regiment, *India*, 14th September, 1857. One of the explosion party at the Cashmere Gate of *Delhi*. (*See* account.) (*Gaz.*, 24 April, 1858.)

(326) HEAPHY, Major Charles, Auckland Militia, *New Zealand*, 11th February, 1864. For assisting a wounded man of the 40th under a tremendous fire on the *Mangapiko River*, in the middle of the enemy. (*Gaz.*, 8 Feb., 1867.)

(252) HEATHCOTE, Lieutenant (retired) Alfred Spencer, 60th (King's Royal Rifles), June to September, 1857. He was elected by the officers of his regiment for distinguished gallantry during the siege of *Delhi*, where he repeatedly volunteered for the most dangerous services. Died at Bowral, N.S.W., 21 Feb., 1912, aged 79. (*Gaz.*, 20 Jan., 1860.)

* (471) HEATON, Private (Corporal dis.) William, 1st Battalion Liverpool Regiment, *South Africa*, 23rd August, 1900. For a very plucky action at *Geluk*, when he went back for help when his company was surrounded and in danger of annihilation. At great risk of his own life he accomplished his object, and there is little doubt that but for his pluck the company, which had been decimated, would have had to surrender. (*Gaz.*, 18 Jan., 1901.)

* (414) HENDERSON, Trooper Herbert Stephen (now Lieut., late B.F.F.), Buluwayo Field Force, *Rhodesia*, 30th March, 1896. For unselfish devotion to a wounded comrade, whom he brought in after two days and a night of great peril. (*See* account.) (*Gaz.*, 7 May, 1897.)

(205) HENEAGE, Captain Clement Walker (late Major), 8th Hussars, *India*, 17th June, 1858. He was selected, together with Sergeant Ward, Farrier Hollis, and Private Pearson, for gallantry in a desperate charge at *Gwalior*, when a squadron of the King's Royal Irish routed the rebels, rode through the rebel camp, dashed into two batteries, captured a couple of guns, and brought them safely out, under a tremendous fire from the fort and town. Died at Compton Basset, 9 Dec., 1901. (*Gaz.*, 28 Jan., 1859.)

(32) HENRY, Sergeant-Major Andrew (afterwards Cap-

tain), R.A., *Crimea,* 5th November, 1854. For gallantly sticking to the defence of his battery at *Inkerman,* where he received twelve bayonet wounds. (*Gaz.*, 24 Feb., 1857.)

(12) HEWETT, Lieutenant William Nathan Wrighte, Acting-Mate H.M.S. *Beagle* (afterwards Vice-Admiral Sir, K.C.B.), *Crimea,* 26th October and 5th November, 1854. For pluckily defending his battery with one gun against the Russians, and subsequent gallantry at *Inkerman.* Knight of the Legion of Honour. (*See* account.) Died at Portsmouth, 13th May, 1888, aged 54. (*Gaz.*, 24 Feb., 1857.)

* (389) HILL, Lieutenant Alan Richard (now Major Hill-Walker, ret. pay), 58th Regiment, *Transvaal,* 28th January, 1881. For bringing two wounded soldiers out of action at *Laing's Nek* under a heavy Boer fire. Before that he had tried to save Lieutenant Baillie, but, as he was carrying him away in his arms, the poor fellow was hit again and killed. To the Northamptons belongs the distinction of having been the last regiment to carry British colours into action, and the occasion was the fight at Laing's Nek, where, although we were repulsed, the regiment covered itself with glory. (*Gaz.*, 13 March, 1882.)

(172) HILL, Sergeant S., 90th Regiment, *India,* 16th and 17th November, 1857. For saving the life of Captain Irby at the *Secundra Bagh, Lucknow;* for rescuing wounded under heavy fire, and general gallantry during the relief. (*Gaz.*, 24 Dec., 1858.)

HILL-WALKER, *see* HILL, Alan Richard.

* (108) HILLS, Lieutenant James, Bengal Horse Artillery (now Lieutenant-General Sir J. Hills-Johnes, G.C.B., ret. pay), *India,* 9th July, 1857. For the gallant defence of his guns at *Delhi* against horse, foot, and artillery. (*See* account.) (*Gaz.*, 24 April, 1858.)

HILLS-JOHNES, *see* HILLS.

(304) HINCKLEY, Seaman (afterwards Quartermaster) George, *China,* 9th October, 1862. For carrying wounded men out of danger, under heavy fire, at *Fung Wah.* Died at Plymouth, 31 Dec., 1904, aged 85. (*Gaz.*, 6 Oct., 1863.)

* (251) HITCH, Private Frederick (dis. on pen.), 24th Regiment, *Zululand,* 22nd and 23rd January, 1879. For great gallantry at *Rorke's Drift* in the defence of the hospital patients, although wounded himself. (*See*

account.) Hitch was one of the bravest of that band, and, securing his wounded arm to his waist-belt, carried on to the end. Later he became a cab proprietor, and later still drove a taxi-cab, but so unassuming was he that few of his mates knew, until the end came, that they had been working with a hero. He died 7th January, 1913, at 62 Cranbrook Road, Chiswick, and had a fine military funeral. His old regiment mustered strong, including the Colonel and many officers, and among the followers were more than 1,500 taxi-drivers, with whom Hitch had been on strike when he died. When employed at the R.U.S. Institution his Cross was stolen from his coat, but King Edward ordered another to be made, which was presented to him by Lord Roberts. (*Gaz.*, 2 May, 1879.)

(325) HODGE, Private Samuel, 4th West India Regiment, *West Africa, River Gambia,* 30th June, 1866. For distinguished bravery at the storming of the stockaded town of *Tubabecolong,* where he was terribly wounded. (*Gaz.*, 4 Jan., 1867.)

* (481) HOLLAND, Sergeant E. Y. (now Major 13 C.D., Can. Mil. F.), Royal Canadian Dragoons, *South Africa,* 7th November, 1900. For great gallantry with the rear-guard at Komati River. (*See* account under head COCKBURN.) (*Gaz.*, 23 April, 1901.)

(207) HOLLIS, Farrier George, 8th Hussars, *India,* 17th June, 1858. For great bravery in charge of the Hussars at *Gwalior.* (*See* Heneage.) (*Gaz.*, 28 Jan., 1859.)

(130) HOLLOWELL, Private James, 78th Highlanders, *India,* 26th September, 1857. For distinguished conduct at *Lucknow.* (*See* account.) (*Gaz.*, 18 June, 1858.)

(129) HOLMES, Private Joel, 84th Regiment (York and Lancaster), *India,* October, 1857. For volunteering to assist at the guns during the advance on Lucknow, in spite of the significant fact that nearly all the gunners had been shot. (*Gaz.*, 18 June, 1858.)

* (135) HOME, Surgeon Anthony Dickson, 90th (Perthshire Light Infantry) (now Surgeon-General Sir A. D., K.C.B., ret. pay, M.D. St. And., 1847), *India,* 26th September, 1857. For noble conduct at *Lucknow* in defending his wounded. (*See* account.) (*Gaz.*, 18 June, 1858.)

(144) HOME, Lieutenant Duncan Charles, Bengal Engineers, *India,* 14th September, 1857. He was one of the Cashmere Gate party at *Delhi,* and had the Cross

provisionally conferred upon him by General Wilson, but, unhappily, died before it was confirmed. Blown up at Malagash, 1 Oct., 1857. (*Gaz.*, 18 June, 1858.)

(347) Hook, Private Alfred Henry, 24th Regiment, *Zululand,* 22nd and 23rd January, 1879. One of the *Rorke's Drift* heroes, who so gallantly defended the hospital patients. (*See* account.) Died at Churcham, near Gloucester, 12th March, 1905, aged 54. Colonel Curll, of his old battalion, unveiled a handsome marble monument over his grave, 22nd September, 1906, erected to his honour by admiring civilians and members of the Gloucester Volunteers and the 1st V.B. Royal Fusiliers. (*Gaz.*, 2 May, 1879.)

(87) Hope, Lieutenant William (late Lieutenant-Colonel), 7th Fusiliers, *Crimea,* 18th June, 1855. For rescuing a wounded officer in broad daylight under the battery fire. Hearing that Lieutenant Hobson was lying outside the trenches severely wounded, Hope went out under a tremendous fire and found him. Returning for assistance, he took four men with him, and then discovered that it would be impossible to move the injured lieutenant without a stretcher. Braving death again, he crossed the open ground to Egerton's Pit, where he obtained a stretcher. Carrying it out again under a tremendous fire of shot and shell and bullets, he eventually managed to bring the wounded man into shelter. Six times he faced that fire on his errand of mercy, three times out and three times in—and the moment was a ticklish one, for our troops had retired after the attack on the Redan. Although one date alone figures on his Cross, innumerable acts of bravery are recorded to his credit, and on one occasion in the November following he saved the lives of thousands of men by his personal gallantry in extinguishing the fire on the roof of a burning magazine which contained 180 tons of powder. He also invented a shrapnel shell for rifled guns, and, leaving the Army shortly afterwards, commanded the 1st City of London Artillery Volunteers for some years. He was often referred to in the Press as the late Lieutenant-Colonel Hope, and a letter of his which appeared on the 3rd of July, 1908, in the *Daily Telegraph,* is of pathetic interest, especially to the ever-diminishing band of Crimean heroes. "Sir,—It is doubtless to that wonderful man, the doyen of war correspondents, my friend—if he will allow me to call him so—Mr. Bennet Burleigh, that

I owe my exhumation from the tomb in your list of Crimean V.C's. still living. It is with a sharp pain that I find the list is so terribly shrunk, and think of my comrades who have passed away. But, at all events, I am truly thankful to be able to add one more to the list, namely, 'Alma Jones,' shot through the jaw carrying the Queen's Colour at the Alma, shot in the shoulder during the six assaults during the night of June 7-8, 1855, on the 'Quarries,' which we had to deliver, or attacks which we had to repel, before we could hold the work. We had attacked at dusk—a forlorn hope of 600—and Lord Raglan's excellent orders provided for our being supported, if we effected a lodgment, by 1,800, to be followed again by a working party of 1,000 to 'turn' the work. But the headquarter staff did not carry out Lord Raglan's orders, and our 'supports' only came to relieve us—at least, the remains of us—at about nine on the morning of the 8th. But to come back to Alma Jones.' He was again wounded in the chest on Sept. 8 (final assault on the Redan), being struck by a large shell splinter on the glacis of the work. He is, I am happy to say, still alive and wonderfully well. I expect to see him very shortly on a flying visit to London. Thus the list of survivors is increased to six, and it is not a little remarkable that half of those were Royal Fusiliers. We began the war with twenty-nine officers, and had fifty-six casualties, the entire staff of the regiment being swept away on June 7 and 18, 1855. 'Alma Jones' and I were both killed by the War Office many years ago, when it was discovered that neither of us had any pension, and, therefore, no right to live; so the young gentleman told off to keep the list in the War Office promptly killed us both.—I am, sir, yours faithfully, W. Hope, Colonel, formerly commanding No. 1 Company, Royal Fusiliers." Little more than a twelvemonth after his letter he joined the great majority at last, dying on the 17th December, 1909, at a nursing home in London, aged 75, his wife having died only a week previously. He was buried at Brompton with military honours, and at the graveside stood Private Lewis, a Chelsea Pensioner who had served with him in the Crimea. (*Gaz.*, 5 May, 1857.)

* (431) Hore-Ruthven, Lieutenant the Hon. Alexander Gore Arkwright, 3rd Batt. (Militia) Highland Light Infantry (now Capt. I. D. G.), *Soudan*, 22nd September, 1898. During the action of Gedariff, Captain Hore-

Ruthven saw an Egyptian officer lying wounded within fifty yards of the Dervish advance, and picking him up he carried him towards the 16th Egyptian Batt.; the enemy were close upon him, and several times he had to drop his burden and fire upon them. He succeeded in bringing his man in, and winning the first Cross that has been awarded to the Militia. (*Gaz.*, 28 Feb., 1899.)

(514) HOUSE, Private William, 2nd Batt. Berkshire Regiment, *South Africa*, 2nd August, 1900. Before the attack on the Boers at Mosilikatse Nek a sergeant was sent forward to reconnoitre, and was severely wounded; he lay out in the open, the Boers continuing to make a target of him. In spite of the warning that he went almost to certain death, Private House left cover in a desperate attempt to bring his comrade in. He was hit severely himself, and as he lay there he forbade his comrades to come to his assistance until the advance should be made. House, who was a native of Thatcham, near Newbury, was awarded the D.C. medal, September 27th, 1901, but this was afterwards cancelled in favour of the V.C. (*Gaz.*, 7 Oct., 1902.) The date of his gazetting was his 23rd birthday. He died by his own hand at Dover when apparently cleaning his rifle, 28th February, 1912, shooting himself through the head, in which he had been twice hit during his gallant action.

* (482) HOWSE, Captain (now Hon. Major, Com. Mil. F.) Neville Reginald, New South Wales Medical Staff Corps, *South Africa*, 24th July, 1900. For going out under a heavy fire during the action at Vredefort, picking up a severely wounded man and carrying him a considerable distance under a severe cross-fire. Captain Howse's medical degrees are: L.R.C.P. Lond., 1887; M., 1886; F., 1897; R.C.S. Eng.; and he was decorated by Sir Frederick Darling, Governor of New South Wales, at Sydney, 8th February, 1902. (*Gaz.*, 4 June, 1901.)

(52) HUGHES, Corporal Matthew, 7th Fusiliers, *Crimea*, 7th and 18th June, 1855. For twice carrying ammunition under a heavy fire, and twice rescuing a wounded officer and a wounded soldier. (*Gaz.*, 24 Feb., 1857.)

(84) HUMPSTON, Sergeant Robert, Rifle Brigade, *Crimea*, 22nd April, 1855. For capturing one of the enemy's rifle-pits in broad daylight, with the help of a comrade. (*Gaz.*, 24 Feb., 1857.)

* (513) IND, Shoeing-Smith (Corporal S.S. dis. on pen.) Alfred Ernest, Royal Horse Artillery, X.I. Section

Pompoms, *South Africa,* 20th December, 1901. For great gallantry near Tafelkop, Orange River Colony, where he stuck to his gun under a very heavy fire, when the whole of the Pompom team had been shot down, continuing to fire into the advancing enemy until the last possible moment. Captain Jeffcoats, who was mortally wounded, made a dying request that Ind's bravery in this and every other action since he joined the Pompom section should be brought to notice. Ind was promoted Corporal after Tafelkop, and was mentioned in dispatches on three other occasions. (*Gaz.,* 15 Aug., 1902.)

(21) INGOUVILLE, Captain of the Mast George, R.N., *Baltic,* 13th July, 1855. For jumping overboard at *Viborg,* and swimming to a disabled cutter, which had drifted under the enemy's works, and recovering it, although he was badly wounded at the time. Died 13th Jan., 1869. (*Gaz.,* 24 Feb., 1857.)

* (467) INKSON, Lieutenant (now Major) Edgar Thomas, R.A.M.C., *South Africa,* 24th February, 1900. For the gallant rescue of Lieutenant Devenish, Inniskilling Fusiliers, at Hart's Hill, Colenso. Severely wounded and unable to walk, Lieutenant Devenish lay out exposed to a very heavy fire, when Lieutenant Inkson carried him for 400 yards through a perfect hail of bullets, without any cover for the entire distance. Captain Inkson is the son of Surgeon-Major General Inkson, R.A., and an old University College man, L.R.C.P. Lond., 1898; M.R.C.S. Eng., 1898; and was gazetted to the R.A.M.C. 28th July, 1899. He was twice mentioned in dispatches, and though under fire every day for weeks at a stretch was never wounded. (*Gaz.,* 15 Jan., 1901.)

(200) INNES, Lieutenant John James McLeod (late Hon. Lt.-General, C.B., ret. pay), Bengal Engineers, *India,* 23rd February, 1858. At *Sultanpore* he galloped in advance of the leading skirmishers, and secured a gun which the enemy were abandoning. They rallied round another one, which they pointed at our columns; and, quite alone, he rode at it, shot the gunner, and kept the artillerymen at bay until his own fellows came up, a hundred matchlock men firing at him all the while. His gallantry during the Siege of Lucknow was beyond all praise. Died at 5, Pemberton Terrace, Cambridge, 13th Dec., 1907. (*Gaz.,* 24 Dec., 1858.)

(166) IRWIN, Private C., 53rd Regiment, *India,* 16th

November, 1857. Badly wounded and covered with blood, he was the first of his regiment to enter the *Secundra Bagh* at *Lucknow,* and was chosen for the Cross by his comrades. (*Gaz.,* 24 Dec., 1858.)

(228) JARRETT, Lieutenant Hanson Chambers Taylor, (afterwards Colonel), 26th Bengal Native Infantry, *India,* 14th October, 1858. For a gallant attempt, with only four men, to seize a house at *Baroun,* occupied by seventy sepoys. (*Gaz.,* 21 June, 1859.)

(277) JEE, Surgeon Joseph (late Surgeon-Major Deputy Inspector-General, C.B., M.R.C.S. Eng., 1841), 78th Highlanders, *India,* 25th September, 1857. For great gallantry at *Lucknow* when in charge of the wounded. (*See* account.) Died at Queensborough Hall, Leicestershire, 17th March, 1899. (*Gaz.,* 9 Nov., 1860.)

(185) JENNINGS, Roughrider Edward, Bengal Artillery, *India,* 14th to 22nd November 1857. For conspicuous gallantry at *Lucknow,* for which he was elected by his battery. Died at the age of 74. (*Gaz.,* 24 Dec., 1858.)

(241) JEROME, Lieutenant Henry Edward (late Major-General), 86th Regiment, *India,* 3rd April and 23rd May, 1858. (1) For conspicuous gallantry at *Jhansi* in having, with the assistance of Private Byrne, carried away Lieutenant Sewell, who was severely wounded, from a very exposed place under a terrific fire. (2) For gallant conduct at the capture of the *Fort of Chandairee,* the storming of *Jhansi,* and in an action with a superior rebel force on the *Jumna,* when he was severely wounded. Died at Bath, 25 Feb., 1901. (*Gaz.,* 11 Nov., 1859.)

* (475) JOHNSTONE, Captain R. (ret.), Imperial Light Horse, *South Africa,* 21st October, 1899. For great gallantry in rallying the advance at Elandslaagte. (*See* Mullins.) (*Gaz.,* 12 Feb., 1901.)

(23) JOHNSTONE, Stoker William, R.N., *Baltic,* 9th to 12th August, 1854. For assisting to capture the Russian dispatches on the *Island of Wardo,* when he took three of the escort prisoners. (*See* Bythesea.) (*Gaz.,* 24 Feb., 1857.)

* (141) JONES, Lieutenant Alfred Stowell (afterwards Lieut.-Colonel 13th Foot), 9th Lancers, *India,* 8th June, 1857. Extract from Sir Hope Grant's dispatch: "The cavalry charged the rebels and rode through them. Lieutenant Jones, of the 9th Lancers, with his squadron, captured one of the guns, killing the drivers, and, with Lieutenant-Colonel Yule's assistance turned it upon a

village occupied by the rebels, who were quickly dislodged. This was a well-conceived act, gallantly executed." Yule was killed before Delhi, both thighs being broken by musket balls, his head pierced just above the eye, his throat cut, and his hands much gashed, as if held up to protect himself. His sword is now in the Guildhall Museum. At Agra, 16th October, Lieut. Jones received twenty-two wounds, had one eye destroyed, and part of his head cut away, in spite of which he celebrated his golden wedding at Finchhampstead, 13th June, 1913. The band of the regiment attended, their colonel, General Bushman, and Lord and Lady Roberts were there to do honour to the fine old veteran, and past and present officers sent him a gold cup. Born at Liverpool, 1832, he served as D.A.Q.M. to the cavalry at Delhi, and retired from the 13th Foot in 1872. (*Gaz.*, 18 June, 1858.)

* (97) JONES, Captain Henry Mitchell (ret.), 7th Royal Fusiliers, *Crimea,* 7th June, 1855. For repeated gallantry in repelling night attacks, remaining at his post until morning, although wounded. (*Gaz.*, 25 Sept., 1857.) ("Alma Jones," *see* Hope.)

(349) JONES, Private Robert, 24th Regiment, *Zululand,* 22nd and 23rd January, 1879. For great gallantry at *Rorke's Drift* in defence of the hospital hut. Died in London. (*See* account.) (*Gaz.*, 2 May, 1879.)

(508) JONES, Lieutenant Robert James Thomas Digby, Royal Engineers, *South Africa,* 6th January, 1900. For great gallantry during the attack on Waggon Hill, Ladysmith, in which affair he was unhappily killed. (*See* account.) (*Gaz.*, 8th August, 1902.)

* (348) JONES, Private William (dis. on pension), 24th Regiment, *Zululand,* 22nd and 23rd January, 1879. Another *Rorke's Drift* man. (*See* account.) (*Gaz.*, 2 May, 1879.)

(230) KAVANAGH, Thomas Henry, Esq., Assistant-Commissioner in *Oude,* I.C.S., *India,* 8th November, 1857. After bravely assisting in the defence of *Lucknow,* he volunteered to reach the relieving force, and guided them to the Residency, disguised as a native, in circumstances of the deadliest peril. Died at Gibraltar, 11 Nov., 1882. (*Gaz.*, 6 July, 1859.)

(290) KEATINGE, Captain Richard Harte (afterwards General, C.S.I.), Bombay Artillery, *India,* 17th March, 1858. During the assault of *Chandairee* he led a column through the breach, was one of the first to enter, and was

severely wounded by the heavy cross-fire. He had discovered a small path leading across the ditch the night before, and thus saved the column great loss. Clearing the breach, he led into the fort, where he was struck down by another dangerous wound. Died at Horsham, 25 May, 1904. (*Gaz.*, 25 Feb., 1862.)

(6) KELLAWAY, Boatswain Joseph, R.N., *Sea of Azov, Crimea*, September, 1855. His comrade, Mr. Odevaine, having fallen, Kellaway returned to his assistance, and laid about him stoutly, but, in spite of their resistance, they were both taken by the Russians. Died at Chatham, 10th Oct., 1880. (*Gaz.*, 24 Feb., 1857.)

(194) KELLS, Lance-Corporal Robert (afterwards Trumpet-Major and Sergeant in the Yeomen of the Guard, Royal Victorian Medal), 9th Lancers, *India,* 28th September, 1857. For pluckily defending his wounded officer at *Boolandshuhur* against a number of rebels, and remaining with him until the danger was over. He was an old Chillianwallah man, and after the Mutiny served in the 19th Hussars. Died April, 1905, aged 74. (*Gaz.*, 24 Dec., 1858.)

* (426) KENNA, Captain (now Colonel, D.S.O., h.p., A.D.C.) Paul Aloysius, 21st Lancers, *Soudan,* 2nd September, 1898. For great gallantry after the charge at Omdurman, when he brought Major Crole Wyndham out behind him on his own saddle, and afterwards went back to assist in the recovery of the body of Lieutenant Grenfell. (*See* account.) (*Gaz.*, 15 Nov., 1898.)

(497) KENNEDY, Private Charles Thomas, 1st Batt. Highland Light Infantry, *South Africa,* 22nd November, 1900. For two gallant actions: at Dewetsdorp, when posted on Gibraltar Hill, he carried a wounded man, who was bleeding to death, to the hospital, nearly a mile off, the entire distance under very heavy fire. Next day he volunteered to convey an urgent message to the officer commanding, it being almost certain death to attempt the undertaking in face of the fire. He was severely wounded before he had gone twenty yards, but fortunately recovered. (*Gaz.*, 18 October, 1901.) Poor Kennedy met his death under painful circumstances, 24th April, 1907, in Edinburgh. A horse attached to a contractor's cart had bolted in Leith Walk, and in making a plucky attempt to stop it he was knocked down, the wheels passing over him, inflicting such severe injuries that he died on his way to the Royal Infirmary.

(165) KENNY, Private J., 53rd Regiment, *India,* 16th November, 1857. Elected by his comrades for bravery at the taking of the *Secundra Bagh, Lucknow,* where he fearlessly risked his own life to bring up ammunition to his company under a severe cross-fire. (*Gaz.,* 24 Dec., 1858.)

* (109) KERR, Lieutenant William Alexander (retired), 24 Bombay Native Infantry, serving with the Southern Mahratta Irregular Horse, *India,* 10th July, 1857. For splendid gallantry in the storming of a fortification near *Kolapore,* with seventeen dismounted troopers, and killing or capturing the thirty-four mutineers, after a desperate resistance. One of the last Chillianwallah officers, where he rode as galloper to his cousin Brig.-General Steel. (*See* account.) (*Gaz.,* 24 April, 1858.)

* (457) KIRBY, Corporal (now Quartermaster Hon. Lieut.) Frank Howard, Royal Engineers, *South Africa,* 2nd June, 1900. Corporal Kirby, an old Dulwich boy, gained the Distinguished Conduct Medal for blowing up the Bloemfontein Railway in March, 1900. His Victoria Cross exploit occurred in the attempt to cut the Delagoa Bay Railway to prevent the Boer retreat. Our party when retiring was hard pressed by the enemy, and during one of the rearguard actions a man whose horse had been shot was seen running after his comrades; he was under a brisk fire and a long way off, but the Corporal turned and rode back to his assistance. When he reached him they were under a heavy fire at close range, but the plucky fellow managed to get him up behind him and to carry him over the next rise held by the rearguard. This was the third occasion on which he had shown great gallantry in the face of the enemy; he was mentioned several times in dispatches, and in July was promoted Sergeant-Major on the field. (*Gaz.,* 5 Oct., 1900.)

(260) KIRK, Private John, 10th Regiment, *India,* 4th June, 1857. For assisting to rescue an officer and his family, who were besieged by the mutineers in a house at *Benares,* and succeeding in rescuing them at the risk of his life. (*Gaz.,* 20 Jan., 1860.)

* (463) KNIGHT, Corporal (now Sergeant) H. J., 1st Batt. Liverpool Regiment (No. 1 Co. 4th Division Mounted Infantry), *South Africa,* 21st August, 1900. During the operations near Van Wyks's Vlei, Corporal Knight was posted in some rocks with four men covering the right rear of a detachment of the same company, who were holding the right of the line under Captain Ewart. About

50 of the enemy attacked Captain Ewart's right and almost surrounded the Corporal's party at short range. Knight held his ground, retired his party one by one to better cover, where he maintained his position for nearly an hour, covered Captain Ewart's withdrawal, and lost two out of his four men. He then retired himself, bringing off his wounded, one of whom he left in a place of safety, while the other he carried on his back for nearly two miles, the whole affair being conducted under very hot fire. (*Gaz.*, 4th Jan., 1901.)

(82) KNOX, Sergeant John Simpson (late Brevet-Major), Scots Fusilier Guards and Rifle Brigade, *Crimea,* 20th September, 1854, and 18th June, 1855. (1) For great exertions in reforming the ranks at the *Alma* when they had been broken by a retiring regiment. (2) For gallantry with a ladder party at the storming of the *Redan,* where he was twice wounded, and lost his arm. Died at Cheltenham, aged 78. (*Gaz.*, 24 Feb., 1857.)

(126) LAMBERT, Sergeant-Major George, 84th Regiment, *India,* 29th July, 16th August, and 25th September, 1857. For distinguished conduct at *Oonao, Bithoor,* and *Lucknow.* (*Gaz.*, 18 June, 1858.)

(287) LANE, Private Thomas, 67th Regiment, *China,* 21st August, 1860. For swimming the ditch at the *Taku* forts, and forcing an entrance, when he was severely wounded. (*See* Burslem.) Died 1887. (*Gaz.*, 13 Aug., 1861.)

(187) LAUGHNAN, Gunner T., Bengal Artillery, *India,* 14th to 22nd November, 1857. Elected by his comrades for very conspicuous gallantry at the relief of *Lucknow,* under Havelock and Outram. (*Gaz.*, 24 Dec., 1858.)

(249) LAWRENCE, Lieutenant Samuel Hill, 32nd Regiment, *India,* 7th July and 26th September, 1857. During a sortie at *Lucknow* he was the first to mount a ladder and burst through the window of a house held by the rebels. On another occasion he charged in advance of his company, with two men, and seized a nine-pounder. (*Gaz.*, 21 Nov., 1859.)

* (469) LAWRENCE, Sergeant T. (now Riding Master and Hon. Lieutenant 18th Hussars), 17th Lancers, *South Africa,* 7th August, 1900. For great personal gallantry in saving a wounded comrade near Essenbosch Farm. (*See* account.) (*Gaz.*, 15th Jan., 1901.)

* (424) LAWSON, Private Edward, 1st Batt. Gordon Highlanders (dis.), *Dargai Heights, N.W. Frontier,*

India, 20th October, 1897. For bringing in an officer and man, under fire, himself wounded in two places. (*See* account.) (*Gaz.,* 20 May, 1898.)

(368) LEACH, Captain Edward Pemberton (late Gen. Sir, K.C.B., K.C.V.O.), R.E., *Afghanistan,* 17th March, 1879. For promptly charging a superior force at *Maidanah,* with a party of the 45th (Rattray's) Sikhs, saving his force from annihilation, and getting severely wounded. An old Highgate boy. Died 26th April, 1913, at Cadenabbia, Italy, aged 66. (*Gaz.,* 9 Dec., 1879.)

(356) LEET, Major William Knox (late Hon. Major-General), C.B., 13th Regiment, *Zululand,* 28th March, 1879. For saving the life of Lieutenant Smith, Frontier Light Horse, under a heavy fire, *Inhlobane Mountain.* Died 29th June, 1898, aged 65. (*Gaz.,* 17 June, 1879.)

(121) LEITCH, Colour-Sergeant Peter, R.E., *Crimea,* 18th June, 1855. Under a heavy fire, the brave fellow struggled to form a *caponnière,* or passage, and ramp, across the ditch of the *Redan,* by tearing down gabions from the parapet, filling them, and placing them in position, working away until he was disabled by wounds. (*Gaz.,* 4 June, 1858.)

(195) LEITH, Lieutenant James (afterwards Major), 14th King's Light Dragoons (now Hussars), *India,* 1st April, 1858. For charging alone and rescuing a brother officer at *Betwah* from a number of rebels. (*Gaz.,* 24 Dec., 1858.)

(38) LENDRIM, Corporal (late Quartermaster-Sergeant) William James, R.E., *Crimea,* 14th February, 11th and 20th April, 1855. For particularly plucky conduct in climbing on to a magazine and succeeding in extinguishing burning sand-bags and repairing the breach under fire. Also for superintending 150 French soldiers in replacing capsized gabions under a very heavy fire, and volunteering to destroy Russian rifle-pits. Died at Camberley, October, 1892. (*Gaz.,* 24 Feb., 1857.)

(36) LENNOX, Lieutenant Wilbraham Oates, R.E. (late General, K.C.B.), *Crimea,* 20th November, 1854. For extreme coolness and gallantry in establishing a lodgment in Tryon's rifle-pit at *Sebastopol* and assisting to repel the enemy, the operation drawing forth a special order from the French General Canrobert. (*Gaz.,* 24 Feb., 1857.)

(285) LENON, Lieutenant Edmund Henry (afterwards Major), 67th Regiment, *China,* 21st August, 1860. For

gallantry in swimming the ditch at the *Taku Forts,* which he was one of the first to enter. An attempt is being made to secure his Cross and medal for the Sergeants' Mess at Winchester. (*See* Rogers.) (*Gaz.,* 13 Aug., 1861.)

* (405) Le Quesne, Surgeon-Captain Ferdinand Simeon (now Lt.-Col. R.A.M.C.) (L.R.C.P. Lond., 1886; M.R.C.S. Eng., 1886; L.S.A. Lond., 1885), Army Medical Staff, *Burma,* May 4th, 1889. During the attack on the village of *Tartun* he remained close to the enemy's stockades under a continuous fire for nearly a quarter of an hour, dressing the wounds of Lieutenant Michael, Norfolk Regiment, who afterwards died. The doctor was severely wounded himself soon afterwards in attending to another officer. (*Gaz.,* 29 Oct., 1889.)

(46) Lindsay, Lieutenant Robert James (afterwards Colonel Loyd-Lindsay Lord Wantage, K.C.B.), Scots Fusilier Guards, *Crimea,* 20th September and 5th November, 1854. He carried the Queen's Colour at the *Alma* with great distinction, assisting to rally his men, the colour receiving twenty bullet wounds. At *Inkerman* he was also remarkable for his courage, charging a superior force with a few men and repulsing it. His subsequent services to our Volunteers are well known. Knight of the Legion of Honour. The celebrated "Victoria Cross Gallery," painted by the Chevalier Desanges, once so well known to visitors to the Crystal Palace, has now found a permanent home in a public museum built by his widow at Wantage. Died at Lockinge House, Wantage, 10th June, 1901. (*Gaz.,* 24 Feb., 1857.)

* (411) Lloyd, Surgeon-Major (now Surgeon-General, C.B., R.A.M.C.) (L.R.C.P. Edin., 1877; L.R.C.S. Edin., 1877). Owen Edward Pennefather, Army Medical Staff, *Burma,* January 6th, 1893. For gallantry and self-devotion during an attack on the *Sima* outposts. (*See* account.) (*Gaz.,* 2 Jan., 1894.)

* (440) Lodge, Gunner (Bombardier dis.) Isaac, Q Battery, R.H.A., *South Africa,* 31st March, 1900. One of the Korn Spruit heroes of Q battery. (*See* account.) (*Gaz.,* 26 June, 1900.)

* (24) Lucas, Lieutenant Charles David (mate) (now Rear-Admiral), R.N., *Baltic,* 21st June, 1854. He is conspicuous as being the senior winner of the distinction, which he gained off *Bomaasund* by pitching overboard a live shell that had fallen on the deck of the *Hecla.* (*Gaz.,* 24 Feb., 1857.)

(282) Lucas, Colour-Sergeant (afterwards Sergeant-Major) John, 40th Regiment *New Zealand,* 18th March, 1861. For assisting a wounded officer under a very heavy fire, and remaining at his post until help reached him. Died Dublin, 1893. (*Gaz.,* 17 July, 1861.)

(76) Lumley, Major Charles Henry, 97th Regiment, *Crimea,* 8th September, 1855. He was one of the first to enter the *Redan,* displaying great bravery on the occasion, and being twice severely wounded. He shot down two Russians; was felled by a stone; recovered, and was cheering on his men when he was shot in the mouth. (*Gaz.,* 24 Feb., 1857.)

(56) Lyons, Private John, 19th Regiment, *Crimea,* 10th June, 1855. For pitching a live shell over the parapet, when it fell among the guard. (*Gaz.,* 24 Feb., 1857.)

(394) Lysons, Lieutenant Henry (late Colonel Bedfords), 90th Regiment, *Zululand,* 28th March, 1879. For great pluck in clearing the enemy out of the cave during an attack on the *Inhlobane Mountain.* Died in London 24 July, 1907. (*Gaz.,* 7 April, 1882.)

* (237) Lyster, Lieutenant Harry Hammon (now Lt.-Gen., C.B., u.s.l. Ind. Army), 72nd Bengal Native Infantry, *India,* 23rd May, 1858. Under the immediate eye of Sir Hugh Rose, who reported the act, the gallant Lieutenant charged a skirmishing square of the retreating rebels at *Calpee* alone, broke it, and killed two or three sepoys with his own hand. (*Gaz.,* 21 Oct., 1859.)

(120) Macdonald, Colour-Sergeant Henry (afterwards Captain), R.E., *Crimea,* 19th April, 1855. For gallant conduct when effecting a lodgment in the enemy's rifle-pits in front of the left advance of the right attack on *Sebastopol,* and for subsequent valour when the command devolved upon him, his officers being wounded, in carrying on the sap in spite of the repeated attacks of the enemy. Died in Glasgow, 15th Feb., 1893, aged 70. (Gaz., 4 June, 1858.)

(336) Macintyre, Major Donald (afterwards Major-General), Bengal Staff Corps, *Looshai, India,* 4th January, 1872. For gallantry at the storming of a stockade at *Lalgnoora* under a severe fire. Died at Fortrose, 15th April, 1903, aged 71. (*Gaz.,* 27 Sept., 1872.)

(177) Mackay, Private D., 93rd Highlanders, *India,* 16th November, 1857. Elected by his comrades after the *Secundra Bagh, Lucknow,* where he captured the rebels' colours after a gallant struggle. (*Gaz.,* 24 Dec., 1858.)

* (451) MACKAY, Corporal (now Capt. Arg. and Suth. Highlanders) John Frederick, 1st Batt. Gordon Highlanders, *South Africa,* 29th May, 1900. For gallantry and devotion at Crows' Nest Hill, near Johannesburg. His devotion to the wounded lying in the open was very marked, and one man in particular he carried in under a very heavy fire. He was entered at Trinity College, Dublin, but enlisted in the Gordons and saw service in Chitral and on the Punjab Frontier, including the celebrated storming of Dargai. His commission in the King's Own Scottish Borderers was signed on July 27th, 1901. (*Gaz.,* 10 Aug., 1900.)

(47) MACKECHNIE, Sergeant James, Scots Fusilier Guards, *Crimea,* 20th September, 1854. For helping to rally his comrades round the colours, and behaving with great gallantry at the *Alma.* (*Gaz.,* 24 Feb., 1857.)

(307) MACKENNA, Colour-Sergeant (late Ensign) Edward, 65th Regiment (2nd Yorkshire, North Riding), *New Zealand,* 7th September, 1863. For drawing off a small force through difficult country swarming with Maoris, both his officers being shot. (*See* account.) By his request his widow has presented to the Auckland Museum his V.C., medals, and the revolver given to him by his wounded officer. (*Gaz.,* 19 Jan., 1864.)

* (465) MACKENZIE, Sergeant (now Captain, Royal Scots) John, 2nd Batt. Seaforth Highlanders, *Ashantee,* 6th June, 1900. For great gallantry and coolness at Dompoassi, where he worked two Maxim guns under a heavy fire, and though severely wounded volunteered to clear the stockade, which he did, heading a splendid charge which drove the enemy into the bush. Captain Mackenzie took part in the Relief of Chitral, made three campaigns in West Africa, was mentioned in dispatches three times, and received the Distinguished Conduct Medal. (*Gaz.,* 15 Jan., 1901.)

(419) MACLEAN, Lieutenant Hector Lachlan Stewart, Indian Staff Corps, *Upper Swat, N.W. Frontier, India,* 17th August, 1897. For distinguished gallantry in the attempt to rescue Lieutenant Greaves, in which attempt MacLean lost his life. (*See* account.) (*Gaz.,* 9 Nov., 1897.)

(124) MACPHERSON, Lieutenant Herbert Taylor (afterwards Major-General Sir, K.C.B., K.C.S.I.), 78th Rossshire Buffs, *India,* 25th September, 1857. For bravery

when Adjutant of the Regiment, in leading his men on a couple of brass 9-pounders at *Lucknow,* which they captured after a dashing bayonet charge. He died of fever at Prome, October 20th, 1889, leaving a gallant record of distinguished service. (*See* account.) (*Gaz.,* 18 June, 1858.)

(284) M'Dougall, Private John, 44th Regiment, *China,* 21st August, 1860. He swam the ditch at the *Taku Forts,* and was one of the first men on the walls. (*Gaz.,* 13 Aug., 1861.)

(338) M'Gaw, Lance-Sergeant Samuel, 42nd Highlanders, *Ashantee,* 21st January, 1874. For leading his section through the bush for an entire day, although severely wounded at the beginning of the affair of *Amoaful.* Died from sunstroke on landing at Cyprus, 1878. (*Gaz.,* 28 March, 1874.)

(202) M'Guire, Sergeant J., 1st Bengal European Fusiliers, *India,* 14th September, 1857. For saving many lives at the terrible risk of his own at *Delhi* by throwing burning ammunition cases over the parapet into the river. (*Gaz.,* 24 Dec., 1858.)

(269) M'Hale, Private Patrick, 5th Northumberland Fusiliers, *India,* 2nd October and 22nd September, 1857. He was a celebrated character at *Lucknow* from his marvellous bravery in attacking the mutineers, striking terror into them by his personal prowess. He was twice among the foremost to seize guns under fire. He was a sandy-haired, freckled giant of very powerful physique, 6 feet 2 inches in his socks, but could neither read nor write. Died at Shorncliffe, 28 Oct., 1866. (*Gaz.,* 19 June, 1860.)

(188) M'Innes, Gunner H., Bengal Artillery, *India,* 14th to 22nd November, 1857. He was elected by his comrades for conspicuous gallantry at *Lucknow.* (*Gaz.,* 24 Dec., 1858.)

(125) M'Master, Valentine Munbee, Assistant-Surgeon 78th Highlanders, *India,* 25th September, 1857. For tending the wounded during the first relief of *Lucknow,* under a very heavy fire. M.R.C.S. Edin., 1855; M.D. Edin., 1860. (*See* account.) (*Gaz.,* 18 June, 1858.)

(64) M'Wheeney, Sergeant William, 44th Regiment, *Crimea,* 20th October and 5th December, 1854, and 18th June, 1855. He saved two lives under a heavy fire, and volunteered for the advance guard on the 18th June.

During the whole of the war he was never absent from duty. (*Gaz.*, 24 Feb., 1857.)

(179) McBean, Lieutenant and Adjutant William (afterwards Major-General 93rd Sutherland Highlanders, *India,* 11th March, 1858. At the *Begum Bagh, Lucknow,* he slew eleven rebels in the main breach. (*See* account.) (*Gaz.*, 24 Dec., 1858.)

(70) McCorrie, Private Charles, 57th Regiment, *Crimea,* 23rd June, 1855. For pitching a live shell over the parapet. (*Gaz.*, 24 Feb., 1857.)

(380) McCrea, Surgeon John Frederick, 1st Regiment Cape Mounted Yeomanry, *South Africa,* 14th January, 1881. For tending the wounded under a heavy fire, although hit himself, and afterwards bearing them to shelter before attending to his own hurts, at *Tweefontein, Basutoland.* M.R.C.S., Eng., 1878.; L.R.C.P., Edin., 1878. Died in Africa, 1894. (*Gaz.*, 28 June, 1881.)

(65) McDermond, Private John, 47th Regiment, *Crimea,* 5th November, 1854. He rescued a wounded officer at *Inkerman* from a number of Russians, and killed the man who had wounded him. (*Gaz.*, 24 Feb., 1857.)

(261) McDonnell, William Fraser, Esq., Bengal Civil Service, Magistrate of *Sarun, India,* 30th July, 1857. During our retreat from *Arrah,* he climbed outside a native boat under an incessant fire, and cut the lashings of the rudder, enabling the boat to obey the helm, and saving thirty-five British soldiers from certain death. Died at Cheltenham, 31st July, 1894. (*Gaz.*, 17 Feb., 1860.)

(229) McGovern, Private John, 1st Bengal European Fusiliers, *India,* 23rd June, 1857. He was greatly distinguished during the operations before *Delhi,* and risked his own life under a heavy fire to save that of a wounded comrade. (*Gaz.*, 21 June, 1859.)

(83) McGregor, Private R., Rifle Brigade, *Crimea,* 22nd April, 1855. After crossing the open under fire, he cleared two Russians out of their rifle-pit and calmly occupied it himself, performing a similar act the following July. (*Gaz.*, 24 Feb., 1857.)

(131) McManus, Private Peter, 5th Northumberland Fusiliers, *India,* 26th September, 1857. For gallantly defending a party besieged in a house at Lucknow, by firing on the mutineers, and remaining outside to do so, using a pillar as protection. He also rescued a wounded

officer under a murderous shower of musketry, and was badly hit. Died of smallpox at Allahabad, 1859. (*Gaz.*, 18 June, 1858.)

(311) McNeill, Lieutenant-Colonel John Carstair (afterwards Major-General Sir, G.C.V.O., K.C.B., K.C.M.G.), Extra Equerry to the King, 107th Regiment, *New Zealand,* 30th March, 1864. For returning alone under a heavy fire to assist Private Vosper of the Colonial Defence Force, whose horse had thrown him. The Colonel caught his horse and helped him mount, the enemy firing sharply all the time, and being so near that the two had to gallop as hard as they could to escape. Died in St. James's Palace, 25th May, 1904, aged 75. (*Gaz.*, 16 Aug., 1864.)

(213) McPherson, Colour-Sergeant Stewart, 78th Highlanders (Ross-shire Buffs), *India,* 26th September, 1857. For rescuing a wounded private of his company who was lying in an exposed position, at tremendous personal risk; the Sergeant besides behaved with great gallantry on more than one occasion in action. (*Gaz.*, 12 April, 1859.)

(246) McQuirt, Private Bernard, 95th Regiment, *India,* 6th January, 1858. For a plucky hand-to-hand encounter during the attack on *Rowa,* where he received six wounds and defeated three rebels. (*Gaz.*, 11 Nov., 1859.)

(63) Madden, Sergeant-Major Ambrose, 41st Welsh Regiment, *Crimea,* 5th November, 1854. Leading a party of his battalion at the battle of *Inkerman,* they captured a Russian officer and fourteen privates, three of whom he took with his own hand. (*Gaz.*, 24 Feb., 1857.)

(334) Magner, Drummer Michael, 33rd Regiment (Duke of Wellington's), *Abyssinia,* 13th April, 1868. He was one of the first to enter *Magdala.* (*Gaz.*, 28 July, 1868.)

(127) Mahoney, Sergeant Patrick, 1st Madras European Fusiliers, *India,* 21st September, 1857. For assisting to capture the colours of the 1st Native Infantry Regiment, which had mutinied at *Mangulwar.* (*Gaz.*, 18 June, 1858.)

(430) Maillard, Surgeon (late Staff-Surgeon) William Job, M.D., R.N., *Crete,* 6th September, 1898. M.B., 1888; M.D., 1891; Lond. Univ., M.R.C.P. Lond., 1888; M.R.C.S. Eng., 1888. During the troubles in Crete, Surgeon Maillard disembarked under heavy fire with a

party of seamen from H.M.S. *Hazard;* he had reached cover when he saw Ordinary Seaman Arthur Stroud, who had fallen back wounded into the boat when the other men jumped ashore. Without a moment's hesitation, he ran to his assistance "through a perfect deluge of bullets," but, the boat being adrift and the sailor on the point of death, he was unable to bring him in, and returned to his post, luckily unhurt, although his clothes were riddled with bullets. The disturbances in Crete, where there are about 70,000 Moslems and 300,000 Christian inhabitants, were brought about entirely through Turkish misrule. The collection of a tithe granted to the Assembly on the export revenue was made the excuse for an insurrection by the Mahomedan refugees in Candia on the 6th September, 1898. Nearly a hundred British troops and a thousand Christians were killed; the British Vice-Consul was burned in his house, the town was set on fire and bombarded by the British Fleet under Admiral Noel. Eventually the ringleaders were given up and seven Mahomedans were hanged on the 18th October for the murder of two privates of the Highland Light Infantry. Staff-Surgeon Maillard died at Bournemouth in 1903, at the early age of 40. (*Gaz.*, 2 Dec., 1898.)

(272) MALCOLMSON, Lieutenant John Grant (late retired, Gentleman-at-Arms), 3rd Bombay Light Cavalry, *Persia,* 8th February, 1857. For gallantry at the battle of *Koosh-Ab,* where he rescued Lieutenant Moore. (*See* Moore, also account.) Died suddenly at Bramham Gardens, S.W., 14th August, 1902. (*Gaz.*, 3 Aug., 1860.)

(96) MALONE, Sergeant Joseph (afterwards Riding Master), 13th Light Dragoons (now Hussars), *Crimea,* 25th October, 1854. For remaining with Captain Webb, who was wounded, after the charge of *Balaclava,* his own horse having been shot, until help came. (*See* account.) (*Gaz.*, 25 Sept., 1857.) Malone enlisted in 1851, and was promoted to Lance-Sergeant without having been Corporal. He was made Riding Master in the 6th Dragoons. Captain 1881. Served in South Africa from November, 1882, until his death at Pinetown, June, 1883. There is an excellent portrait of him in uniform in the Records of the 13th Hussars.

(231) MANGLES, Ross Lowis, Esq., Bengal Civil Service, *India,* 30th July, 1857. Mr. Mangles volunteered to serve with the troops dispatched to the relief of *Arrah.* The force fell into an ambush during the night, and when

retreating next morning, Mr. Mangles, although wounded, dressed the wounds of a private of H.M. 37th under a murderous fire, which killed or wounded nearly the whole detachment, and then carried him for several miles in safety to the boats. Mr. Mangles, who was a Bath Grammar School and old Haileybury boy, died at Pirbright, 28th February, 1905, aged 71. (*Gaz.*, 6 July, 1859.)

(312) MANLEY, Assistant-Surgeon William George Nicholas (late Surgeon-General, C.B.), M.R.C.S. Eng., 1852. R.A., *New Zealand,* 29th April, 1864. For brave conduct during the assault on the rebel Pah, near *Tauranga,* where he nobly risked his own life to save Commander Hay, R.N., and others. He volunteered to accompany the storming party into the Pah, attended Commander Hay when he was carried out mortally wounded, and, volunteering to return in quest of others, was one of the last to quit the place. He had also the bronze medal of the Royal Humane Society for saving life the year following. Died 16th November, 1901. (*Gaz.*, 23 Sept., 1864.)

* (450) MANSEL-JONES, Captain Conwyn, West Yorkshire Regiment (ret. pay), *South Africa,* 27th February, 1900. During the final advance on Ladysmith, on the anniversary of Majuba, the companies of the West Yorkshire were checked for a few moments on the northern slope at Terrace Hill, north of the Tugela. It was a critical moment, and what might have proved a serious check to the whole advance was averted by the magnificent example of Captain Mansel-Jones under a severe shell, Maxim, and rifle fire. By his strong initiative, although he himself fell seriously wounded, the Yorkshires secured the position. The Regiment distinguished itself on many occasions, and did some fine bayonet work, and Captain Mansel-Jones, who went through the Ashantee Campaign of 1895-6, served with the 2nd Battalion until his retirement. (*Gaz.*, 27 July, 1900.)

* (400) MARLING, Lieutenant, Percival Scrope (now Colonel, C.B., ret. pay), 60th Rifles, *Soudan,* 13th March, 1884. For saving the life of Private Morley, 35th Regiment, at *Tamai.* (*Gaz.*, 21 May, 1884.)

* (401) MARSHALL, Quartermaster-Sergeant William Thomas (now Hon. Maj., ret. pay), 19th Hussars (Princess of Wales's Own), *Soudan,* 29th February, 1884. For saving the life of Colonel Barrow at *El-Teb,* the Colonel

lying severely wounded and his horse killed. (*Gaz.*, 21 May, 1884.)

* (445) MARTINEAU, Sergeant (discharged) Horace Robert, Protectorate Regiment, *South Africa,* 26th December, 1899. For distinguished gallantry during the Siege of Mafeking. (*See* account.) (*Gaz.*, 6 July, 1900.)

* (506) MARTIN-LEAKE, Surgeon Captain Arthur, South African Constabulary, *South Africa,* 8th February, 1902. For great devotion to duty and self-sacrifice at *Vlakfontein,* when he went out into the firing line to dress a wounded man under very heavy fire from about forty Boers, only 100 yards off. When he had done all he could for him, he went over to a badly wounded officer, and while trying to place him in a more comfortable position, he was shot three times by the brutes, who must have been perfectly well aware of his errand of mercy. He only gave up when thoroughly exhausted, and lay among the eight wounded men at that point, refusing water until all the others had been served. His medical honours are : L.R.C.P. Lond., 1898; M.R.C.S. Eng., 1898. He has since gone to the East with the English Red Cross doctors, one of the first to volunteer. (*Gaz.*, 13 May, 1902.)

* (483) MASTERSON, Lieutenant (now Major, ret. pay, R. Lanc. Reg.) James Edward Ignatius, 1st Batt. Devonshire Regiment, *South Africa,* 6th January, 1900. For great gallantry at Waggon Hill, *Ladysmith.* Three companies of the Devons charged a ridge held by the enemy and captured the position. Lieutenant Masterson led one of the companies, but no sooner were they installed there than they were swept by a terrific fire from the right and left front. Rather than abandon the ground they had taken, Lieutenant Masterson volunteered to carry a message to the Imperial Light Horse, who were holding a ridge some hundred yards behind, to fire to the left front and endeavour to check the enemy's fire in that direction. The space he had to traverse was swept by a very heavy cross-fire, and there was not an atom of cover. He was shot in both thighs, but, picking himself up, he managed to crawl in and deliver his message before falling exhausted into the Imperial Light Horse trench. There is no doubt that his unselfish heroism was the means of saving a good many lives. Major Masterson enlisted in the 87th Royal Irish Fusiliers, and served with them at Tel-el-Kebir. It was a Sergeant Patrick Masterson, of

the 87th, who captured the first French eagle taken during the Peninsular War, at Barossa, for which he received a commission, and the V.C. hero took the part in the Army Pageant of 1910 at Fulham Palace. Our Masterson was commissioned to the Devonshires in 1891, saw service in Burma, and was afterwards on the North-West Frontier. (*Gaz.*, 4 June, 1901.)

(122) MAUDE, Captain Francis Cornwallis (since Colonel, C.B.), R.A., *India,* 12th July, 1857. Although a third of his men had been killed, he advanced gallantly and bore down the natives, Sir James Outram saying that the attack appeared to him to indicate no reckless or foolhardy daring, but the calm heroism of a true soldier, and that but for Captain Maude's nerve and coolness the army could not have advanced. Mil. Kt. of Windsor. Died in the Castle, 19th October, 1900. (*Gaz.*, 18 June, 1858.)

(50) MAUDE, Major Frederick Francis (afterwards Sir F. F., G.C.B., K.L.H.), 3rd Regiment, "The Buffs," 8th September, 1855. For conspicuous and devoted bravery when in command of the covering and ladder party of the 2nd division at the *Redan.* After entering he held a position between traverses with only nine or ten men, and would not retire until all hope of support was over, and he was dangerously wounded. Died at Torquay 20th June, 1897. (*Gaz.*, 24 Feb., 1857.)

* (476) MAXWELL, Lieutenant Francis Aylmer, D.S.O., Indian Staff Corps, attached to Roberts' Light Horse (now Major, Temp. Lt.-Col., C.S.I., D.S.O., p.s.c., 18th Bengal Lancers), *South Africa,* 31st March, 1900. For the greatest possible gallantry at *Korn Spruit* during the saving of the guns. Five times he went out under an infernal fire and helped to bring in two guns and three limbers, one of which he, Captain Humphreys, and some gunners dragged in by hand. With them and Lieutenant Stirling he went out again to try and rescue the last gun, but the attempt had to be abandoned. During the Chitral Campaign of 1895 he brought in the body of Colonel F. D. Battie, of the Guides, under a very heavy fire, for which he was recommended but received no reward. This allusion to an act of gallantry in a previous campaign is unique in the official records of the Victoria Cross. Major Maxwell entered the Indian Staff Corps in 1903 from the 2nd Batt. Royal Sussex Regiment, and was promoted for Distinguished Service. (*Gaz.*, 8 March, 1901.)

* (504) MAYGAR, Lieutenant (now Captain Com. Mil. Forces) Leslie Cecil, 5th Victorian Mounted Rifles, *South Africa,* 23rd November, 1901. For great gallantry and total disregard of self during the action at *Geelhoutboom.* Lieutenant Maygar galloped out to a detached post which was being outflanked, and ordered a retirement, and while this was being done a trooper had his horse shot under him within two hundred yards of the enemy. The Lieutenant dismounted, got the man up, and put him on his own horse, which bolted into marshy ground, and threw them both off. Extricating the animal, and seeing that he was not up to the double weight, he lifted the wounded man into the saddle, ordered him to gallop for cover, and got away himself on foot, the whole thing taking place under very heavy fire. Lieutenant Maygar, who comes from a Bristol family, is a Colonial born, and joined the 5th New South Wales Mounted Rifles in 1891. (*Gaz.,* 11 Feb., 1902.)

* (297) MAYO, Midshipman Arthur, Royal (Indian) Navy, *India,* 22nd November, 1857. For heading a charge at *Dacca,* under a destructive fire, against two 6-pounder guns. Mr. Mayo left the service, took his B.A. at Oxford in 1865; was ordained in 1866, officiated as assistant-curate at St. Peter's, Plymouth, but joined the Roman Catholic Church in November, 1867. (*Gaz.,* 25 Feb., 1862.)

(447) MEIKLEJOHN, Captain Matthew Fontaine Maury (late Major p.s.c.), 2nd Batt. Gordon Highlanders, *South Africa,* 21st October, 1899. For conspicuous bravery and fearless example at *Elandslaagte.* Died 4th July, 1913, at Middlesex Hospital, from accident on 28th June in Hyde Park. (*See* account.) (*Gaz.,* 20 July, 1900.)

* (464) MELLISS, Captain (now Colonel, Maj.-Gen., C.B., A.D.C., Indian Army) Charles John, Indian Staff Corps (formerly East Yorks Regiment), *Ashantee,* 13th September, 1900. For great gallantry at *Obassa,* when employed with the West African Frontier Force. Captain Melliss collected all the available men and charged at their head upon the natives, who were gathered in great numbers, and bent on holding their ground. A hand-to-hand fight followed, during which he was wounded in the foot; but the charge had broken the enemy, who fled, pursued by the Sikhs. His courage had been specially mentioned on three previous occasions,

and in Sir James Willcocks's dispatch he was specially recommended for promotion. (*Gaz.*, 15 Jan., 1901.)

(352) MELVILL, Lieutenant Teignmouth, 24th Regiment, *Zululand,* 22nd January, 1879. This officer is well known for a most heroic attempt to save the colours after *Isandhlwana,* losing his life in so doing. (*See* account.) (*Gaz.*, 2 May, 1879.)

* (444) MILBANKE, Lieutenant (now Major, ret. pay) Sir John Penistone, Bart., 10th Hussars, *South Africa,* 5th January, 1900. During a reconnaissance near Colesberg, when retiring with a small patrol of the 10th, under fire, when he had just been severely wounded in the thigh, he rode back to the rescue of one of the men whose pony was done up, and who was a target for some dismounted Boers. In spite of a galling fire, Sir John Milbanke took the man up on his own horse, and succeeded in bringing him safely in. (*Gaz.*, 6 July, 1900.)

(226) MILLER, Private Duncan, 42nd Regiment (Black Watch), *India,* 15th January, 1859. For splendid conduct at *Maylah Ghaut,* where he went to the front and directed his company, all his officers being killed or wounded. (*Gaz.*, 21 June, 1859.)

(217) MILLER, Major (afterwards Lieutenant-Colonel) Frederick, Royal Artillery, *Crimea,* 5th November, 1854. During the battle of *Inkerman* he was seen to tackle three Russians, and defended his battery with distinguished gallantry when surrounded. (*Gaz.*, 6 May, 1859.)

(296) MILLER, Conductor James (afterwards Hon. Major), Bengal Ordnance, *India,* 28th October, 1857. For going to the rescue of a wounded officer at *Futtehpore,* and, though himself severely wounded, carrying him out of action. (*Gaz.*, 25 Feb., 1862).

(310) MITCHELL, Captain of the Foretop, Samuel, H.M.S. *Harrier, New Zealand,* 29th April, 1864. For bringing Commander Hay, who was mortally wounded, out of the Gate Pah, although that officer ordered him to seek his own safety. He was specially recommended by Commodore Sir William Wiseman, Bart., C.B. Died 16 March, 1894. (*Gaz.*, 19 July, 1864.)

(303) MONAGHAN, Trumpeter Thomas, 2nd Dragoon Guards (Queen's Bays), *India,* 8th October, 1858. For saving the life of his Colonel from a large body of rebels near *Sundeela, Oude.* (*Gaz.*, 11 Nov., 1862.)

(212) MONGER, Private George, 23rd Welsh Fusiliers, *India,* 18th November, 1857. For great gallantry in

rescuing a wounded comrade from an exposed position at the *Secundrabagh, Lucknow.* (*Gaz.,* 12 April, 1859.)

(427) MONTMORENCY, Lieutenant the Hon. Raymond Harvey Lodge Joseph de, 21st Lancers, *Soudan,* 2nd September, 1898. For a very heroic attempt to rescue Second Lieutenant Grenfell from a large body of Dervishes at Omdurman. Killed in South Africa, 23 Feb., 1900. (*See* account.) (*Gaz.,* 15 Nov., 1898.)

(271) MOORE, Lieutenant and Adjutant Arthur Thomas (late Major-General, C.B., u.s.l., Indian Army), 3rd Bombay Light Cavalry, *Persia,* 8th February, 1857. For leaping his horse into a square at *Koosh-Ab,* and, the horse being killed, attempting to fight his way through the Persians with a broken sword. Died 25th April, 1913, at 18 Waterloo Road, Dublin, aged 82. (*See* account.) (*Gaz.,* 3 Aug., 1860.)

(360) MOORE, Colonel Hans Garrett, C.B., 88th Regiment (Connaught Rangers), *South Africa,* 29th December, 1877. For a desperate attempt to save the life of a soldier who was surrounded by Kaffirs at *Komgha,* in *Gaikaland,* and persisting in his efforts until the man was killed, shooting two of the enemy, and getting severely assegaied. Drowned in Ireland. (*Gaz.,* 27 June, 1879.)

(274) MORLEY, Private Samuel, 2nd Batt. Military Train, *India,* 15th April, 1858. For saving the life of Lieutenant Hamilton, who was wounded and surrounded by the enemy in force, with the assistance of Private Murphy, near *Azimghur.* (*Gaz.,* 7 Aug., 1860.)

(118) MOUAT, Surgeon James (afterwards Surgeon-General Sir J., K.C.B., K.L.H., M. 1837, F. 1852, R.C.S. Eng., Q.H.S.), 6th Dragoons (Inniskillings), *Crimea,* 25th October, 1854. For voluntarily going to the assistance of Capt. Morris, 17th Lancers, who was lying badly wounded in an exposed position after the Balaclava charge, and saving that officer's life by dressing his wounds in presence of the enemy. Knight of the Legion of Honour. Died 4 Jan., 1899. (*Gaz.,* 4 June, 1858.)

(54) MOYNIHAN, Sergeant Andrew (promoted Ensign 8th Foot), 90th Perthshire Light Infantry, *Crimea,* 8th September, 1855. For encountering five Russians hand-to-hand and killing them all at the *Redan,* and rescuing a wounded officer under fire. Died at Malta, 1866. (*Gaz.,* 24 Feb., 1857.)

* (376) MULLANE, Sergeant (late Sergeant-Major, dis. on pen.), Patrick, R.H.A., *Afghanistan,* 27th July, 1880.

For bringing a wounded comrade out of action. Seeing the man—a driver—fall from his horse, he rushed up and lifted him on to the limber, mounted his horse, and galloped the gun out of action, the enemy being a few yards off. During the retreat from *Maiwand* he proceeded to a village, under heavy fire, to get water for the wounded and dying. (*Gaz.*, 17 May, 1881.)

* (474) MULLINS, Captain (late Major, Transvaal Volunteers) Charles Herbert, C.M.G., Imperial Light Horse, *South Africa,* 21st October, 1899. When the charge at Elandslaagte was ordered, it was met by a terrific fire at point-blank range which threatened to check our advance, but Captains Mullins and Johnstone spurred forward and rallied the men, enabling the flanking movement which decided the day to be carried out. Captain Mullins was wounded. (*Gaz.*, 12 Feb., 1901.)

(278) MUNRO, Colour-Sergeant James, 93rd Highlanders, *India,* 16th November, 1857. For rescuing a wounded officer at *Lucknow* and carrying him to a place of refuge, being severely wounded during the process. (*Gaz.*, 9 Nov., 1860.)

(219) MURPHY, Private Farrier Michael, 2nd Batt. Military Train, afterwards Farrier Major 7th Hussars, *India,* 15th April, 1858. For assisting Private Morley to save Lieutenant Hamilton at *Azimghur.* (*See* Morley.) (*Gaz.*, 27 May, 1859.)

(328) MURPHY, Private Thomas, 24th Regiment, *Andaman Islands,* 7th May, 1867. For assisting to save the lives of seventeen drowning comrades. (*See* Bell, Cooper, Douglas, and Griffiths.) (*Gaz.*, 17 Dec., 1867.)

* (391) MURRAY, Lance-Corporal James, 94th Regiment (dis. on pen.), *Transvaal,* 16th January, 1881. For saving the life of a wounded private of the 21st Regiment at *Elandsfontein* by carrying him for 1,000 yards, or thereabouts, under a heavy fire. (*Gaz.*, 13 March, 1882.)

(318) MURRAY, Sergeant John, 68th Regiment (Durham Light Infantry), *New Zealand,* 21st June, 1864. For attacking a Maori rifle-pit at *Tauranga* single-handed, and clearing out the ten natives who held it, killing or wounding every one of them. (Dis. on pen.) (*Gaz.*, 4 Nov., 1864.)

(168) MYLOT, Private T., 84th Regiment (York and Lancaster), *India,* 12th July, 1857. During the first relief of the Lucknow garrison he was the first to capture an enclosure from the mutineers, under terrible fire. He was

conspicuous in every engagement that his regiment took part in, and was elected by the privates of his battalion to receive the Cross, being also promoted to the rank of ensign. (*Gaz.*, 24 Dec., 1858.)

(196) NAPIER, Sergeant William, 13th (Somersetshire Light Infantry), *India,* 6th April, 1858. For a very plucky action at *Azimghur,* where he bound up a wounded private after rescuing him from the mutineers, and afterwards carried him out of danger under a heavy fire. (Dis. on pen. in 1862.) (*Gaz.*, 24 Dec., 1858.)

(181) NASH, Corporal W., Rifle Brigade, *India,* 11th March, 1858. For carrying a wounded comrade out of action at *Lucknow* in the teeth of the rebels, and under a heavy fire. (*Gaz.*, 24 Dec., 1858.)

* (413) NESBITT, Captain Randolph Cosby, Mashonaland Mounted Police (now Captain B.S.A. Police). *Rhodesia,* 19th June, 1896. For great gallantry when in command of the Mazoe Rescue Patrol. (*See* account.) (*Gaz.*, 7 May, 1897.)

(160) NEWELL, Private R., 9th Lancers, *India,* 19th March, 1858. For helping a comrade whose horse had gone down, and rescuing him, under a severe fire, from the rebels at *Lucknow.* (*Gaz.*, 24 Dec., 1858.)

* (472) NICKERSON, Lieutenant (now Major) William Henry Snyder, R.A.M.C., *South Africa,* 20th April, 1900. Lieutenant Nickerson, who was attached to the Mounted Infantry, went out in the most gallant manner to attend a wounded man at Wakkerstroom under heavy rifle and shell fire, dressed his wounds, and stayed with him until he was conveyed to a place of safety. Captain Nickerson is the son of a Chaplain to the Forces, and took his degree of M.B., B.Ch., 1896, at the Victoria University, Manchester, and entered the R.A.M.C. in 1898. He was promoted for distinguished service 28th November, 1900. (*Gaz.*, 12 Feb., 1901.)

(53) NORMAN, Private William, 7th Fusiliers, *Crimea,* 19th December, 1854. When on single sentry in advance of the picket in the White Horse Ravine—a dangerous post—he saw three Russians advancing, to reconnoitre, through the brushwood. Firing off his rifle, he jumped into the trench almost on top of them, capturing two, and bringing them into our lines, although the Russian picket was only 300 yards off. (*See* account.) (*Gaz.*, 24 Feb., 1857.)

* (448) NORWOOD, Second Lieutenant (now Captain,

ret. pay) John, 5th Dragoon Guards, *South Africa,* 30th October, 1899. For gallantry when on patrol outside Ladysmith, when he returned in the direction of the enemy through heavy fire, dismounted, and picked up a fallen trooper, whom he carried out of range on his back, leading his horse with one hand, the enemy firing at him the whole time. (*Gaz.,* 20 July, 1900.)

* (435) NURSE, Corporal (now Sergeant) George Edward, 66th Battery R.F.A., *South Africa,* 15th December, 1899. For his gallantry at the Colenso guns. (*See* account—also Babtie, Congreve, Reed and Roberts.) (*Gaz.,* 2 Feb., 1900.)

* (58) O'CONNOR, Sergeant Luke (now Hon. Major-General, K.C.B., ret. pay), 23rd Welsh Fusiliers, *Crimea,* 20th September, 1854, and 8th September, 1855. At *Alma* he carried the Queen's Colour after the death of Lieutenant Anstruther, although wounded himself, and displayed great gallantry at the *Redan,* where he was shot through both thighs. He was promoted Ensign. (*Gaz.,* 24 Feb., 1857.)

(273) ODGERS, Seaman William, H.M.S. *Niger, New Zealand,* 28th March, 1860. For his gallantry in being the first to enter a Maori Pah. Died 20 Dec., 1873. (*Gaz.,* 3 Aug., 1860.)

(324) O'HEA, Private Timothy, Rifle Brigade, *Canada,* 19th June, 1866. This action was performed in peculiar circumstances, and not in the presence of an enemy. At *Danville Station,* near *Quebec,* a railway car containing a quantity of ammunition became ignited, and a fearful explosion was imminent. Opening the door at the risk of his life, he poured water on the ammunition barrels, and averted the catastrophe. Afterwards lost in the Australian Bush. (*Gaz.,* 1 Jan., 1867.)

(123) OLPHERTS, Captain William (late General Sir W., G.C.B., Col. Commt. Royal Artillery), Bengal Artillery, *India,* 25th September, 1857. He was known in the army as "Hell-fire Jack," for his daring bravery. He won the Cross at *Lucknow,* for charging on horseback with the Perthshire Light Infantry, when, headed by Colonel Campbell, it captured two guns in the face of a heavy fire of grape, the Captain afterwards returning under a severe fire of musketry to bring up horses and limbers to carry off the cannon. General Olpherts was a fine type of the old fire-eating officer, of a school that has almost passed away. He saw his first service in Burmah, in 1841; went

through the Gwalior Campaign; fought under Charles Napier in Sind; with Colin Campbell in the Peshawar Valley, 1852; and in Turkey and the Crimea. In the Mutiny his conduct was so magnificent as to be beyond all praise. "He revelled in danger and possessed the *coup d'œil* of a dashing leader," says Malleson; and again, after describing the action for which he was gazetted, he says, "This was, in round numbers, the thirtieth time that this gallant officer had deserved the Cross he so nobly wears." Lord Wolseley, speaking of Olpherts, says: "His battery was a sort of military curiosity in every way. His gun-carriages were old and always on the verge of absolute dissolution; and as for his harness, it seemed to be tied together with pieces of string. . . . First came dear old Billy himself, clad in garments he had used in the Crimean War, a fez cap and a Turkish grégo, the latter tied round his waist with a piece of rope. About fifty yards behind came his well-known battery sergeant-major, in a sort of shooting-coat made from the green baize of a billiard-table; then a gun, every driver flogging as hard as he could; then another a long distance in the rear. . . . Some of the spokes had gone; they all rattled." And yet it was with such wretched *matériel* that Olpherts founded a reputation that can never fade. Napier of Magdala said of him: "I have often seen Olpherts in action, but never without his deserving the Victoria Cross." I once heard him describe himself as "an old smooth-bore muzzle-loader, hopelessly behind the times," but, as Thackeray wrote of George II., "bravery never goes out of fashion." For all his fighting, he died peacefully at his residence at Upper Norwood, on the 30th April, 1902, in his 81st year, and was carried to his last rest in Richmond Cemetery on a gun-carriage, escorted by a detachment of X Battery, R.H.A. (*Gaz.*, 18 June, 1858.)

* (393) Osborne, Private James (late Army Reserve), 58th Regiment, *Transvaal,* 22nd November, 1881. For riding forward towards a strong party of Boers at *Wesselstroom,* and bringing out Private Mayes, who was wounded, under a heavy fire. (*Gaz.*, 13 March, 1882.)

(364) O'Toole, Sergeant Edmund, Frontier Light Horse, *Zululand,* 3rd July, 1879. For helping to rescue a sergeant near *Ulundi,* and holding him upon Lord William Beresford's horse, the Zulus being close upon them at the time. He was also distinguished for his gallantry on many occasions. (*Gaz.*, 10 Oct., 1879.)

(67) OWENS, Sergeant James, 49th Regiment (Princess Charlotte of Wales's), *Crimea,* 26th October, 1854. For great gallantry when at close quarters with the Russians during a sortie, and helping Lieutenant Conolly to repel the enemy. Died, a Tower warder, 30 Aug., 1901. (*Gaz.,* 24 Feb., 1857.)

(250) OXENHAM, Corporal William, 32nd Regiment (Cornwall), *India,* 30th July, 1857. For saving the life of Mr. Capper, of the Civil Service, from the ruins of a house at *Lucknow* under a murderous fire. (*Gaz.,* 21 Nov., 1859.)

(41) PALMER, Private Anthony, Grenadier Guards, *Crimea,* 5th November, 1854. For bravery at *Inkerman* when charging the enemy, and saving the life of Sir C. Russell. Afterwards Captain 3rd Essex R.V. (*Gaz.,* 24 Feb., 1857.)

(73) PARK, Sergeant John, 77th Regiment (East Middlesex), *Crimea,* 20th September, 5th November, 1854, 19th April, 1855. This plucky fellow displayed great gallantry at *Alma* and *Inkerman,* also at the capture of rifle-pits, and in both the assaults on the *Redan,* being, moreover, severely wounded. (*Gaz.,* 24 Feb., 1857.)

(186) PARK, Gunner J., Bengal Artillery, *India,* 14th to 22nd November, 1857. For conspicuous gallantry during the relief of *Lucknow.* (*Gaz.,* 24 Dec., 1858.)

* (439) PARKER, Sergeant Charles, Q Battery, R.H.A. (dis. on pen.), *South Africa,* 31st March, 1900. One of the Korn Spruit heroes of Q Battery. (*See* account.) (*Gaz.,* 26 June, 1900.)

(29) PARKES, Private Samuel, 4th Light Dragoons (Queen's Own, now Hussars), *Crimea,* 25th October, 1854. For pluckily defending an unarmed and dismounted non-com. against six Russians during the charge of the Light Brigade, and sticking to him until his sword was shot away. (*Gaz.,* 24 Feb., 1857.)

(459) PARSONS, Lieutenant Francis Newton, 1st Batt. Essex Regiment (44th), *South Africa,* 18th February, 1900. For devoted gallantry in going to the assistance of Private Ferguson of his battalion, who was lying out wounded in the open. Lieutenant Parsons at once went to him, dressed his wound under heavy fire, went down twice, still under heavy fire, to the bank of the river to get water, and subsequently carried him to a place of safety. He was recommended for the Cross on March 3rd, but was unfortunately killed on the 10th at Dreifontein,

again displaying conspicuous gallantry. (*Gaz.*, 20 Nov., 1900.)

* (175) PATON, Sergeant John (discharged), 93rd Highlanders, *India,* 16th November, 1857. For reconnoitring alone around the *Shah Nujjiff* Mosque, under fire, and discovering a breach to which he then led the Highlanders, who took the place. Elected by the non-coms. (*Gaz.*, 24 Dec., 1858.)

(266) PEARSON, Private James, 86th Regiment (Royal County Down), *India,* 3rd April, 1858. For charging a number of rebels at *Jhansi,* killing one and bayoneting two more. He also brought in a wounded private at Calpee under a heavy fire. (*Gaz.*, 1 May, 1860.)

(208) PEARSON, Private John, 8th Hussars (King's Royal Irish), *India,* 17th June, 1858. He was one of the regiment elected by his comrades for distinguished gallantry in the charge at *Gwalior.* (*Gaz.*, 28 Jan., 1859.)

(10) PEEL, Captain William, R.N., *Crimea,* 18th October, 5th November, 1854, 18th June, 1855. For flinging over the parapet a live shell which had fallen among powder cases close to a magazine. He joined the officers of the Grenadier Guards at *Inkerman* in the defence of the colours, and volunteered to lead the ladder party on the 18th June, carrying one himself until he was bowled over. He was very distinguished with the Naval Brigade during the Mutiny. His death occurred at *Cawnpore,* it was stated, through small-pox, 27th April, 1858. (*Gaz.*, 24 Feb., 1857.)

(422) PENNELL, Lieutenant Henry Singleton (late Captain), 2nd Batt. Derbyshire Regiment (the Sherwood Foresters), *Dargai Heights, N.W. Frontier, India,* 20th October, 1897. For two attempts to rescue an officer under fire, and only desisting when he found the officer dead. He served in the late South African War with the West Yorks, and died at St. Moritzdorf from an accident when tobogganing, 19th Jan., 1907. (*See* account.) (*Gaz.*, 20 May, 1898.)

(86) PERCY, Lieutenant-Colonel Honourable Henry Hugh Manvers (afterwards Lord Percy), Grenadier Guards, *Crimea,* 5th November, 1854. While the Guards were some distance from the Sand-bag Battery, during the battle of *Inkerman,* he charged alone into the battery, afterwards extricating men of various regiments who had charged too far and were surrounded by the enemy, all the while under a terrible musketry fire, and themselves

without ammunition. Although wounded, he brought them out to where cartridges were to be obtained, thereby saving some fifty of them, and enabling them to renew the combat. He was commended on the spot by the Duke of Cambridge. (*Gaz.*, 5 May, 1857.)

(39) PERIE, Sapper John, R.E., *Crimea,* 18th June, 1855. For conspicuous gallantry when leading a naval ladder party, and rendering invaluable services during the day. Among other things he rescued a wounded man under fire, although he himself was wounded by a bullet in the side. (*Gaz.*, 24 Feb., 1857.)

(240) PHILLIPPS, Ensign Everard Aloysius Lisle, 11th Bengal Native Infantry, *India,* September, 1857. This gallant young fellow was very prominent at the siege of *Delhi,* where he was wounded three times. With a small party of men, he took the Water Bastion from the rebels, but was unfortunately killed on the 18th. (*Gaz.*, 21 Oct., 1859.)

* (438) PHIPPS-HORNBY, Major (now Colonel Temp. Brig.-Gen., C.B.) Edmund J., Q Battery, R.H.A., *South Africa,* 31st March, 1900. Major Phipps-Hornby was elected, together with Sergeant Charles Parker, Gunner Isaac Lodge, and Driver Henry H. Glasock, under Rule 13 of the Victoria Cross Warrant (which *see*) for his gallantry at Korn Spruit. For this exploit, one of the bravest things ever done by our Horse Gunners, *see* account. (*Gaz.*, 26 June, 1900.)

(314) PICKARD, Lieutenant Arthur Frederick, R.A., *New Zealand,* 20th November, 1863. At the *Rangiriri Pah* he crossed and recrossed the parapet to procure water for the wounded when the fire was so heavy that none of the men would venture. (*Gaz.*, 23 Sept , 1864.)

(309) PITCHER, Lieutenant and Adjutant Henry William (afterwards Captain), 4th Punjaub Infantry, *Umbeyla, India,* 30th October and 16th November, 1863. For great gallantry in both attacks on the Crag Picket, in the last of which he was so badly wounded that he had to be carried out of action. (*Gaz.*, 19 July, 1864.)

* (488) PITTS, Private (now Lance-Corporal, Army Reserve) J., 1st Battalion Manchester Regiment, *South Africa,* 6th January, 1900. For great gallantry and dogged pluck during the attack on Cæsar's Camp, Ladysmith, when he occupied a sangar for fifteen hours without food or water, firing all the time. (*See* Scott.) The Manchesters saw some hard fighting during the war, repulsing

the enemy with the bayonet on this occasion, and suffering heavily. (*Gaz.*, 26 July, 1901.)

(238) PRENDERGAST, Lieutenant Harry North Dalrymple (late General Sir, G.C.B., u.s.l., Col. Com. R.E., and Col. Queen Victoria's Own Sappers and Miners), Madras Engineers, *India,* 21st November, and several other dates, 1857. Several pages would be required to record this officer's gallantry. At *Mundisore* he risked his life to save Lieutenant G. Dew, 14th Light Dragoons, by attempting to cut down a Velaitee who had covered him with his piece. Prendergast was wounded by the discharge, and would probably have been killed if Major Orr had not slain the rebel. He was specially mentioned by Sir Hugh Rose when voluntarily acting as his aide-de-camp in the action near *Ratgurh* on the *Beena River,* where he exhibited great bravery and had his horse killed. Also at the action of the *Betwa* against Tantia Topee, where he distinguished himself when charging with Need's troop of the 14th Light Dragoons, being again severely wounded. Died 24th July, 1913, at Richmond, aged 78. (*Gaz.*, 21 Oct., 1859.)

(26) PRETTYJOHN, Colour-Sergeant John, Royal Marine Light Infantry, *Crimea,* 5th November, 1854. For occupying an advanced position at *Inkerman,* and shooting four of the Russians. Died 20th January, 1887. (*Gaz.*, 24 Feb., 1857.)

* (500) PRICE-DAVIES, Lieutenant (now Captain, D.S.O., p.s.c.) Llewellyn Alberic Emilius, King's Royal Rifle Corps, *South Africa,* 17th September, 1901. For great gallantry at Blood River Poort, when the right of the column had been turned by the enemy, who wore kits taken from our wounded. A party of about four hundred of them galloped round the flank and rear, and riding up to the drivers who were trying to get the guns away, called on them to surrender. Lieutenant Price-Davies, an old Marlborough boy, heard an order given to fire on the charging Boers, and without a moment's hesitation drew his revolver and rode into them, facing almost certain death, in a desperate attempt to save the guns.

While he was firing he was hit and knocked off his horse, but happily his wound was not mortal. It was a severe fight, and unfortunately the guns were lost, though we managed to destroy the sights and breech-locks. Lieutenant Price-Davies had already been three

times wounded, and received the D.S.O., and served as Adjutant in Smyth's Mounted Infantry. (*Gaz.*, 29 Nov., 1901.)

(320) PRIDE, Captain of After-Guard Thomas, *Japan,* 6th September, 1864. For gallantly seconding Midshipman Boyes, who was carrying the colours at *Simono Seki,* until Pride was terribly wounded in the chest. Died at Parkstone, 16th July, 1893. (*Gaz.*, 30 April, 1865.)

* (142) PROBYN, Captain Dighton Macnaghten (now General Rt. Hon. Sir, G.C.B., G.C.S.I., G.C.V.O., I.S.O., u.s.l., Indian Army Equerry), 2nd Punjaub Cavalry, *India,* 1857. The gallant acts of this officer during the campaign were legion. I quote from Sir Hope Grant's dispatch. "At the battle of Agra, when his squadron charged the rebel infantry, he was some time separated from his men, and surrounded by five or six sepoys. He defended himself from the various cuts made at him, and, before his own men had joined him, had cut down two of his assailants. At another time, in single combat with a sepoy, he was wounded in the wrist by a bayonet, and his horse also was slightly wounded; but, though the sepoy fought desperately, he cut him down. The same day he singled out a standard-bearer, and, in presence of a number of the enemy, killed him and captured the standard. These are only a few of the gallant deeds of this brave young officer." (*Gaz.*, 18 June, 1858.)

(49) PROSSER, Private Joseph, 1st Regiment (The Royal Regiment), *Crimea,* 16th June and 11th August, 1855. Under a cross-fire he pursued and collared a soldier who was deserting to the enemy, and afterwards brought in a wounded private of the 9th Foot, who was lying helpless, under a heavy fire. (*Gaz.*, 24 Feb., 1857.)

(106) PURCELL, Private John, 9th Lancers, *India,* 19th June, 1857. For saving the life of Brigadier-General James Hope Grant, C.B., who was unhorsed and surrounded by mutineers, before *Delhi.* He was assisted by Private Hancock, who offered the general his horse, and by Roopur Khan. (*Gaz.*, 15 Jan., 1858.)

(164) PYE, Sergeant-Major (late Ensign) Charles, 53rd Regiment, *India,* 17th November, 1857. He was elected by his brother non-coms., and afterwards received a commission, for very conspicuous gallantry at *Lucknow* upon many occasions, particularly for bringing up ammunition under fire. (*Gaz.*, 24 Dec., 1858.)

(18) RABY, Lieutenant Henry James (late Rear-

Admiral, C.B.), *Crimea,* 18th June, 1855. For rescuing a wounded private of the 57th Regiment who was crying for assistance, and carrying him to a place of refuge under a heavy fire. Knight of the Legion of Honour. Died at 8 Clarence Parade, Southsea, 12 Feb., 1907. (*Gaz.*, 24 Feb., 1857.)

(115) RAMAGE, Sergeant Henry, 2nd Dragoons (Scots Greys), *Crimea,* 25th October, 1854. During the charge of the Heavy Brigade he saved the life of a wounded comrade, Private Gardiner, dispersed seven Russians who were surrounding another, Private McPherson, and also dismounted and captured a prisoner. Died at Newbridge soon after receiving the Cross. (*Gaz.*, 4 June, 1858.)

* (446) RAMSDEN, Trooper (late Lieutenant Johannesburg Mtd. Rifles) Horace E., Protectorate Regiment, *South Africa,* 26th December, 1899. For distinguished gallantry during the Siege of Mafeking, where he rescued his brother. (*See* account.) Ramsden and Gough (C.J.S.) in each case won the Cross for saving a brother's life. (*Gaz.*, 6 July, 1900.)

* (485) RAVENHILL, Private George, 2nd Battalion Royal Scots Fusiliers, *South Africa,* 15th December, 1899. For his pluck at Colenso, in the attempt to save the guns. He was one of the party who succeeded in bringing one out, and was wounded through the forearm. He was awarded the D.C.M. for the action at Fredricksbad, but for some occult reason the medal was cancelled when he won the Cross. When first gazetted his name was given as Charles, and in 1906 a tramp brought before the Maidenhead magistrates declared himself to be "Charles" Ravenhill, V.C., arousing considerable sympathy and victimising several local residents to the tune of some pounds. Whether the rascal escaped with his plunder I know not, but I received a communication from the police to the effect that the real hero had been found in another part of the country. Even gazettes are not always infallible. Since then the real man has fallen on evil days, and his Cross has been sold. (*Gaz.*, 4 June, 1901.)

(138) RAYNOR, Captain William, Bengal Veteran Establishment, *India,* 11th May, 1857. For helping to defend the magazine at *Delhi.* (*Gaz.*, 18 June, 1858.)

(279) READE, Surgeon Herbert Taylor (afterwards Surgeon-General, C.B., M.R.C.S., 1849), 61st Regiment (South Gloucester), *India,* 14th and 16th September, 1857. During the siege of *Delhi,* while attending to the wounded

at the end of a street, a band of rebels established themselves on the roofs of the houses, and began to fire down, but the gallant surgeon drew his sword, and, gathering a few soldiers—about ten in all—rushed up the stairs, under a heavy fire, on to the flat roofs, and dislodged the scoundrels, two of his little party being killed, and half a dozen wounded. During the assault on the morning of the 16th the fire-eating doctor accompanied his regiment, was one of the first up at the breach in the magazine, and, assisted by a sergeant, spiked one of the guns with his own hands. Died at Bath, June, 1897, aged 68. (*Gaz.*, 5 Feb., 1861.)

* (436) REED, Captain (now Major, Temp. Lt.-Col. p.s.c.) Hamilton Lyster, 7th Battery R.F.A., *South Africa,* 15th December, 1899. For heroic gallantry at *Colenso,* where he rode to the rescue of the guns, bringing up three teams from his Battery under fearful fire. (*See* account; also Babtie, Congreve, Nurse, and Roberts.) (*Gaz.*, 2 Feb., 1900.)

(15) REEVES, Seaman Thomas, R.N., *Crimea,* 5th November, 1854. He mounted a banquette at *Inkerman,* under a heavy fire, and, collecting all the muskets of the wounded he could lay his hands on, blazed away at the Russians. (*Gaz.*, 24 Feb., 1857.)

(199) RENNIE, Lieutenant and Adjutant William (late retired Hon. Lieutenant-Colonel, full pay), 90th Perthshire Light Infantry, *India,* 21st and 25th September, 1857. For conspicuous gallantry in the advance upon *Lucknow,* charging the rebel guns, under a heavy musketry fire, in advance of his skirmishers, and preventing the mutineers from dragging off a gun, which we captured in consequence. Also at *Lucknow* in having charged in advance of the 90th column, in the face of a heavy fire of grape, forcing the enemy to abandon their guns. Died at Elgin Aug., 1896, aged 75. (*Gaz.*, 24 Dec., 1858.)

(215) RENNY, Lieutenant George Alexander (late Major-General), Bengal Horse Artillery, *India,* 16th September, 1857. During a desperate attempt on the part of the rebels to recapture the Delhi Magazine, when, under a heavy cross-fire from the tall houses on the right flank, the Selinghur and the Palace, they tried to light a thatched roof for the second time, Lieutenant Renny mounted to the top of the magazine wall, in the face of almost certain death, and flung several live shells down into the midst of the rebels, which had the effect of frus-

trating the attempt. Died at Bath, 5th Jan., 1887. (*Gaz.*, 12 April, 1859.)

* (357) REYNOLDS, Surgeon-Major James Henry (Lieutenant-Colonel, ret. pay), M.B., M.Ch., Univ. Durh., 1867; Hon. F.R.C.P., Irel., 1879; A.M.D., *Zululand,* 22nd and 23rd January, 1879. For great devotion to the wounded, under fire, at *Rorke's Drift,* where he also brought ammunition for the defenders of the hospital hut at imminent risk of his life. (*See* account.) (*Gaz.*, 17 June, 1879.)

(48) REYNOLDS, Private William, Scots Fusilier Guards, *Crimea,* 20th September, 1854. For gallantry at *Alma,* where he was conspicuous in helping to rally the men round their colours during the temporary disorder. (*Gaz.*, 24 Feb., 1857.)

* (452) RICHARDSON, Sergeant (dis.) Arthur Herbert Lindsey, Lord Strathcona's Corps, *South Africa,* 5th July, 1900. During the fight at *Wolve Spruit,* north of *Standerton,* about 38 of Strathcona's men came to close quarters with about 80 Boers. The fire was so hot that word was given to retire, and seeing a dismounted man left behind, wounded in two places, the Sergeant rode back and brought him out, the enemy 300 yards away firing on them and the horse, wounded and only able to make slow progress. Sergeant Richardson was the first Colonial gazetted during the war. (*Gaz.*, 14 Sept., 1900.)

* (245) RICHARDSON, Private George (dis. on pen.), 34th Regiment (Cumberland), *India,* 27th April, 1859. Although severely wounded, with one arm disabled, the plucky fellow closed with a rebel at *Kewanie,* Trans Gogra, who was armed with a loaded revolver, and secured him. (*Gaz.*, 11 Nov., 1859.)

(9) RICKARD, Quartermaster William T. (afterwards Chief Officer of Coast Guard), R.N., *Crimea,* 11th October, 1855. For great self-devotion in remaining to help a comrade who had sunk in the deep mud, although terribly fatigued himself, and under a heavy fire at the time. Knight of the Legion of Honour. Died at Ryde, 21 Feb., 1905. (*Gaz.*, 24 Feb., 1857.)

* (373) RIDGEWAY, Captain Richard Kirby (now Col., C.B., p.s.c., retired), Bengal Staff Corps, *Konorna, Naga Hills, India,* 2nd November, 1879. For a gallant attempt to destroy a barricade, getting severely wounded in the shoulder. (*Gaz.*, 11 May, 1880.)

(3) ROBARTS, Chief Gunner John, R.N., *Crimea,* 29th

May, 1855. For displaying particular gallantry at *Genitchi,* when we burned the Russian stores, under circumstances of great peril. Died, 17th Oct., 1888. Knight of the Legion of Honour. (*Gaz.*, 24 Feb., 1857.)

(434) ROBERTS, Lieutenant the Hon. F. H. S., King's Royal Rifles, *South Africa,* 15th December, 1899. For a gallant attempt to save the guns at *Colenso,* in which he unfortunately lost his life. (*See* account; also Babtie, Congreve, Nurse, and Reed.) (*Gaz.*, 2 Feb., 1900.)

* (190) ROBERTS, Lieutenant Frederick Sleigh (now Field-Marshal Right Hon., Earl, K.G., K.P., G.C.B., O.M., G.C.S.I., G.C.I.E., V.D., Col. Commandant R.A., Col. Irish Guards), Bengal Artillery, *India,* 2nd January, 1858. For great gallantry in action. When following the retreating rebels at *Khodagunge* he saw two sepoys getting away with a colour, and, spurring after them, he came up as they were about to enter a village. One of them fired, but the cap snapped, fortunately for the Lieutenant, who cut the standard-bearer down, and took the colour. On the same day he rode to the assistance of a sowar who was engaged with a sepoy armed with musket and bayonet. Dashing up without hesitation, he killed the sepoy with one sword-stroke across the face. The subsequent reputation for gallantry and good generalship gained by the popular "Lord Bobs," as he is known in the army, is second to none in our Service. (*Gaz.*, 24 Dec., 1858.)

(193) ROBERTS, Private J. R., 9th Lancers, *India,* 28th September, 1857. For carrying a mortally wounded comrade through the streets of *Boolundshuhur,* under a heavy fire, by which he was wounded himself. (*Gaz.*, 24 Dec., 1858.)

* (449) ROBERTSON, Sergeant-Major William, 2nd Batt. Gordon Highlanders (now Quartermaster and Honorary Captain), *South Africa,* 21st October, 1899. For great gallantry at *Elandslaagte,* where he was conspicuous for the manner in which he led the battalion rushes during the final advance on the enemy's position. He afterwards led a small party to seize the Boer camp, which was done, and although they were subjected to a terrific cross-fire he stuck to it until he was dangerously wounded. He afterwards assisted in the defence of *Ladysmith,* when his wounds were cured, and was presented with the Cross by H.M. Queen Victoria on Christmas Day, 1900. (*Gaz.*, 20 July, 1900.)

(156) Robinson, Seaman Edward, R.N., *India,* 13th March, 1858. For extinguishing a fire among the sand-bags of a battery under a hail of balls so murderous that the gallant fellow was himself dangerously wounded. Died, Windsor, 2nd Oct., 1896. (*Gaz.,* 24 Dec., 1858.)

(216) Roddy, Ensign Patrick (afterwards retired Colonel, Bengal Unattached List), Bengal Army, *India,* 27th September, 1858. His gallantry was very marked, and earned the particular notice of Sir Hope Grant. The action which won him the Cross happened in this wise. At Kuthirga a rebel subadar of the 8th Native Infantry, a powerful fellow of most determined character, was keeping the cavalry at bay, armed with a percussion musket, kneeling and covering them each time they attempted to get at him. Roddy went straight at him, the rebel firing at six yards range and killing the former's horse. Before Roddy could disengage himself from his stirrups the sepoy was upon him, but, grappling with him, after a smart struggle he managed to get to his sword, and ran the rebel through the body. Died in Jersey, 21 Nov., 1895. (*Gaz.,* 12 April, 1859.)

(248) Rodgers, Private George, 71st Highland Light Infantry, *India,* 16th June, 1858. Single-handed at *Morar,* near *Gwalior,* this brave fellow tackled a party of seven rebels, who were well armed and strongly posted, and killed one of them. (*Gaz.,* 11 Nov., 1859.)

* (505) Rogers, Sergeant (late Hon. Lieut. Commonwealth Forces, Victoria) James, South African Constabulary, *South Africa,* 15th June, 1901. For remarkable pluck during a skirmish near *Thaba 'Nchu.* Lieutenant F. Dickinson, Sergeant Rogers, and six men, forming part of the rearguard of Captain Sitwell's column, were suddenly attacked by about sixty Boers, and had to retire. Sergeant Rogers saw that the Lieutenant's horse had been shot, and that the officer was following as best he could on foot. Without pausing to count the cost, the gallant fellow rode back, firing as he did so, and, taking the officer up behind him, carried him half a mile, and then returned to help the rest, who had got into difficulties. Two dismounted men he snatched from certain death, or capture, within four hundred yards of the enemy, and rounding up a couple of horses helped two more to mount, all the while under a merciless fire. So close did the Boers get that they called on him to surrender, but the only reply was ball cartridge. (*Gaz.,* 18 April, 1902.)

(283) Rogers, Lieutenant Robert Montresor (afterwards Major-General, C.B.), 44th Regiment, *China,* 21st August, 1860. He was one of the three brave fellows who swam the ditches at the *Taku Forts,* and entered an embrasure in the North Fort during the assault. He afterwards commanded the 90th in the Zulu War; and his death was announced, strangely enough, as I was penning this record of his gallantry. Died 5 Feb., 1895. (*Gaz.,* 13 Aug., 1861.)

(517) Rolland, Captain George Murray, late Major 101st Grenadiers, Indian Army (Intelligence Officer with the Berbera-Bohotle Flying Column), *Somaliland,* 22nd April, 1903. In the attempt to succour Captain Bruce after the action at *Daratoleh* in conjunction with Captain Walker. As the result of a fall at Nagpore, 8th July, 1910, he died in twelve hours, the Service losing one of its most promising officers, and the Nagpore Volunteer Rifles an adjutant who doubled their strength in four years. (*Gaz.,* 7 Aug., 1903.)

(147) Rosamond, Sergeant-Major M., 37th Bengal, N.I., *India,* 4th June, 1857. For his plucky exertions during the outbreak at *Benares.* He assisted Colonel Spottiswoode to fire the native lines, and brought in an officer and his family from a detached bungalow into barracks, afterwards going out and rescuing several more people in circumstances of great danger. (*Gaz.,* 4 Aug., 1858.)

(37) Ross, Corporal John, R.E., *Crimea,* 21st July, 23rd August, 8th September, 1855. This plucky fellow's exploits were all performed at the imminent hazard of his own life. On the first date he displayed great bravery in connecting works; on the second, in placing and filling gabions under a heavy fire; and on the third, for creeping forward to the Redan and reporting its evacuation. (*Gaz.,* 24 Feb., 1857.)

(62) Rowlands, Captain Hugh, 41st Regiment (Welsh) (late General Sir Hugh, K.C.B.), *Crimea,* 5th November, 1854. At the battle of *Inkerman* he rescued a wounded officer who was surrounded by the enemy, and also held his ground on picket with great pluck during the Russian advance. K.L.H. Died at his birthplace, Plasterion, Carnarvon, 1st August, 1909. (*Gaz.,* 24 Feb., 1857.)

(162) Rushe, Sergeant-Major David, 9th Lancers, *India,* 19th March, 1858. This gallant representative of

a gallant regiment attacked no less than eight rebels strongly posted near *Lucknow,* supported by one comrade, and killed three of them. (*Gaz.,* 24 Dec., 1858.)

(40) RUSSELL, Captain Sir Charles, Bart. (afterwards Lieutenant-Colonel), Grenadier Guards, *Crimea,* 5th November, 1854. He volunteered to take a battery if anyone would follow him, and succeeded with tremendous risk. (*See* account.) (*Gaz.,* 24 Feb., 1857.)

(132) RYAN, Private John, 1st Madras European Fusiliers, *India,* 26th September, 1857. For extraordinary bravery in defence of the wounded at *Lucknow.* (*See* account.) (*Gaz.,* 18 June, 1858.)

(308) RYAN, Lance-Corporal Joseph, 65th Regiment, *New Zealand,* 7th September, 1863. For rescuing a mortally wounded officer, Captain Swift, with the aid of Privates Bulford and Talbot, and staying all night by his body in the bush. Although gazetted, Ryan never wore his honour, being drowned when trying to rescue a drunken comrade near *Tuakan.* (*Gaz.,* 19 Jan., 1864.)

(203) RYAN, Drummer M., 1st Bengal European Fusiliers (since 101st Regiment), *India,* 14th September, 1857. For flinging burning ammunition cases over a parapet into the water, saving many lives thereby, and carrying his own life in his hands all the time. (*Gaz.,* 24 Dec., 1858.)

(145) SALKELD, Lieutenant Philip, Bengal Engineers, *India,* 14th September, 1857. For determined gallantry and self-devotion at *Delhi* during the blowing in of the Cashmere Gate, where he was mortally wounded. (*See* Home, Smith, and Hawthorne.) (*Gaz.,* 18 June, 1858.)

(158) SALMON, Lieutenant Nowell (late Admiral of the Fleet, G.C.B.), R.N., *India,* 16th November, 1857. For gallantly volunteering to climb a tree which commanded the wall of the Shah Nujjiff Mosque at *Lucknow,* and firing on the enemy from the branches with rifles handed up to him by a man of the 93rd Highlanders. The Lieutenant was severely wounded. An old Marlborough boy. Died at 44, Clarence Parade, Southsea, 14th February, 1912, aged 76. (*Gaz.,* 24 Dec., 1858.)

* (375) SARTORIUS, Captain (now Major-General, C.B., ret. pay, p.s.c., Col. South Lancs. Regiment) Euston Henry, 59th Regiment, *Afghanistan,* 24th October, 1879. He led a small party at *Tazi* against an unknown number of the enemy and cleared them out of a strong position on the top of the *Shah Juy hill,* losing only one man of his

own party, but being severely wounded himself. Ten years before he had won the bronze medal of the Royal Humane Society for rescuing three children from drowning at Broadstairs, 29th June, 1869. (*Gaz.*, 17 May, 1881.)

(339) SARTORIUS, Captain Reginald William (late Maj.-Gen., C.M.G.), 6th Bengal Cavalry, *Ashantee,* 17th January, 1874. For carrying a mortally wounded Houssa Sergeant-Major under a heavy fire at *Abugoo.* He was also the hero of a remarkably plucky ride through the enemy's country during the war. He was brother to the last mentioned, and died suddenly when on a visit to him at Cowes, 8th August, 1907. (*Gaz.*, 26 Oct., 1874.)

(397) SCHIESS, Corporal F. C., Natal Native Forces, *Zululand,* 22nd and 23rd January, 1879. A *Rorke's Drift* man. He distinguished himself among other ways by creeping along a wall and shooting a Zulu who was firing from the end. He is known to have shot two other dangerous enemies, and was badly wounded. (*Gaz.*, 2 Dec., 1879.)

* (489) SCHOFIELD, Captain (now Major, ret. pay, Gentleman-at-Arms) Harry Norton, Royal Field Artillery, *South Africa,* 15th December, 1899. For great gallantry at Colenso during the first attempt to save the guns. He was originally gazetted to the D.S.O., but afterwards received the Victoria Cross in its place. (*Gaz.*, 30 Aug., 1901.)

(17) SCHOLEFIELD, Seaman Mark, R.N., *Crimea,* 5th November, 1854. The gallant tar mounted a banquette at *Inkerman* under a severe fire, and helped to check the enemy's advance by using the muskets of disabled soldiers. (*See* Gorman and Reeves.) (*Gaz.*, 24 Feb., 1857.)

(342) SCOTT, Captain Andrew (late Major), Bengal Staff Corps, then of the 4th Sikhs, *Beloochistan,* 26th July, 1877. For saving the life of an officer at *Quetta* by his personal prowess, where he bayoneted a couple of Pathans and closed with a third, who was finally killed by some men of the 4th Sikh Infantry. (*Gaz.*, 18 Jan., 1878.)

* (487) SCOTT, Private Robert (now Colour-Sergeant, R. Army Reserve), 1st Batt. Manchester Regiment, *South Africa,* 6th January, 1900. For great gallantry and dogged pluck during the attack on Cæsar's Camp, Ladysmith. With Private Pitts, of the same regiment, he occupied a sangar for fifteen hours without food or water, all the while maintaining a heavy fire on the enemy, who had shot the fourteen men who held the sangar on their left.

Scott, who was wounded, is a Lancashire man; he went through the whole siege of Ladysmith, and was never once absent from duty. (*See* Pitts.) (*Gaz.*, 25 July, 1901.)

* (374) SCOTT, Sergeant Robert George (afterwards Lt.-Col., D.S.O., Cape Local Forces), Cape Mounted Rifles, *South Africa,* 8th April, 1879. He volunteered, with seven others, the night before the attack on *Moirosi's Mountain,* to creep forward and gain a position from which they could fling time-shells among the Basutos at the moment the attack should be made. The third shell shattered his right hand, wounded his left leg, and injured three of the party. He also served in the late war with the Kimberley Light Horse. (*Gaz.*, 1 Oct., 1880.)

* (321) SEELEY, Seaman William, *Japan,* 6th September, 1864. For displaying great courage and intelligence at *Simono Seki* in reconnoitring the enemy's position, and remaining under fire although wounded in the arm. (*Gaz.*, 21 April, 1865.)

(388) SELLAR, Lance-Corporal George (afterwards Sergeant), 72nd Highlanders, *Afghanistan,* 14th December, 1879. He was the first to reach the top of the *Asmai* heights at *Kabul,* and defeated one of the foe after a furious hand-to-hand struggle, in which he was wounded. (*Gaz.*, 18 Oct., 1881.)

* (455) SHAUL, Corporal (Sergeant dis. on pen.) John David Francis, 1st Batt. Highland Light Infantry, *South Africa,* 11th December, 1899. For magnificent bravery at Magersfontein. In the terrible chaos that ensued, Corporal Shaul was very conspicuous, encouraging his men to advance across the open, and dressing men's wounds right and left under terrific fire. In one case he returned to a man who was lying wounded in the back, and, sitting down beside him, dressed his wound "as coolly and quietly as if there had been no enemy near." Sergeant Shaul is a Norfolk man and a Duke of York's boy. (*Gaz.*, 28 Sept., 1900.)

(323) SHAW, Captain Hugh (late Major-General, C.B.), 18th Regiment (The Royal Irish), *New Zealand,* 24th January, 1865. For risking his own life to rescue a wounded soldier, under a heavy fire, at *Nukumaru,* and bringing him safely out of the bush, with the help of four privates. Died September, 1904. (*Gaz.*, 28 Nov., 1865.)

(154) SHAW, Sapper Samuel, 3rd Battalion Rifle

Brigade, *India,* 13th June, 1858. This brave fellow was the hero of a very furious single combat with a rebel, whom he eventually killed, near *Nawabgunge.* (*See* account.) (*Gaz.*, 26 Oct., 1858.)

(235) SHEBBEARE, Captain Robert Haydon, 60th Bengal Native Infantry, *India,* 14th September, 1857. For conspicuous gallantry at *Delhi,* where, after endeavouring to capture a loopholed serai, he re-formed his men under its walls, amid a hail of bullets, and, although he was wounded, conducted the rearguard, when they retired, over a canal. Killed in China War, 1860. (*Gaz.*, 21 Oct., 1859.)

(14) SHEPPARD, Boatswain John, R.N., *Crimea,* 15th July and 16th August, 1855. For proceeding out into the harbour of *Sebastopol* alone in a punt on two occasions in a gallant endeavour to blow up Russian men-of-war. Knight of the Legion of Honour. Died 17 Dec., 1884. (*Gaz.*, 24 Feb., 1857.)

(59) SHIELDS, Corporal Robert, 23rd Welsh Fusiliers, *Crimea,* 8th September, 1855. For volunteering, under a heavy fire, to recover a mortally wounded officer after the attack on the *Redan.* (*Gaz.*, 24 Feb., 1857.)

(221) SIMPSON, Quartermaster-Sergeant John (afterwards Major), 42nd Highlanders, *India,* 15th April, 1858. For conspicuous bravery and self-devotion during the attack on the Fort of *Ruhya,* when he volunteered to get within forty yards of the parapet and bring in, first, Lieutenant Douglas, and then a private, both of whom were badly wounded, all the while under a heavy fire. Died at Perth, 20 Oct., 1883. (*Gaz.*, 27 May, 1859.)

(61) SIMS, Private John J., 34th Regiment (Cumberland), *Crimea,* 18th June, 1855. For great bravery in rescuing wounded men in front of the *Redan* in broad daylight under a heavy fire. (*Gaz.*, 24 Feb., 1857.)

(170) SINNOTT, Lance-Corporal John, 84th Regiment (York and Lancaster), *India,* 6th October, 1857. For proceeding, with Sergeants Glynn, Mullins, and Private Mullins to the rescue of Lieutenant Gibaut, who was mortally wounded, at *Lucknow,* and carrying him in under a heavy fire. Sinnott was chosen by his comrades as the pluckiest of them all. Formerly master-tailor. Died at Clapham, 20th July, 1896, aged 63. (*Gaz.*, 24 Dec., 1858.)

(243) SLEAVON, Corporal Michael, Royal Engineers, *India,* 3rd April, 1858. For sticking to his post, under

a heavy fire, when working at a sap at *Jhansi.* (*Gaz.*, 11 Nov., 1859.)

* (403) SMITH, Gunner Albert (late Army Res.), Royal Artillery, Nile Expedition, *Soudan,* 17th January, 1885. For protecting Lieutenant Guthrie, R.A., in the square at *Abu Klea.* (*Gaz.*, 12 May, 1885.)

* (520) SMITH, Lieutenant Clement Leslie (now Capt.), 2nd Batt. Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry, *Somaliland,* 10th January, 1904. For great gallantry at *Jidballi,* where he made a determined attempt to rescue Lieutenant Welland, R.A.M.C., who in his turn had tried to save a wounded man. The Dervishes were all round them, and the man was killed. Lieutenant Smith did all that man could do to bring out the doctor, helping him on to a horse, and when that was shot, on to a mule. This animal was also hit, and unfortunately the doctor was speared by the enemy. Lieutenant Smith stood by him to the end, trying to keep the enemy off with his revolver, and it was little short of miraculous that the brave fellow escaped with his own life. (*Gaz.*, 7 June, 1904.)

(317) SMITH, Captain Frederick Augustus (afterwards Colonel), 43rd Monmouthshire Light Infantry, *New Zealand,* 21st June, 1864. For particularly gallant conduct in leading his company at *Tuaranga,* when wounded, in the attack on the Pah, jumping down into rifle-pits and engaging hand-to-hand with the Maoris. Died 22nd July, 1887. (*Gaz.*, 4 Nov. 1864.)

(112) SMITH, Lance-Corporal Henry, 52nd Oxfordshire Light Infantry, *India,* 14th September, 1857. For carrying away a wounded comrade, under a fire of grape and musketry, at *Delhi,* when we retired from the *Chandni Chauk.* (*Gaz.*, 24 April, 1858.)

* (432) SMITH, Corporal James (now Sergt.), The Buffs, *Mamund Valley, N.W. Frontier, India,* 16th and 17th September, 1897. For distinguished gallantry during the attack on the burning village of Bilot, when he volunteered with a party of the Buffs to follow Lieutenant Watson with the bayonet. Although wounded he behaved with great pluck. He was not gazetted until nineteen months after the event. (*See* account.) (*Gaz.*, 21 April, 1899.)

(110) SMITH, Sergeant John, Bengal Engineers, *India,* 14th September, 1857. He was one of the explosion party at the Cashmere Gate at *Delhi.* (*See* Hawthorne, Home, Salkeld.) (*Gaz.*, 24 April, 1858.)

(183) SMITH, Private J., 102nd Regiment, *India,* 16th November, 1857. For a gallant display of pluck at the *Secundra Bagh, Lucknow,* which he was one of the first to enter, and, although severely wounded in three places, he continued to fight, and remained at his duty all day, being afterwards unanimously elected for the honour by his comrades. (*Gaz.,* 24 Dec., 1858.)

* (409) SMITH, Lieutenant John Manners (now Lt.-Col., C.V.O., C.I.E., super list, Indian Army), Indian Staff Corps, near *Nilt, Hunza Nagar* country, to the north-west of Cashmere, 20th December, 1891. For great gallantry in leading the storming party against the hill-fort. (*Gaz.,* 12 July, 1892.)

(55) SMITH, Corporal Philip, 17th Regiment (Leicestershire), *Crimea,* 18th June, 1855. For sallying out into the trenches many times to rescue wounded men, under a fearful fire, before the Redan. (*Gaz.,* 24 Feb., 1857.)

* (429) SMYTH, Captain (now Lt.-Col., late Com. Carbineers) Nevill Maskelyne, 2nd Dragoon Guards, *Soudan,* 2nd September, 1898. During the Battle of Omdurman Captain Smyth rode to the rescue of a number of camp followers among whom an Arab had run amok; he received the Arab's charge and killed him, getting, however, a spear wound in the arm. (*Gaz.,* 15 Nov., 1898.)

(161) SPENCE, Troop-Sergeant-Major D., 9th Lancers, *India,* 17th January, 1858. For rescuing a wounded man from a throng of rebels at *Shumsabad* at the risk of his own life. (*Gaz.,* 24 Dec., 1858.)

(223) SPENCE, Private Edward, 42nd Highlanders, *India,* 15th April, 1858. For covering the retreat of a party under Captain Cafe, 4th Punjaub Rifles, which was carrying in a wounded officer at *Ruhya,* under a heavy fire and circumstances of great peril, Spence dying two days afterwards from the wounds he received. (*Gaz., 27* May, 1859.)

(316) STAGPOOLE, Drummer Dudley (dis. on pen.), 57th Regiment, *New Zealand,* 2nd October, 1863. For rescuing a wounded comrade, under heavy fire, at *Pontoko.* Stagpoole had a medal in addition for distinguished conduct in the field for similar actions. (*Gaz.,* 23 Sept., 1864.)

(44) STANLACK, Private William, Coldstream Guards, Crimea, October, 1854. For gallantry with Goodlake's sharpshooters when they captured the arms of a Russian picket. (*See* account.) (*Gaz.,* 24 Feb., 1857.)

(174) STEWART, Captain William George Drummond (late Sir W. G. D., Bart., retired Major), 93rd Highlanders, *India,* 16th November, 1857. Elected by his brother officers for distinguished personal gallantry at *Lucknow* when attacking and capturing two guns, which commanded the mess-house. (*Gaz.,* 24 Dec., 1858.)

(45) STRONG, Private George, Coldstream Guards, *Crimea,* September, 1855. For pitching a live shell out of the trenches. (*Gaz.,* 24 Feb., 1857.)

(13) SULLIVAN, Boatswain's Mate John (afterwards Chief Boatswain), R.N., *Crimea,* 10th April, 1855. For planting a flag on a mound out in the open to show his battery some concealed Russian guns which were creating great havoc among us. He displayed then, as ever, the greatest coolness in the midst of danger. Knight of the Legion of Honour, etc., etc. (*Gaz.,* 24 Feb., 1857.)

(256) SUTTON, Bugler William, 60th Rifles, *India,* 13th September, 1857. Elected by his comrades for two exploits at *Delhi:* 1st, on August 2nd, when the rebels attacked in force, he sprang forward and killed one of their buglers who was sounding (date not recorded on the Cross); 2nd, for bravery when reconnoitring the breach. (*Gaz.,* 20 Jan., 1860.)

* (101) SYLVESTER, Assistant-Surgeon Henry Thomas, M.B. (now retired h.p.), M.D., Aberdeen, 1855; L.R.C.S. Edinburgh, 1853; L.S.A. 1869, 23rd Royal Welsh Fusiliers, *Crimea,* 8th and 18th September, 1855. For going out under a heavy fire, close to the Redan, to dress the wounds of Lieutenant Dyneley, who lay there mortally wounded. He was again mentioned in General Simpson's dispatch for similar courage, also under heavy fire, during our disastrous assault. K.L.H. (*Gaz.,* 20 Nov., 1857.)

(100) SYMONS, Sergeant George, R.A., *Crimea,* 6th June, 1855. For volunteering to unmask a battery, under a tremendous fire, which grew hotter as embrasure after embrasure was exposed. The gallant fellow, who was badly wounded, received promotion as Lieutenant, 5th Battalion, Military Train. (*Gaz.,* 20 Nov., 1857.)

(19) TAYLOR, Captain of the Forecastle John, R.N., *Crimea,* 18th June, 1855. For rescuing a severely wounded private of the 57th who was imploring piteously for help, and carrying him, under a heavy fire, to shelter. Died 24th February, 1857, the day on which he was gazetted. (*Gaz.,* 24 Feb., 1857.)

(95) TEESDALE, Lieutenant Christopher Charles (afterwards Major-General, K.C.M.G.), R.A., *Crimean War,* 29th September, 1855. For very remarkable gallantry when A.D.C. to the celebrated Fenwick Williams at *Kars,* Asia Minor. During a night attack he cleared a redoubt of the Russians, rallied the Turkish artillery, and saved many Russian wounded from the infuriated Turks at great personal risk. Died at Bognor, 1st November, 1893. (*Gaz.,* 25 Sept., 1857.)

* (313) TEMPLE, Assistant-Surgeon William (now Lt.-Col., ret. pay), M.B. University, Dublin, 1858, L.R.C.S., Ireland, 1858, R.A., *New Zealand,* 10th November, 1863. For great bravery under a concentrated fire during the assault on the *Rangiriri Pah.* His devotion to the wounded, and more especially to Captain Mercer, who unfortunately died, was most marked. Associated with him on that occasion was Lieutenant Pickard, R.A. (whom see). (*Gaz.,* 23 Sept., 1864.)

* (299) THACKERAY, Lieutenant Edward Talbot (now Colonel Sir, K.C.B., ret. pay), Bengal Engineers, *India,* 16th September, 1857. For extinguishing a fire in the Delhi Magazine enclosure under close and heavy musketry, his own life being in imminent danger from the explosion of combustibles in the shed. (*Gaz.,* 29 April, 1862.)

(201) THOMAS, Bombardier J., Bengal Artillery, *India,* 27th September, 1857. For rescuing a wounded man in circumstances of peculiar peril, coupled with a heavy fire from sepoys at *Lucknow.* (*Gaz.,* 24 Dec., 1858.)

(220) THOMPSON, Lance-Corporal Alexander, 42nd Highlanders (Black Watch), *India,* 15th April, 1858. For helping Captain Cafe to bring in an officer's body under a heavy fire at *Ruhya.* Died at Perth. (*Gaz.,* 27 May, 1859.)

(258) THOMPSON, Private James, 60th Rifles, *India,* 9th July, 1857. This brave man was elected by his comrades for persistent gallantry throughout the siege of *Delhi,* and more particularly for the rescue of his officer, Captain Wilson, who was surrounded. (*Gaz.,* 20 Jan., 1860.)

(107) TOMBS, Major (afterwards Major-General Sir Henry, K.C.B.), Bengal Artillery, *India,* 9th July, 1857. For brilliant gallantry at *Delhi* in assisting his subaltern, Hills. (*See* account.) (*Gaz.,* 24 April, 1858.)

* (442) TOWSE, Captain (now retired pay, Gentleman-at-Arms) Ernest Beachcroft Beckwith, Gordon Highlanders,

South Africa, 11th December, 1899—30th April, 1900. At Magersfontein Captain Towse made a gallant attempt to bring off Colonel Downman, who was mortally wounded. When close up to the front of the firing line he tried to carry the Colonel on his back, but this proving impossible, he supported him till joined by Colour-Sergeant Nelson and Lance-Corporal Hodgson. On the second date the Captain took up an isolated position on Mount Thaba with twelve men; a force of about 150 Boers attempted to seize the same post, neither party appearing to see the other until they were within a hundred yards. Some of the enemy got within forty yards of the little party and called upon Towse to surrender. The officer at once opened fire and charged forward so vigorously that the enemy were driven off in spite of the enormous disparity in numbers. Unhappily, Captain Towse was shot through both eyes and rendered totally blind. He was posted to the Gordon Highlanders in 1886 from the Wiltshires, saw service in the Relief of Chitral and afterwards on the Punjab Frontier. H.M. Queen Victoria presented him with the Cross with her own hands, and in 1900 appointed him Sergeant-at-Arms. He was re-appointed by His Majesty the King in 1902, and gazetted a member of H.M. Corps of Gentlemen-at-Arms the following year. (*Gaz.,* 6th July, 1900.)

(280) TRAVERS, Major James (afterwards General, C.B.), 2nd Bengal N.I., *India,* 1st July, 1857. For daring bravery when Holkar attacked the Indore Presidency. With five men he charged the guns, drove off the gunners, and saved the lives of a number of fugitives by so doing, his accoutrements being shot through and his horse hit in three places. (*Gaz.,* 1 March, 1861.)

* (491) TRAYNOR, Sergeant William Bernard (dis.), 2nd Batt. West Yorkshire Regiment, *South Africa,* 6th February, 1901. During the night attack on Bothwell Camp, Sergeant Traynor jumped out of the trench and ran to the assistance of a wounded man, but though he reached him he was so badly hit on the way that he had to call for help. Corporal Lintott responded to the summons, and they brought the man in between them, Traynor, although severely wounded, remaining at his post, encouraging his men until the enemy retired. Lintott received the Distinguished Conduct Medal and was promoted Sergeant by Lord Kitchener, Sergeant Traynor

being invalided the following year in consequence of his wounds and given a post at Dover Castle. (*Gaz.*, 17 Sept., 1901.)

(332) TREVOR, Captain William Spottiswoode (late Major-General, ret. pay), R.E. (late Bengal), *Bhootan, India,* 30th April, 1865. For leading an attack on a loopholed blockhouse at *Dewan Giri,* where he was wounded, in company with Lieutenant Dundas. He was almost the last survivor of the hostages left behind at our retreat from Cabul in 1841. Died at 11 Queen's Mansions, Victoria Street, 2 Nov., 1907, aged 76. (*See* Dundas.) (*Gaz.*, 31 Dec., 1867.)

(5) TREWAVAS, Seaman Joseph, R.N., *Crimea,* 3rd July, 1855. For cutting the hawsers of a floating bridge under fire in the straits of *Genitchi.* Knight of the Legion of Honour. (*Gaz.*, 24 Feb., 1857.)

* (480) TURNER, Lieutenant Richard Ernest William, D.S.O., Royal Canadian Dragoons (now Lieutenant-Colonel Queen's Own Canadian Hussars, res. of off.), *South Africa,* 7th November, 1900. For great gallantry with the rearguard at Komati River. (*See* account under head "Cockburn.") Colonel Turner was a native of Quebec, was three times mentioned in dispatches, and severely wounded. He received his Cross from H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, at Quebec itself, in 1902. (*Gaz.*, 23 April, 1901.)

(259) TURNER, Private Samuel, 60th Rifles, *India,* 19th June, 1857. For bringing off a mortally wounded officer during a night struggle at *Delhi.* (*Gaz.*, 20 Jan., 1860.)

(146) TYTLER, Lieutenant John Adam (afterwards Lieutenant-Colonel, C.B.), 66th (Goorkha) Bengal N.I., *India,* 10th February, 1858. For dashing alone on horseback in advance of his men at Choorpoorah, and engaging hand-to-hand with the enemy's gunners until our fellows came up and took them, receiving a spear wound in the chest, a bullet through his left arm, and another through his right sleeve, all the while under a heavy fire. (*Gaz.*, 4 Aug., 1858.)

* (425) VICKERY, Private S. (Lance-Corporal, dis.), 1st Batt. Dorsetshire Regiment, *Dargai Heights,* 20th October, 1897, and afterwards in the *Waran Valley, N.W. Frontier, India.* For rescuing a wounded comrade, and for a fine exhibition of British pluck. (*See* account.) (*Gaz.*, 20 May, 1898.)

(385) VOUSDEN, Captain William John, 5th Punjaub Cavalry (late Major-General, C.B.), Bengal Staff Corps, *Afghanistan,* 14th December, 1879. For charging several times backwards and forwards through a body of Afghans at *Cabul,* with only eight (twelve) men under him, killing five of the enemy himself. He had been ordered to fall in his squadron and stop a body of the enemy, about 100 strong, who were coming round the spur of a hill on the camp. There was not a moment to be lost, and the gallant captain charged at the head of a handful of sowars who had hastily mounted (some say there were only eight of them), slaying five of the enemy with his own hand before his squadron came up and dispersed the rest. Five of the handful with him were killed, but he came out without a scratch. He was armed with an ordinary cavalry sword, and in each case he first parried the blow aimed at him, and then cut back as he passed. According to his own account, had he given the point his sword would have been entangled, and the next Afghan would have "got" him before he could have extricated it. His experience was quoted in an interesting discussion to illustrate the value of the "cut" as well as of the "thrust" for mounted work. Died at Lahore, 29 Jan., 1902. (*Gaz.,* 18 Oct., 1881.)

(197) WADESON, Ensign Richard (afterwards Colonel), 75th Stirlingshire, *India,* 18th July, 1857. For great bravery in the *Subjee Mundee* at *Delhi,* where he saved the life of Private Michael Farrell, killing the sowar who was attacking him, and again, the same day, killing another trooper who was about to murder John Barry, a wounded and helpless private. Died Lt.-Governor of Chelsea Hospital. (*Gaz.,* 24 Dec., 1858.)

(116) WALKER, Lieutenant Mark (late General Sir M., K.C.B.), 30th Cambridgeshire, *Crimea,* 5th November, 1854. For daring bravery at *Inkerman,* where, to encourage his men, he jumped over a wall in face of two battalions of Russian infantry, his regiment following and repulsing the foe. Died at Arlington Rectory, Devon, 18 July, 1902. In May, 1913, Lady Walker left to the depôt of the East Lancashire Regiment her husband's Cross, medals, watch, and the grey overcoat he wore at Inkerman, also endowing a bed at the Union Jack Club to his memory. (*Gaz.,* 4 June, 1858.)

* (516) WALKER, Captain (now Colonel 4th Gurkha Rifles) William George, Indian Army (serving with the

Bikanir Camel Corps), *Somaliland,* 22nd April, 1903. For great gallantry in the attempt to succour Captain Bruce after the action at Daratoleh, in conjunction with Captain Rolland (whom *see,* also account.) (*Gaz.*, 7 Aug., 1903.)

WALKER-HENEAGE. (*See* Heneage.)

(254) WALLER, Colour-Sergeant George, 60th Rifles, *India,* 14th and 18th September, 1857. Selected by his officers for conspicuous bravery at *Delhi* in charging and capturing the guns and repulsing a sudden attack on our own. (*Gaz.*, 20 Jan., 1860.)

(293) WALLER, Lieutenant William Francis Frederick (afterwards Lieutenant-Colonel), 25th Bombay Native Infantry, *India,* 20th June, 1858. For great personal gallantry and extraordinary coolness at the storming of the Fortress of *Gwalior.* He and Lieutenant Rose, who was killed, were the only Europeans present, but with a handful of sepoys they climbed to the roof of a house, shot the rebel gunners, stormed the fort, and killed every mutineer in it. Died 29th Jan., 1895. (*Gaz.*, 25 Feb., 1862.)

(66) WALTERS, Sergeant George, 49th Regiment (Princess Charlotte of Wales's), *Crimea,* 5th November, 1854. For the plucky rescue of Brigadier-General Adams at *Inkerman* when surrounded by Russians, one of whom Walters killed. (*Gaz.*, 24 Feb., 1857.)

WANTAGE, Lord. (*See* Lindsay.)

* (454) WARD, Private Charles (dis.), 2nd Batt. Yorkshire Light Infantry, *South Africa,* 26th June, 1900. For a very plucky action at Lindley. A picket of the regiment was surrounded on three sides by about 300 Boers at close quarters, the two officers were wounded, and every man but six either dead or hit. The signalling station was about 150 yards in rear of this post, and every inch of the way was swept by heavy rifle fire. Reinforcements were absolutely necessary to save the position, and Ward volunteered to carry a message. At first the offer was declined, as the attempt meant almost certain death, but so persistent was the private that they allowed him to go at last, and almost by a miracle he reached the signallers. Not satisfied with what he had done, he returned again across the same ground, still swept from both flanks, and though he was severely wounded he accomplished his task and put heart into the little band. The plucky fellow, who was only 23 at the time, was presented, at his discharge from the Service, with a testimonial, a gold medal

and £600 by his appreciative fellow-townsmen at Leeds. (*Gaz.*, 28 Sept., 1900.)

(134) WARD, Private Henry, 78th Highlanders, *India,* 25th and 26th September, 1857. For his cool bravery in protecting Lieutenant Havelock's dhoolie at *Lucknow.* (*See* account.) (*Gaz.*, 18 June, 1858.)

(206) WARD, Sergeant Joseph, 8th Hussars, *India,* 17th June, 1858. For his gallantry in the squadron charge at *Gwalior.* (*Gaz.*, 28 Jan., 1859.)

* (359) WASSALL, Private Samuel, late Army Res., 80th Regiment (Staffordshire Volunteers), *Zululand,* 22nd January, 1879. For saving a comrade in the Buffalo River under fire. (*See* account.) (*Gaz.*, 17 June, 1879.)

* (143) WATSON, Lieutenant John (since General Sir J., G.C.B., u.s.l., Indian Army), 1st Punjaub Cavalry, *India,* 14th November, 1857. For a brilliant attack on the rebel cavalry, which he routed, receiving three wounds. (*Gaz.*, 18 June, 1858.)

* (420) WATSON, Lieutenant (now Major) Thomas Colclough, R.E., *Mamund Valley, N.W. Frontier, India,* 16th September, 1897. For gallantry in the night attack on the burning village of Bilot. (*See* account.) (*Gaz.*, 20 May, 1898.)

(81) WHEATLEY, Private F., Rifle Brigade, *Crimea,* 10th November, 1854. For throwing a live shell out of the trenches before Sebastopol. (*Gaz.*, 24 Feb., 1857.)

(239) WHIRLPOOL, Private Frederick, 3rd Bombay European Regiment (afterwards 109th), *India,* 3rd April and 2nd May, 1858. This man has a splendid record. He rescued several wounded under a heavy fire, at *Jhansi,* and, going to the rescue of a wounded officer at *Lohari,* received seventeen desperate wounds in his defence, one of which nearly severed his head from his body, in spite of which he survived. Died in New South Wales, 24 June, 1899. (*Gaz.*, 21 Oct., 1859.)

(412) WHITCHURCH, Surgeon-Captain (late Major) Harry Frederick, L.R.C.P. Lond., 1877; M.R.C.S. Eng., 1887, Indian Medical Service, *Chitral,* 3rd March, 1895. For gallantry in bringing in Captain Baird. Died of enteric, at Dharmsala, 16 Aug., 1907, aged 40. (*Gaz.*, 16 July, 1895.)

(379) WHITE, Major (late Field-Marshal Sir George Stewart, G.C.B., O.M., G.C.S.I., G.C.M.G., G.C.I.E., G.C.V.O., Col. Gordon Highlanders), 92nd Highlanders, *Afghanistan,* 6th October, 1879, and 1st September, 1880.

For great gallantry at *Charasiah,* where he climbed a fortified hill held by a large number of the enemy, with two comrades, and, they being exhausted, he went on alone and shot the leader of the enemy. The second act was a dash at *Candahar* on to a gun which they captured. Sir George Stewart White was born in Co. Antrim in 1835, and educated at Sandhurst, and although he had a long and distinguished military career, he will be best remembered for his defence of the open town of Ladysmith during the South African War, the siege lasting 119 days, from November 2, 1899, to March 1, 1900. Also for his well-known saying after the relief, "Thank God, we kept the flag flying!" Just before the war he had an accident to his leg, and Lord Wolseley told him that he was afraid his lameness must keep him from the front. "I beg your pardon, sir," was the reply. "My leg is well enough for anything except running away." Promoted Field-Marshal in 1903, he died at Chelsea Hospital, of which he was Governor, 24th June, 1912, and the passage of the funeral cortège from Chelsea to Euston was everywhere marked with the profoundest respect. Among the regiments that escorted the gun-carriage were the Gordon Highlanders, of which he was Colonel, and the 27th Inniskilling Fusiliers, in which he had held his first commission. (*Gaz.,* 3 June, 1881.)

(27) Wilkinson, Bombardier Thomas, Royal Marine Artillery, *Crimea,* 5th June, 1855. For remarkably cool bravery in repairing the advanced batteries under a heavy fire. Died at York, 22 Sept., 1887. (*Gaz.,* 24 Feb., 1857.)

* (346) Williams, Private John (late Army Reserve), 24th Regiment, *Zululand,* 22nd and 23rd January, 1879. One of the *Rorke's Drift* men who defended the hospital. (*See* account.) (*Gaz.,* 2 May, 1879.)

(180) Wilmot, Captain Henry (late Colonel Sir H., Bart., K.C.B.), Rifle Brigade, *India,* 11th March, 1858. Near the Iron Bridge at *Lucknow* he found himself, with four of his men, at the end of a street close to a large body of rebels. One of the four (Hawkes), being shot through both legs, became entirely helpless, and two of the others picked him up, the Captain covering the retreat with the men's rifles for a considerable distance. Died at Chattenden, 7th April, 1901. (*Gaz.,* 24 Dec., 1858.)

* (399) Wilson, Captain (now Admiral Sir A. K., K.C.B., M.C.V.O., O.M , D.C.L.), R.N., *Soudan,* 29th February, 1884. For a series of single-handed combats

with the enemy at *El Teb* in defence of the guns, saving many of his men, although himself wounded. (*Gaz.*, 21 May, 1884.)

* (275) WOOD, Lieutenant (now Field-Marshal Sir Henry Evelyn, G.C.B., G.C.M.G., p.s.c., Col. R.H.G., Constable of the Tower, Barrister at Law), 17th Lancers, *India,* 19th October, 1858. For attacking a body of rebels at *Sindwaho* almost single-handed when commanding a troop of the 3rd Light Cavalry, and afterwards rescuing a potail named Chemmun Singh from a band of robbers in the jungle, under dramatic circumstances. Knight of the Legion of Honour. (*See* account.) (*Gaz.*, 4 Sept., 1860.)

(270) WOOD, Captain John Augustus (afterwards Colonel), 20th Bombay Native Infantry, *Persia,* 9th December, 1856. For remarkable gallantry at the capture of *Bushire.* (*See* account.) (*Gaz.*, 3 Aug., 1860.)

(155) WOODEN, Sergeant-Major Charles (afterwards Quartermaster in 104th), 17th Lancers, *Crimea,* 25th October, 1854. For assisting to rescue his Captain after the charge of *Balaclava,* under a tremendous fire. Wooden was a German with a ginger beard, and was always known in the regiment as "Tish-me—the Devil," from a broken English exclamation one night when the sentry on the gate did not recognise him. He committed suicide at Dover some years ago, almost blowing his head off. (*See* account.) (*Gaz.*, 26 Oct., 1858.)

(74) WRIGHT, Private Alexander, 77th Regiment (East Middlesex), *Crimea,* 1854 to 1856. For conspicuous bravery during the whole war, more particularly, if anything, on the 22nd March, 19th April, and 13th August, 1855. (*Gaz.*, 24 Feb., 1857.)

* (518) WRIGHT, Lieutenant (now Captain, p.s.c.) Wallace Duffield. The Queen's (Royal West Surrey) Regiment (then serving with the Northern Nigeria Regiment), *Nigeria,* 24th March, 1903. For conspicuous bravery during Kano-Sokoto Expedition in West Africa. With only one officer and forty-four men Lieutenant Wright took up a position in the path of the advancing enemy, sustaining the determined charges of 1,000 horse and 2,000 foot for two hours, and when the enemy, after losing heavily, fell back in good order, he followed them up until they were in full retreat. Captain Wright, who was born in Gibraltar in 1875, entered the Queen's in 1896, and has seen service in the Malakand and Tirah

Campaigns, being severely wounded, and in Nigeria, where he was again wounded, worthily upholding the reputation of "Kirke's Lambs." (*Gaz.*, 11 Sept., 1903.)

* (460) WYLLY, Lieutenant (now Colonel, G.C.B., Corps of Guides, Indian Army) Guy G. E., Tasmanian Imperial Bushmen, *South Africa,* 1st September, 1900. For gallantry in the affair near *Warm Bad.* (*See* account.) (*Gaz.*, 23 Nov., 1900.)

* (499) YOUNG, Sergeant-Major (dis.) Alexander, Cape Police, *South Africa,* 13th August, 1901. For a very dashing action at Ruiter's Kraal, which recalls the hand-to-hand valour of old times. Several kopjies were held by the Boers, and Young rushed one of them with a handful of his men. It was held by Commander Erasmus and about twenty followers, who immediately bolted for a neighbouring kopjie occupied by the enemy. Young spurred after him, and made such good pace that he reached the fugitives fifty yards ahead of his own men. Without hesitation he shot one of the Boers and collared Erasmus, single-handed, though not before the Commandant had fired three times at him. (*Gaz.*, 8 Nov., 1901.)

(209) YOUNG, Lieutenant Thomas James (afterwards Commander), R.N., *India,* 16th November, 1857. For fearless gallantry with a "Shannon" 24-pounder at the Shah Nujjiff Mosque, *Lucknow.* Died at Caen, 20th March, 1869. (*See* account.) (*Gaz.*, 1 Feb., 1859.)

(507) YOUNGER, Captain David Reginald, Gordon Highlanders, *South Africa,* 11th July, 1900. For great gallantry at *Leehoehoek,* near Krugersdorp, during the attempt to drag in a gun under terrific fire. Unhappily Captain Younger was mortally wounded. He went to the Gordon Highlanders in 1893, from the Duke of Edinburgh's Edinburgh Artillery, saw fighting at Chitral and the celebrated Dargai Heights. (*See* W. E. Gordon and the King's Regulations, 8th August, 1902.) (*Gaz.*, 8 Aug., 1902.)

VICTORIA CROSS REGIMENTS AND CORPS

Royal Navy (including Indian)...	41
Royal Marine Artillery	2
Royal Marine Light Infantry	2
1st (King's) Dragoon Guards	1
2nd Dragoon Guards (Queen's Bays)	4
5th (Princess Charlotte of Wales's) Dragoon Guards...	1
2nd Dragoons (Royal Scots Greys)	2
4th Light Dragoons (now Queen's Own Hussars) ...	1
5th (Royal Irish) Lancers	1
6th (Inniskilling) Dragoons	1
7th (Queen's Own) Hussars	2
8th (King's Royal Irish) Hussars	5
9th (Queen's Royal) Lancers	13
10th (Prince of Wales's Own Royal) Hussars... ...	2
11th (Prince Albert's Own) Hussars	1
13th Light Dragoons (now Hussars)	1
14th Light Dragoons (now King's Hussars)	2
16th (The Queen's) Lancers	1
17th Lancers (now Duke of Cambridge's Own) ...	5
18th (Victoria Mary, Princess of Wales's Own) Hussars	1
19th (Alexandra, Princess of Wales's Own) Hussars	1
21st (The Empress of India's) Lancers	3
Royal Artillery (including Royal Horse and Indian) ...	43
Royal Engineers (including Indian)	27
Grenadier Guards...	4
Coldstream Guards	3
Scots Fusilier Guards (now Scots Guards)	5
1st Royal Regiment (now the Royal Scots, Lothian Regiment)	1
2nd The Queen's (Royal West Surrey Regiment) ...	1
3rd East Kent Regiment (The Buffs)	3
4th The King's Own (Royal Lancaster Regiment) ...	1
5th The Northumberland Fusiliers	3
7th The Royal Fusiliers (City of London Regiment)...	7

8th The King's (Liverpool Regiment)... 3
10th North Lincolnshire (now the Lincolnshire) ... 3
11th The Devonshire Regiment... 1
13th, 1st Somersetshire, Prince Albert's Light Infantry (now the Prince Albert's Somersetshire Light Infantry) 3
14th The Prince of Wales's Own (West Yorkshire Regiment) 2
17th The Leicestershire Regiment 1
18th The Royal Irish 3
19th 1st Yorkshire North Riding (now the Princess of Wales's Own Yorkshire Regiment) 3
21st The Royal Scots Fusiliers... 1
23rd The Royal Welsh Fusiliers 6
24th, 2nd Warwickshire (now the South Wales Borderers) 16
25th The King's Own Scottish Borderers 1
30th Cambridgeshire (now 1st Batt. East Lancashire) 1
32nd Cornwall (now 1st Batt. Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry) 4
33rd The Duke of Wellington's (now 1st Batt. West Riding Regiment) 3
34th Cumberland (now 1st Batt. The Border Regiment) 3
39th (now 1st Batt. Dorsetshire Regiment) 1
40th, 2nd Somersetshire (now the Prince of Wales's Volunteers, South Lancashire Regiment) ... 1
41st The Welsh (now 1st Batt. Welsh Regiment) ... 2
42nd Royal Highlanders (Black Watch) (1st Batt.) 10
43rd Monmouthshire Light Infantry (now 1st Batt. Oxfordshire Light Infantry) 2
44th East Essex (now 1st Batt. Essex Regiment) ... 4
45th The Sherwood Foresters (1st Notts and Derbyshire Regiment) 2
46th, 2nd Batt. Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry ... 1
47th Lancashire (now 1st Batt. the Loyal North Lancashire Regiment) 1
49th Herts (the Princess Charlotte of Wales's) (now 1st Batt. Royal Berkshire Regiment) 3
51st, 2nd Batt. Yorkshire Light Infantry (formerly 105th Regiment) 1
52nd Oxfordshire Light Infantry (now 2nd Batt.) ... 2
53rd Shropshire (now 1st Batt. The King's Shropshire Light Infantry) 5

55th Westmorland Light Infantry (now 2nd Batt. The Border Regiment) 2
57th West Middlesex (now 1st Batt. the Duke of Cambridge's Own Middlesex Regiment)... ... 4
58th Rutlandshire (now 2nd Batt. Northamptonshire Regiment) 2
59th Second Notts (now 2nd Batt. the East Lancashire Regiment) 1
60th The King's Royal Rifle Corps 13
61st South Gloucestershire (now 2nd Batt. Gloucestershire Regiment) 1
63rd The Manchester Regiment (1st Batt.) 2
64th Second Staffordshire (now 1st Batt. the Prince of Wales's North Staffordshire Regiment) ... 1
65th Second Yorkshire North Riding (now 1st Batt. The York and Lancaster Regiment) 2
66th, 2nd Batt. Princess Charlotte of Wales's Royal Berkshire Regiment 1
67th South Hampshire (now 2nd Batt. the Hampshire Regiment) 4
68th Durham Light Infantry (now 1st Batt.) 3
70th, 2nd Batt. East Surrey Regiment... 1
71st Highland Light Infantry 3
72nd Duke of Albany's Own Highlanders (now 1st Batt. Seaforth Highlanders) 2
74th Highlanders (now 2nd Batt. Highland Light Infantry) 1
75th, 1st Batt. The Gordon Highlanders 9
77th East Middlesex (now 2nd Batt. Middlesex Regiment) 2
78th Highlanders (Ross-shire Buffs) (now 2nd Batt. Seaforth Highlanders) 9
79th The Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders ... 1
80th The Staffordshire Volunteers (now 2nd Batt. South Staffordshire Regiment) 2
84th York and Lancaster Regiment (now 2nd Batt.)... 6
86th The Royal County Down (now 2nd Batt. Royal Irish Rifles) 4
88th The Connaught Rangers 1
90th Perthshire Volunteers Light Infantry (now 2nd Batt. Scottish Rifles) 10
92nd The Gordon Highlanders (now 2nd Batt.) ... 4
93rd Highland (now 2nd Batt. Argyll and Sutherland) 7
94th Regiment (now 2nd Batt. Connaught Rangers)... 3
95th Derbyshire (now 2nd Batt. Notts and Derbyshire) 2

97th The Earl of Ulster's (now 2nd Batt. Royal West Kent Regiment) 2
101st, then 1st Bengal European Fusiliers (now 1st Batt. Royal Munster Fusiliers) 4
101st, then 1st Bengal Fusiliers (title was changed in 1858), now as above 1
104th, then 2nd Bengal European Fusiliers (now 2nd Batt. Royal Munster Fusiliers) 1
4th Bengal European Regiment... 1
102nd the 1st Madras European Fusiliers (now 1st Batt. Royal Dublin Fusiliers) 4
105th. (*See* Yorkshire Light Infantry.)
107th Bengal Infantry (now 2nd Batt. Royal Sussex Regiment) 1
109th, then 3rd Bombay European Regiment (now 2nd Batt. Leinster Regiment) (Royal Canadians) 1
Rifle Brigade (now The Prince Consort's Own) ... 15
1st Batt. West India Regiment... 1
4th West India Regiment (no longer existing) ... 1
Commissariat and Transport Corps (now Army Service Corps) 1
Military Train 2
Army Hospital Corps 1
Regimental Doctors as such included in their corps totals :

Bradshaw (90th Regiment).
Douglas (24th Regiment).
Hale (7th Regiment).
Hartley (Cape Mounted Rifles).
Home (90th Regiment).
Jee (78th Highlanders).
McCrea (Cape Mounted Yeomanry)
McMaster (78th Highlanders).
Manley (R.A.).
Mouat (6th Dragoons).
Reade (61st Regiment).
Sylvester (23rd Regiment).
Temple (R.A.).

Naval Surgeon—included in the Naval total.
Army Medical Staff as such 3
Indian Medical Service 2
Royal Army Medical Corps 6
New South Wales Medical Staff Corps... 1
Militia, 3rd Batt. 71st-74th Highland Light Infantry (Royal Lanark Militia) 1
The Imperial Yeomanry, 3rd Batt. 1
The Scottish Horse (Marquis of Tullibardine's Corps) 1
The Indian Staff Corps (now Indian Army) :—
Bengal 18
Madras 1
Bombay 2

Regiments and Corps

Indian Regiments :—

1st Bengal European Light Cavalry (now 19th Hussars)	1
5th Bengal European Cavalry	1
6th Bengal Cavalry (now 4th Cavalry)	1
1st Punjab Cavalry (now 21st Daly's Horse) ...	1
2nd Punjab Cavalry (now 22nd Sam Browne's Cavalry)	1
2nd Bengal Native Infantry	1
4th Bengal ,, ,, ...	1
11th Bengal ,, ,, ...	2
13th Bengal ,, ,, ...	2
26th Bengal ,, ,, ...	1
37th Bengal ,, ,, ...	1
46th Bengal ,, ,, ...	1
56th Bengal ,, ,, ...	1
60th Bengal ,, ,, ...	1
66th Bengal ,, ,, ...	1
72nd Bengal ,, ,, ...	1
4th Punjab Infantry	1
Loodiana Regiment...	1
Bengal Army, Unattached (*see* Roddy)	1
Bengal Veteran Establishment	2
Bengal Police Battalion	1
19th Madras Native Infantry	1
2nd Bombay Light Cavalry...	1
3rd Bombay Light Cavalry...	2
Southern Mahratta Horse	1
20th Bombay Native Infantry	1
24th Bombay Native Infantry (*see* Kerr) ...	1
25th Bombay Light Infantry	1

Colonial Corps, Cape Colony :—

Cape Mounted Rifles	3
1st Cape Mounted Yeomanry	1
Cape Mounted Police	1
South African Constabulary	2
Nourse's Horse	1
Mashonaland Mounted Police	1
Buluwayo Field Force	2
The Protectorate Regiment	2
Rimington's Guides...	1

Natal :—

Natal Native Contingent	1
The Frontier Light Horse	2
The Imperial Light Horse	4

Colonial Corps, Canada :—
The Royal Canadian Dragoons 3
Lord Strathcona's Corps 1
Australia :—
Victoria Mounted Rifles 1
Western Australian Mounted Infantry 1
Tasmanian Imperial Bushmen 2
New South Wales Medical Staff 1
New Zealand :—
The Auckland Militia 1
The 4th New Zealand Contingent 1
Chaplain (Bengal Establishment) 1
Civilians (Bengal Civil Service)... 3

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